The Saturday Evening
POST
February 2, 1957 — 15¢

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CAN IKE MAKE OVER THE GOP?
By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

MICKEY MANTLE, INCORPORATED

DO YOU FENCE YOUR HUSBAND IN?
By Hannah Lees

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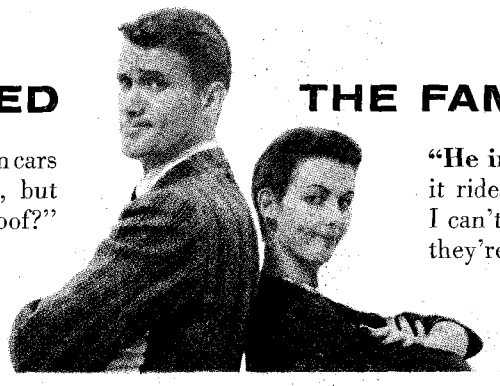
HOW RAMBLER SOLVED

"She wants one of those little foreign cars that are easy to handle and park, but where do we put the kids—on the roof?"

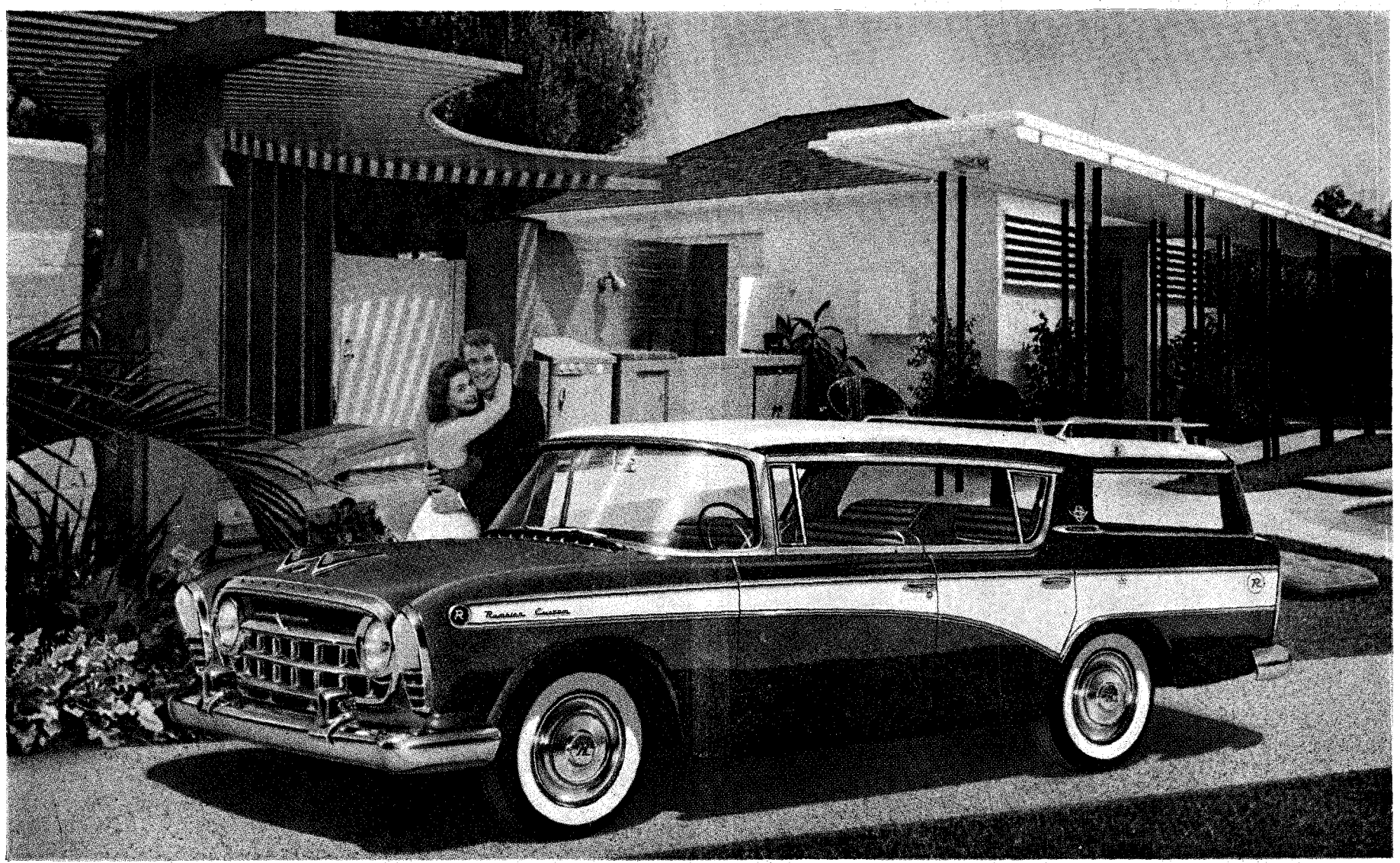


THE FAMILY CAR FEUD

"He insists on a big, heavy car. Claims it rides better and has more room, but I can't park these big, clumsy cars. And they're such gas hogs."

Only '57 Rambler Gives You Both:

❶ Big Car Room and Comfort ❷ Compact Car Economy and Handling Ease



***America's first** hardtop station wagon—the Rambler Hardtop Cross Country.*

See Disneyland—Great TV for all the family over the ABC Network.

As other cars swell in waistline and appetite, the new Rambler stands out more and more as the perfect car for all your driving needs. It parks where bulky cars can't, leaves them flat-footed in traffic, out-runs them all on a gallon of gas. Yet it equals far costlier cars in room. Why? Because only Rambler has modern, space-making Single Unit Construction. Choose the new 190 HP Rambler V-8, or Economy Six that holds the coast-to-coast record of 32 miles per gallon, with overdrive.

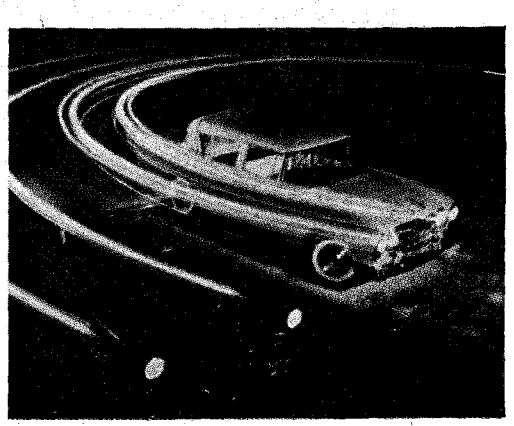
Get luxuries the so-called "luxury cars" can't match—Airliner Reclining Seats, Twin Travel Beds, lowest-priced All-Season Air Conditioning.

Get a Lift Out of Going—

Go Rambler V-8 *or* 6

American Motors Means AM *More for Americans*

Double exposure shows six 6-footers standing outside the Rambler and the same six big men stretched out in roomy luxury inside the Rambler.



Turns circles *inside* other cars. Rambler makes U-turns in streets way too narrow for other cars, parks in spaces a foot-and-a-half shorter than the big bulky cars.

FUN-TEST RAMBLER—AT HUDSON DEALERS—AT NASH DEALERS

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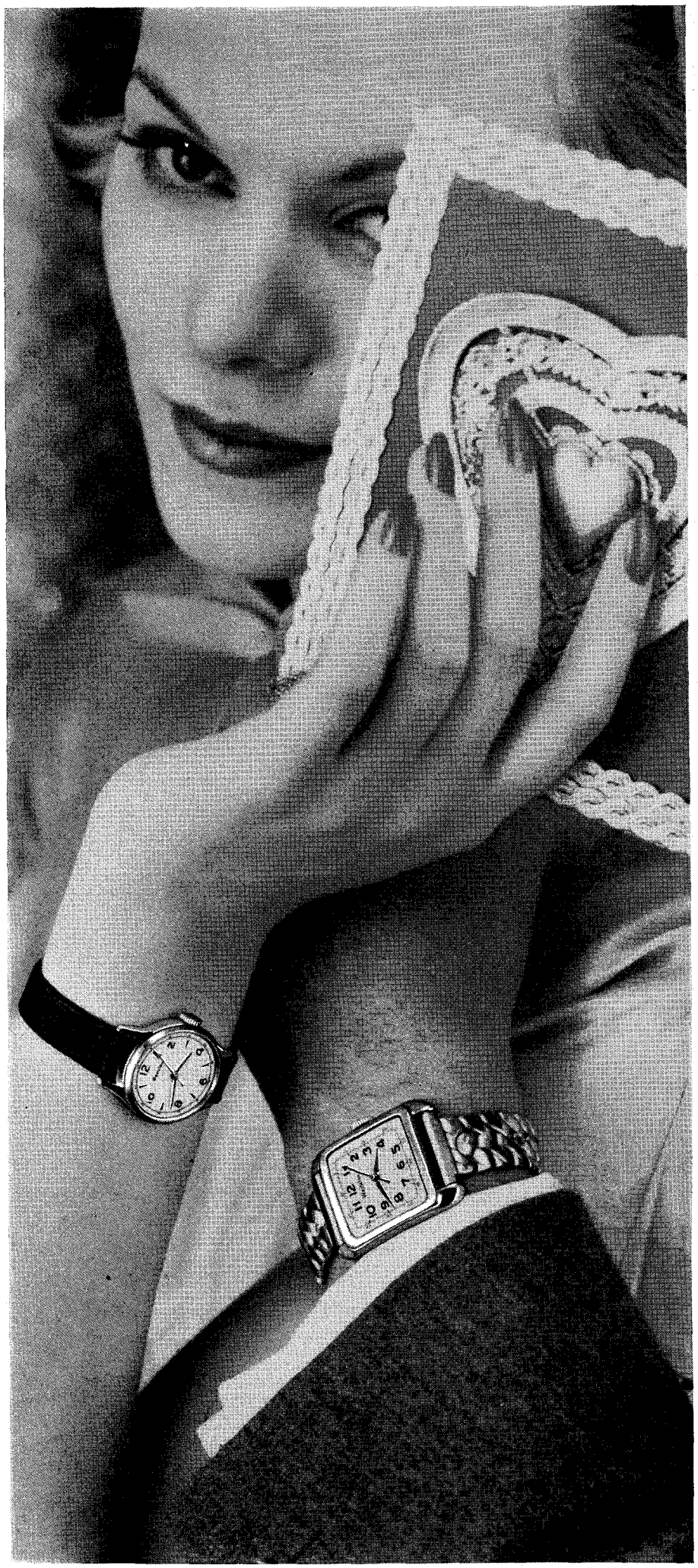
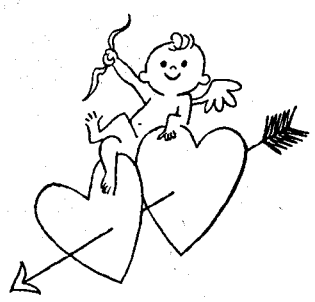
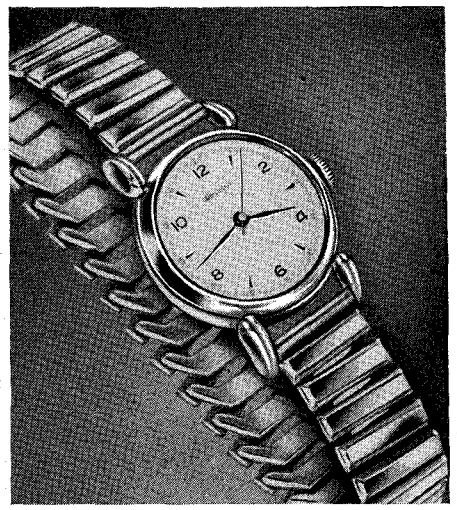




How to say "Youre it" without a single word

Depend on a Westclox wrist watch to say nice things for you! Choose one of these sensibly priced, anti-magnetic watches with stainless steel back...a sweetheart of a gift "to be remembered by," every hour of every day.



ADRIAN is designed to lead a double life. Rugged and dependable for sports wear, yet its smart chrome-finish front *and metal expansion band make it a* handsome "dress" watch too. **$9.95.**

SKIPPER—bright, handsome, reliable... *in perfect taste for young men of all* ages. Trim gold color case and raised numerals. Shock resistant. An impressive gift, modestly priced. **$9.95.**

WRIST BEN—great gift for young athletes. *Smartly styled for rugged use.* Shock resistant. Chrome finish case. With plain dial, **$6.95.** Luminous (shown), **$7.95.**

JUDGE is superbly styled, with features *galore! Water, dust and shock resistant.* Has gold color raised numerals, luminous dial. A terrific value at **$12.95.**

TROY wrist watch is a feminine favorite...small, graceful, yet sturdy and dependable. Gold color case and raised numerals, dramatically set off by rich black suede band. **$9.95.**

BRENT is the dress watch after a man's own heart! Sleek gold color square case with matching expansion band. Gold color easy-to-read numerals. And only **$12.95.**

Remember, a luminous dial can be read in the dark.

PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION

In watches, it's WESTCLOX*

By the makers of **BIG BEN***

...dependable as the day is long

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.

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SERVE THE COFFEE THAT'S *Alive* WITH FLAVOR!

Whether you're making coffee for a crowd . . .
or taking time out to enjoy the luxury of a "cozy lonesome"
cup . . . nothing equals the homey fragrance
of freshly-roasted, freshly-ground A&P *premium-quality* Coffee.
And nothing else gives you the old-fashioned goodness of this
fresh-as-tomorrow coffee. Truly, it's "alive" with flavor!

Mild & Mellow *Rich & Full-Bodied* *Vigorous & Winey*

JUST FOR YOU!

Coffee that's too coarse gives you a weak cup of coffee. Coffee that's too fine gives you a bitter brew. That's why A&P Coffee is Custom Ground exactly right for *your* coffeemaker. You get flavor the way *you* like it . . . *always!*

A&P *Custom Ground* COFFEE

EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P STORES

FRESHLY ROASTED . . . FRESHLY GROUND . . . MEANS MORE FLAVOR IN YOUR CUP!

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Yoo-hoo! Brief case! BRIEF CASE! Unhappily, this looks like the beginning of an imperfect day. If the slumber-bemused breadwinner wasn't conscious enough to take his pouch with him, probably he has already relapsed into coma in his seat and won't know anything is amiss until he revives in town and reaches for what is amiss. Meanwhile, his lady may take a header into that slippery snow in her diaphanous night garment, causing a coolness that will still prevail when her husband returns at evenfall. Thornton Utz paints in snowless Florida, so he thinks this is funny. The cover brings to mind a man who found a forgotten brief case on a station bench, turned it in at the ticket window, then took his train, leaving his own brief case sitting on the bench. X*#*%/*!!!

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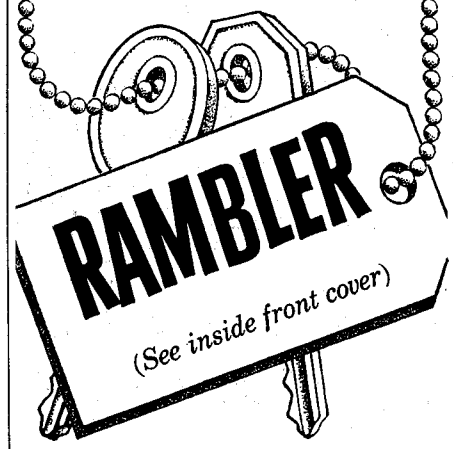

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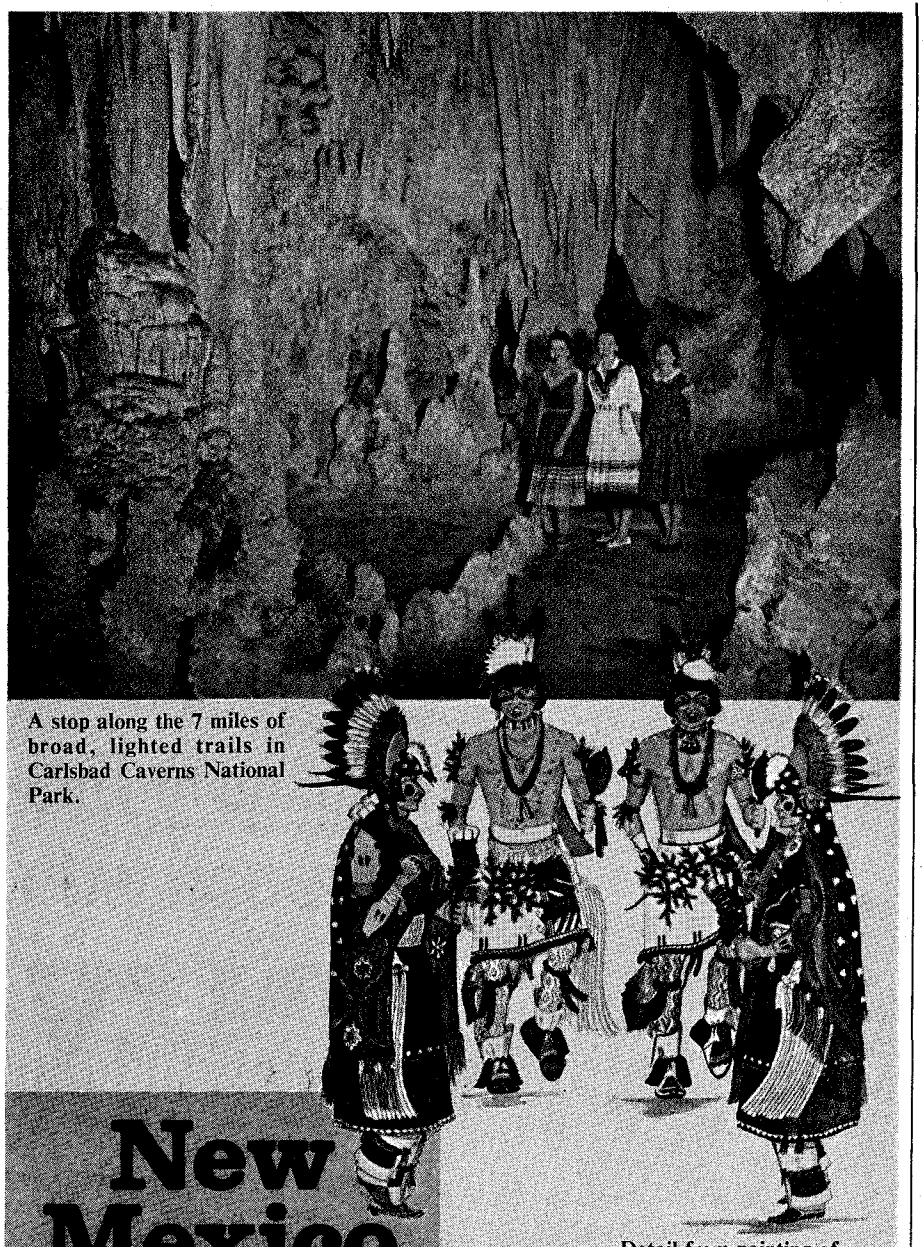

A stop along the 7 miles of broad, lighted trails in Carlsbad Caverns National Park.

Detail from painting of The Corn Dance, by Gilbert Atencio, New Mexico Indian artist

New Mexico
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The strangeness, the fascination and the beauty of New Mexico make it the first choice of millions of travelers each year. They come from everywhere to see our majestic plains and mountains, our picturesque Indian and Spanish cultures, and to savor the Old West that lingers here. New Mexico will welcome you with good roads, fine motels, hotels and guest resorts, good food and true Western hospitality.

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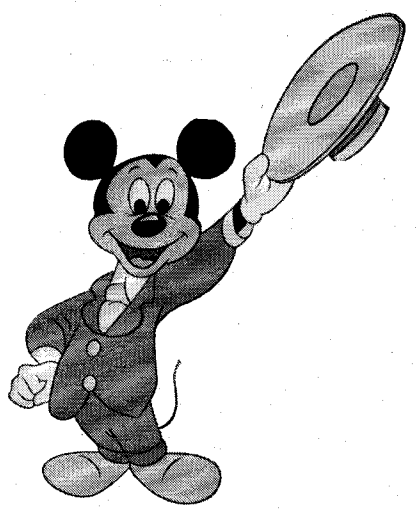
Letters

Who Likes Mickey Mouse?

Dear Sirs:

Will you publish one sour note in the paean of praise being given to Walt Disney? (MY DAD, WALT DISNEY, by Diane Disney Miller, as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 17–Jan. 5.)

I loathe Mickey Mouse! I like cats and dogs and object strenuously to the cruelty,



Cruel?

especially to the cats, shown in these cartoons. It's a wonder to me the S.P.C.A. doesn't protest. And who likes mice anyhow?

However, let me congratulate Mr. Disney on his documentary films—they are superb.

MARION TERRY
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Our Vulnerable Shores

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading OUR WEAKEST SPOT by Vice-Admiral Daniel E. Barbey [Dec. 22] and wish to congratulate you on publishing such forthright and farsighted articles.

It is high time for us to realize that the cliché, "We cannot fight until attacked," should be quickly forgotten, or Americans will wind up in a class with the dodo.

PAUL F. CLEMENT
Bakersfield, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Admiral Barbey that we should extend our continental limits to 500 miles instead of three miles. With the situation as tense as it is now, all necessary steps should be taken to protect our free country. If those "Russianskis" are going to do their naval training, let them do it in their own waters, not in our front doors.

J. L. SHARPE
Andalusia, Ala.

More Teen-Age Trouble

Dear Sirs:

The letters headed UNFAIR TO TEEN-AGERS, Dec. 15, answering NIGHTMARE IN THE AFTERNOON, by Alex Gaby, Nov. 10, were strange, considering the recent facts. It could happen.

Even while the issue of the S.E.P. was just off the press there was a school riot led by a girl at Elizabeth, New Jersey. About a hundred boys and girls, warned by a police traffic officer to wait for the green light, knocked him down and hit him with anything they had. The rest threw stones at passing cars. It took six patrol cars with twelve officers to break it up.

At Hamilton Township near Trenton in the month of December, 21 teen-agers staged a vodka-and-beer party in a chicken house.

December 21st, 100 students from Brooklyn Technical High School smashed four cars in two subway trains. Light bulbs were broken and advertising signs ripped off and seats torn. One seat thrown thru a window.

W. HEATH ELDRIDGE
Nutley, N.J.

Take the Kiddies

Dear Sirs:

After taking our three children with us to Louisiana, Kansas, Massachusetts, and Virginia during my Army service in World War II, and finding the gracious helpfulness of people in each section of the country, Bob Eddy's WE TOOK THE KIDS TO EUROPE, Dec. 22, appealed to me as the best Post story in years.

DAVID WINGO
Wills Point, Texas

Dear Sirs:

"Don't let's stay here. It stinks!" writes Bob Eddy, quoting one of his children. A little bit of Americana in old musty Europe. This is the type of crude remark that is expected of the average American yokel touring Europe. Small wonder educated Europeans regard the Stateside tourist with ill-concealed contempt. This conduct is not too surprising, considering our culture of the big car and the big T.V. set.

E. PETERSON
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We have been seeing the United States for the past seven and a half weeks with a four-year-old boy and nine-year-old boy. Mr. Eddy knows whereof he speaks, when he writes that children have a way of opening doors marked "do not enter."

GERALDINE PELIGANO
Waterbury, Conn.

Kind Mess Sergeant

Dear Sirs:

I have never read so appealing a story as GOOD GENIE OF THE TANK COMPANY, by Michael Gladych, Dec. 29. But that's not all, his subject, M/Sgt. Richard Artesani, is one of the grandest fellows who has ever had his name in the Post. My heart really goes out to a boy with his make-up.

BERRIE S. BELL
College Park, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

It's unbelievable! M/Sgt. Artesani sounds like a real life, nonprofit Bilko!

MRS. J. R. ECHARD
Indianapolis, Ind.

Wrong Plane

Dear Sirs:

May I point out that in the article I WAS A BRIDE OF THE ARCTIC, by Klondy Nelson, as told to Corey Ford, the aircraft wreckage shown on Page 54 (Dec. 22

(Continued on Page 6)

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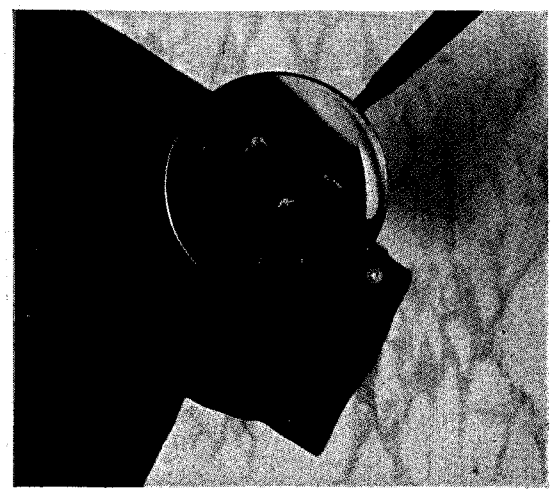
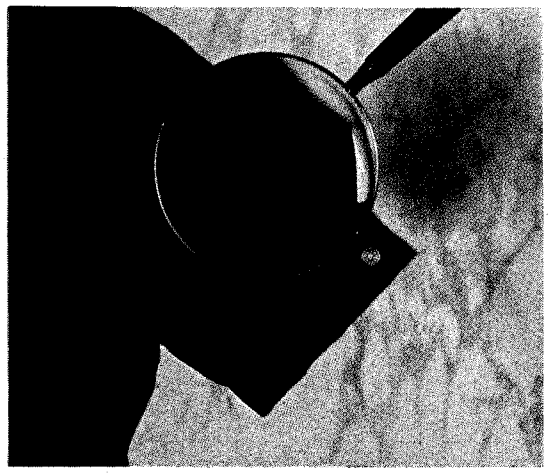
Filters Wash Water... No Lint Fuzz on Clothes

Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. The filter catches lint as water flows through, cleaning and recleaning it to give you cleaner clothes! A full tub of water is filtered five times during one wash cycle. Also use the filter to dispense your detergent evenly dissolved through the wash.



Not the "linty water" way. After 7 washings this cotton blouse was dulled by lint fuzz in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes; gets stuck in seams, too.



But the "clean water" way. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, an identical cotton blouse washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint.*

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO® WASHER

cleans and recleans wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute

Good-bye lint-spoiled washes! With the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washing System, lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

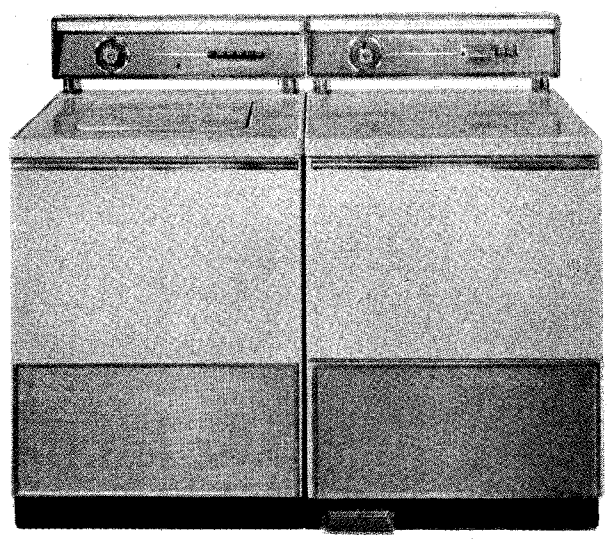
As you wash, this famous washer circulates and filters the wash water continuously without wasting water or detergent!

Clothes come out really bright and clean!

2 wash speeds . . . 2 spin speeds—to suit all types of fabrics. You can select either Normal or Slow Activator® Washing Speeds . . . with Normal or Slow Spin Speeds . . . in *any* combination. So flexible, it lets you wash everything just right. Nylon blouses without setting wrinkles. "Fragiles" without fraying. Blankets without "felting." You'll save so much hand washing.

3-way water saving—Water Saver Control saves up to 20 gallons on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses. And General Electric's optional Automatic Suds Return System (slightly higher) sets aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Five-year written warranty on transmission.

General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Straight-line beauty! Fingertip Selectors let you preset wash speeds, temperature, water saving. Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.35 weekly.* Matching Automatic Dryer, about $2.70 weekly.* 36 months to pay on pair. Mix-or-Match Colors. Also white. See your dealer.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*

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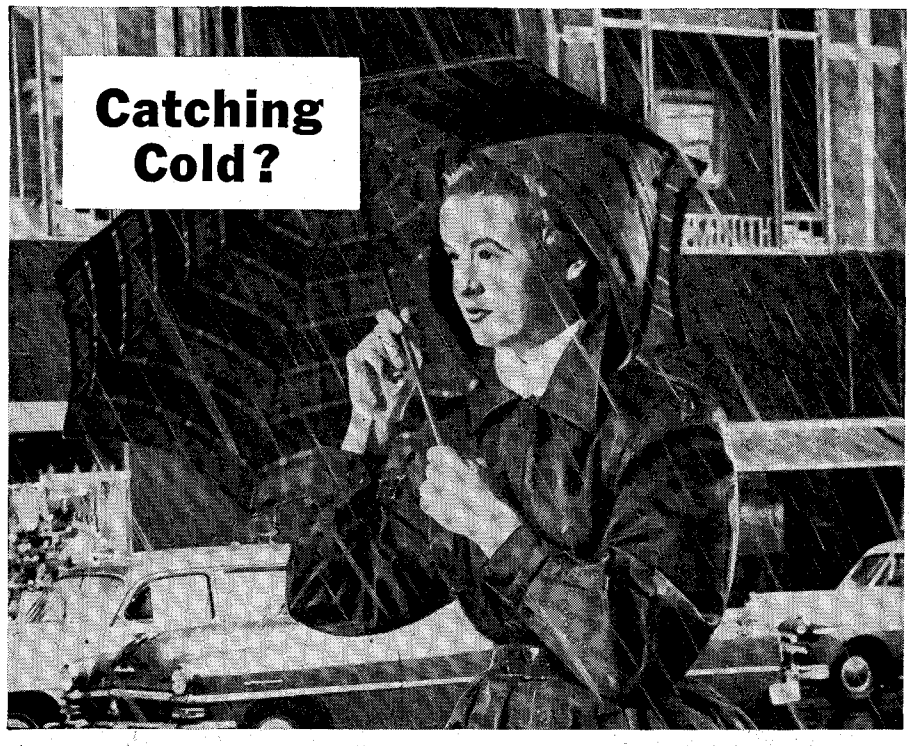


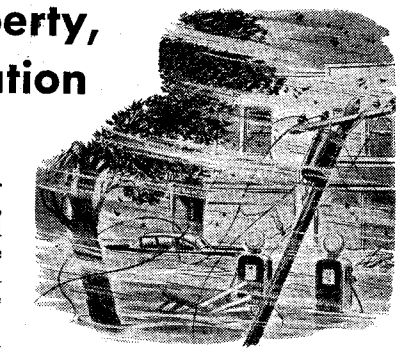
Bayer Aspirin Makes You Feel Better Fast!

BAYER®

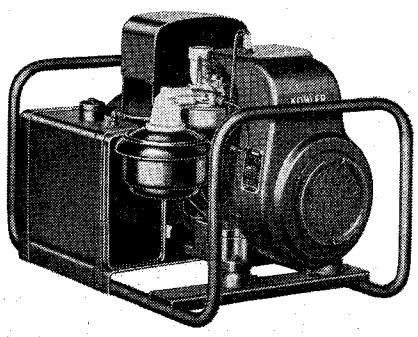
AND it's one thing most people can take any time...WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

You can help avoid colds by dressing properly for rainy weather. But if you *should* happen to catch cold, the first thing to take is Bayer Aspirin. You'll appreciate how quickly it relieves painful cold discomforts and reduces fever. You can always count on Bayer Aspirin to bring the fast relief you want . . . the safe relief you need. Get it today and keep it handy.

Kohler Electric Plants safeguard life, health, property, when central station power fails



When a hurricane, flood, earthquake or other disaster strikes, Kohler electric plants are in demand for immediate shipment to the scene of destruction—to furnish power vitally needed to operate automatic heating, refrigeration, tools and rescue equipment that will avert suffering and disease . . . Wherever, whenever a storm or accident cuts off central station power, Kohler stand-by plants take over critical loads automatically—providing essential power for hospitals, homes, schools, stores, hatcheries, greenhouses, fire departments, airports, railroads. The cost is often offset by losses avoided during a single power failure.



Model 2.5R61 *2500 watts, 115/230 volt A.C. Air-cooled. Remote starting.*

Portable, Mobile...Sole Supply

On-the-job power for saws, drills, sanders, pipe threaders and cutters, hedge and tree trimmers, public address systems, excavators, fire trucks . . . Larger, stationary models for ranches, camps, drilling rigs, work and pleasure boats. Write for folder 16-B.

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PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS
AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

issue) is not the remains of the Winnie Mae, as stated in the caption.

The Winnie Mae, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, was a single engine, high-wing monoplane of a type known as the Lockheed Vega.

The plane in which Wiley Post and Will Rogers were killed and the one which you picture was a single-engine, low-wing aircraft with twin floats, or pontoons.

DONALD A. SANKEY
Greenville, S.C.

● *Mr. Sankey and many other readers are correct and the Post's picture caption is wrong. Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed in a modified Lockheed Orion.* —ED.

Help for Hungary

Dear Sirs:

Harold H. Martin's article, THE MAN WHO WANTED TO HELP HUNGARY, Dec. 29, is an example of currently popular, impulsive, warmhearted and ill-judged thinking.

Human suffering will always arouse compassion in decent people, to their credit. However, amid all the current bustle to aid the Hungarians, certain facts seem forgotten.

Anti-Russian or not, these people are communists. We are welcoming thousands of them into this country, yet few Americans seem to care whether or not the refugees have been screened or how many communist agents may be among them.

WILLIAM MULHALL
Idaho Falls, Idaho

● *Vice-President Nixon said recently, "I am convinced that if the screening process which is presently in effect is continued the Hungarian refugees who are admitted to the United States will present no significant risk of internal subversion."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

I certainly would like to shake the hand of John Richardson.

C. J. GARDNER
Nashua, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

I think, like John Richardson, that medicine and bandages was not the complete answer.

No nation in history ever gained freedom except by fighting for it. It is up to us to give the mere "tools" to help.

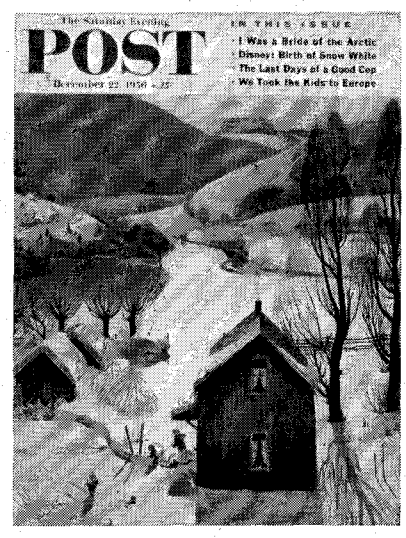
Is this not much more sensible than waiting on some debate to end, or to send our own troops into the battlefields of the world? How about us . . . having a real foreign-aid program for Freedom Fighters? Hungary was fighting our fight and we let her down. She was not scared of the bear and we shouldn't be, either.

PATRICK A. CRORKIN
Santa Ana, Cal.

Art for the People

Dear Sirs:

Your John Clymer cover, Dec. 22, is radiantly inspirational, reaching far beyond its illustrative purpose into the permanent realm of fine art. History reveals that the great art of any culture, whether Chinese, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, first served its people. It is my conviction that


POST
IN THIS ISSUE
I Was a Bride of the Arctic
Disney: Birth of Snow White
The Last Days of a Good Cop
We Took the Kids to Europe

America's great lasting, living art will be that which, along with being innately good, also has served the people from whose midst it sprang . . . and John Clymer in this quality of painting is advancing into this classification.

DALE NICHOLS
Pass Christian, Miss.

● *Mr. Nichols, a distinguished American painter, has had frequent one-man shows and his paintings are owned by the University of Illinois, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Metropolitan Museum, New York.* —ED.

Float Builders

Dear Sirs:

Frank J. Taylor, made one small error in his article, BACKSTAGE AT THE ROSE PARADE, Dec. 29. He gave all the credit for building Cal Poly's Rose Parade float entries to "students at Cal Poly, the agricultural college near San Luis Obispo."

Students at Cal Poly's Kellogg-Voorhis campus [near Pomona, 240 miles away] deserve the lion's share of credit. Not only do they design the float, build the chassis and put it together, but they also grow in their ornamental horticulture classes the hundreds of thousands of special flowers needed.

ROBERT E. KENNEDY
Assistant to the President
Cal Poly
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–© Walt Disney Productions. • 19–C.B.S. • 20–Two from Wide World; Warren Rothschild. • 21–Larry Fried, two from International; Wide World, United Press, Wide World. • 22, 23–Harold Von Schmidt. • 24, 25–Larry Keighley. • 26, 27–R. G. Harris. 28, 29–Ivan Dmitri. • 30–Bob Hilbert. • 32–Frank Ross. • 33–Hans Knopf. • 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 36–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 37–Paul Nonnast. • 38, 39–Frank Ross. 43–Edwin Georgi. • 62–Larry Keighley. • 100–Three anonymous; Keystone View Company.

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PACKARD CLIPPER, *Supercharged for '57*

Functional and elegant—here's where the best of two automotive worlds meet—the best of the fun-to-be-driving feeling you get from nimble cars with their dashing performance and easy handling...the best of the luxury, comfort, elegance you find in the finest of fine cars. This is the new Packard Clipper—with a built-in supercharger—and it's considerately priced. See and drive it, at your Studebaker-Packard Dealer's now!

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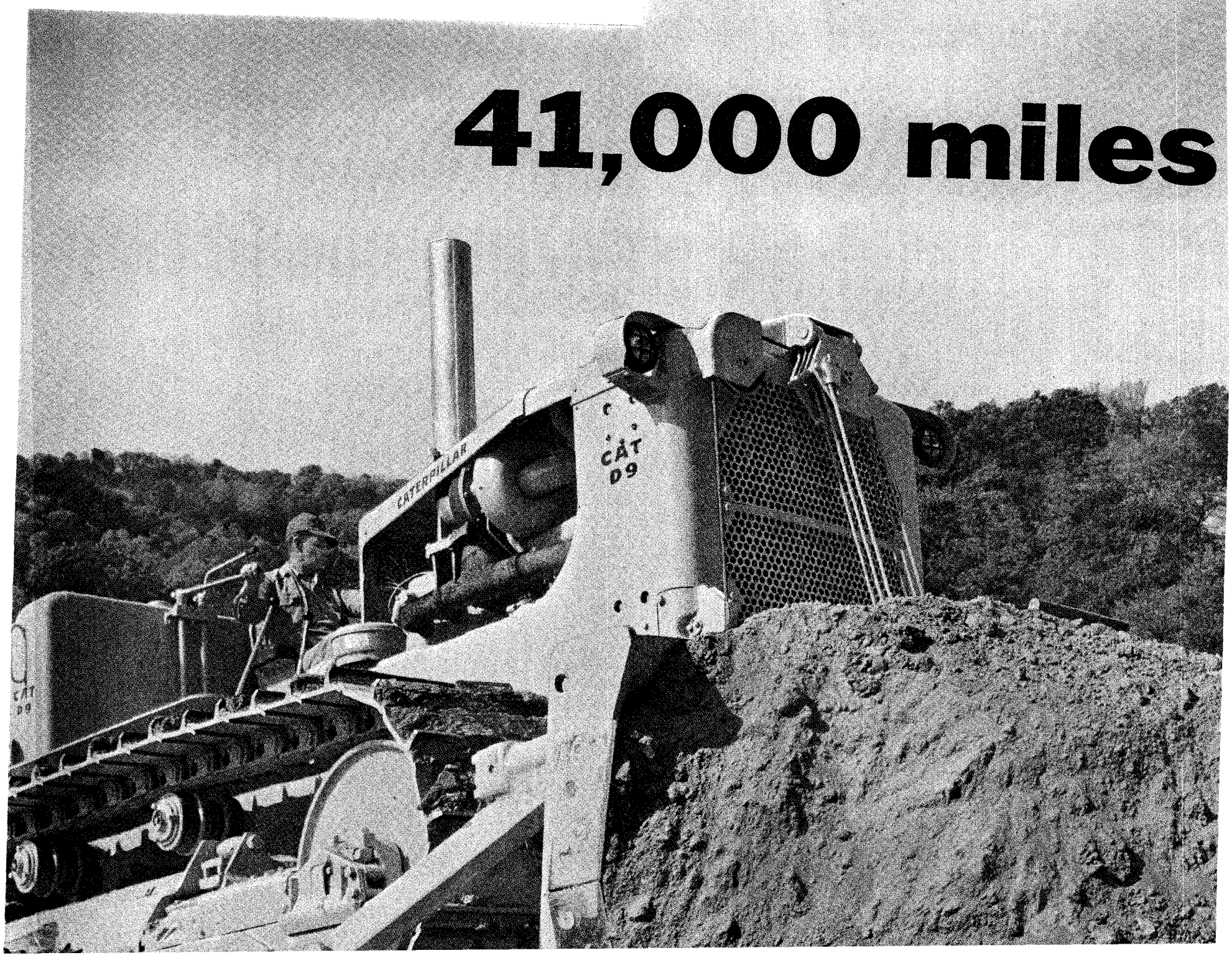
CATERPILLAR REPORTS

41,000 miles



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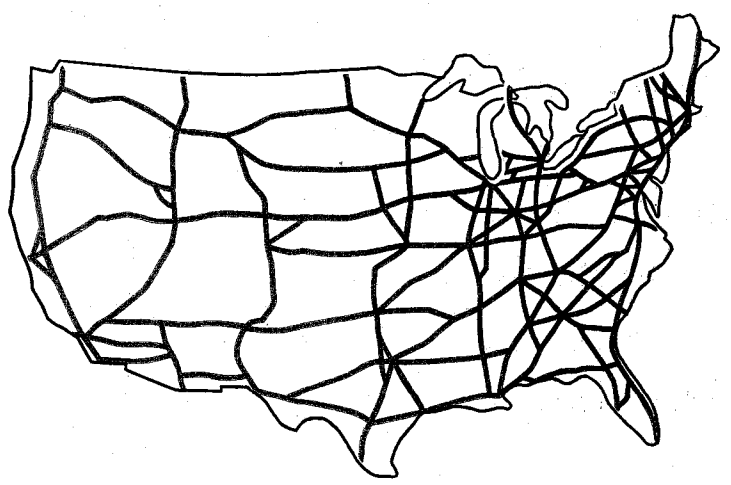
The Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956 sets in motion the biggest construction job ever undertaken by men. And it will give you one of the greatest bargains in history!



THE new highway program, backed by Federal aid to the states, will include a 41,000-mile network of two-lane, four-lane and six-lane—even eight-lane—expressways connecting 209 of the country's major cities. The total cost for all roads built under the new act is estimated at *50 billion dollars!*

HOW BIG?

This road construction program is bigger than 60 Panama Canals—bigger than 15 TVA projects. More earth will be moved than in building all the big dams in the country.

HOW SOON?

All this won't happen overnight. The Panama Canal took 15 years to build. The huge highway program is scheduled for completion in 14 years. As it gets under way, plans in the various states must be formulated and approved. Routes must be surveyed, land acquired and contracts let. It's a long job—a tough job—but it's vitally worth while.

WHAT DOES IT GIVE YOU?

Whether you drive 5,000 miles a year or 50,000, you stand to gain enormously by the new road program. If you're an average car owner you now spend at least 300 hours a year in driving time—much of it dragging along in traffic jams. The new highway system will eliminate bottlenecks, provide higher safe speeds. You're likely to save a hundred valuable hours a year.

You'll get better gasoline mileage, longer wear from your tires. Your car will take less of a beating—need fewer repairs. And most important of all, you and your family will run fewer chances of accidents. The fatality rate on controlled access highways built to Federal Interstate standards is *less than half* as high as on other types of roads with similar traffic.

So you're getting a direct saving of hundreds of dollars—plus safety—for less than the cost of one fender dent!

HOW IT CAN BE DONE

Only America—a nation unawed by bigness—could start such a program and see it through, never doubting its success. The men who must make it work are of many kinds—contractors, government officials, engineers, bankers, materials producers and equipment manufacturers and dealers.

They are pooling their skills and resources in an unequaled demonstration of industry co-operation. But their efforts can pay off only with *your* support.

YOUR PART

Do you know that the law involves you in this road building program? Do you realize that you can actually help save 3,500 lives a year? Do you know how the Interstate Highway System will affect your own future? You can get all the facts in the free booklet, "The Road Ahead." Write today to Department 1, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

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Editorials

Protecting the Middle East Could be a Major Headache

The thesis behind President Eisenhower's request for more power than he now has to act in the event of communist aggression in the Middle East appears to be that the European colonial powers can no longer control events in that critical area and that the United States is therefore the only remaining country capable of blocking communist expansion in that direction. Inasmuch as the Eisenhower Administration vetoed the Anglo-French attempt of last October to reassert some sort of authority in the Suez Canal area, the question of whether or not they could have done the job remains unsettled. Presumably, however, an Anglo-French triumph over Nasser would hardly have calmed the Middle East or done much to convince the various nations there that the West was their best friend and that they should have no truck with the Kremlin.

Curiously enough, President Eisenhower did not mention Great Britain or France in his address to Congress on January fifth, except obliquely as nations which formerly "exercised much influence in the area," and by implication as members of the United Nations. And yet Great Britain and France still have important interests in the Middle East, interests which, as Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal made apparent, are vital to their survival. Surely the co-operation of these nations, beyond their status as members of the United Nations, would prove necessary to the success of any plan to stabilize the Middle East or defend it in the event of Soviet attack.

The assumption is that the President omitted this factor from the equation because of the feeling that his efforts to woo the peoples of the Middle East to our side would be embarrassed by any mention of their former "colonial exploiters." That is doubtless one consideration, but there is at least one other consideration—namely, that the long-term result of what amounts to ditching our European allies in order to assume leadership of what Kipling contemptuously called "the lesser breeds without the law" poses problems which can be only dimly predicted.

The peoples of the Middle East have not managed on their own to establish viable political or economic systems. Arranging matters with them is often reminiscent of Theodore Roosevelt's exasperated remark during the Panama negotiations that making a deal with the Colombians was "like nailing currant jelly to the wall." We should have to expect delays, repudiations, evasions and breaches of contract of which Colonel Nasser's activities remain a working sample. Unless we were prepared to go broke as a sort of Good Fairy of the Bad Lands, we would find ourselves forced to imitate the hated imperialists, at least in their efforts to establish respect for contracts and agreements as the basis of economic progress.

The President's plan can hardly be criticized as a demand for unrestricted power, although this criticism has been made. Mr. Eisenhower has emphasized his intention to consult Congress if it should be in session when the possible need for military action arose, and to call Congress in special session if that were necessary. He also pledged himself to take action "consonant with any action or recommendations of the United Nations." Indeed, this last stipulation might well restrict the possibility of prompt action. Prompt action in the event of a Soviet attack is essential; knowledge that there would be prompt action is equally so.

However, many important questions remain. What, for example, would happen should a Middle Eastern state, theoretically independent but actually under communist tutelage, shut down the oil wells in its territory? There would be no request for help from the United States. No military aggression would have occurred. And yet another segment in the Soviet plan to starve Western Europe as a step toward world conquest would have been completed. The President's reply is that nations assured of military support are unlikely to act as tools of Soviet policy. Iran can be cited in support of that view; Egypt can be offered to support the other side of the argument. Or what happens if an "independent" Soviet satellite attacks a neighboring country? Unless the United States is prepared to police the internal affairs of Middle Eastern nations, it is difficult to see how these gaps can be plugged.

Only visionaries will expect any plan that could possibly be devised to guarantee perfect peace and tranquillity in an area as historically turbulent as the Middle East. What we can do is to assure the countries there that their struggles toward a better life have our practical support, as indeed they have been having for some time, and that Soviet aggression against any of them will be opposed by this country. That is all the Eisenhower plan undertakes to do. The rest must be left to a kind Providence and such wisdom and good sense as the leaders of the nations involved can bring to the solution of their difficulties.

Keeping the Voting Age a Shade Above the Cool Cats Demands Bipartisan Solidarity!

This idea that the minimum voting age should be reduced to eighteen, already in effect in two states and now proposed for Connecticut and other states, appears to be on the make. The big argument for it, as far as the male voters are concerned, is that, if a boy is old enough to be hauled off to Korea or somewhere else to fight, he is old enough to vote. Logically, if equality is what we are supposed to be after, this should bring up the question of drafting girls or restricting under-twenty-one voters to boys. However, a lot of illogical things get by in this country.

There are various arguments against the change, perhaps the most potent being the fact that we already have on hand a heap of voters without responsibilities or concern with politics above the level of the grab bag or the popularity contest.

One thing that worries us about cutting the voting age is the possibility that people will soon be saying, "If they can vote at eighteen, what's wrong with their voting at fourteen? If a kid can be compelled to go to school five or six hours a day, he ought at least to have the right to vote against home work." Bearing that possibility in mind, let us take you to a projected political discussion in the year, say, 1964:

"Brother, you should dig the Republican district leaders in our ward, crazy, real-gone boys, every one of them. They wear yellow cashmeres and white buckskin shoes like—you know. And they take you to the polls in the jazziest heaps of doughnuts you ever saw. Honest to God, they're the most!"

"Now look, Bug, let me clue you to something. Those cats may be crazy, but with me Republicans are the lowest. Sure they're Ivy League, but they put on a meeting in Odd Fellows Hall the other night and did they lay an omelet! The speaker was a real dap dresser, but in politics he was a cube. You couldn't have got the latest rumble out of him with a club. What a drag!"

"Look, man, want me to lean on you? This throwing off on the Republicans don't make it with me. That Democrat creep who tried to make the speech scene the other night ought to have put an egg in his shoe and beat it before he pushed off. Even the chicks didn't go for that pair of tonsils. Maybe a Democrat could get stoned out of his mind with his line, but it didn't shake us G.O.P. cats. He wasn't hip to anything."

"I dig all that, but the Democrats look cooler in Bermudas and knee sox and, besides, they know you got to have more bread than thirty dollars a week to drive even a last year's piece. Well, I got to crash. Come over to the pad sometime and we'll sweat it some more. Talking politics is the most."

"Sure is the greatest. See you later, alligator!"

And with teen-agers in politics, how would anybody get a crack at a telephone long enough to ask where was the polling place?

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YOUR HEART?

ALTHOUGH heart disease is our nation's greatest health problem, we can face it today with increasing hope and confidence. Through research, a vast amount of knowledge about the heart and its functions has been accumulated. As studies continue, there is every justification to anticipate further advances in diagnosis, treatment... and perhaps even prevention... of various diseases affecting the heart and blood vessels.

While heart disease is a challenge to medical research, it is also a challenge to you. If you are informed about the heart, you can help protect your own and the hearts of your relatives and friends. The following questions and answers may help you to know your heart better . . . and give it the care it deserves.

• Is the heart strong and durable?

Yes . . . the healthy heart is one of the strongest organs in the body and it has remarkable reserves of strength. Despite its immense task, a healthy heart can be nearly as efficient as the years advance as it is at age 20. Even at the older ages, a healthy heart is fully capable of meeting the body's needs.

• Can you do anything to keep your heart in good shape?

Yes . . . you can protect your heart by avoiding sudden or prolonged exertion, watching your diet, avoiding overweight, and by getting the sleep and rest you need. You should also have a medical examination every year. Then if heart trouble is found, prompt treatment may control it and make possible a long and nearly normal way of life.

• Are all heart attacks serious?

Not necessarily . . . because some are mild and the heart can repair itself with care and treatment. In these cases, a person may usually resume normal activities. Even when there are serious complications, patients can often recover if the heart is helped to heal itself. In fact, four out of five of those who withstand their first coronary attack recover and continue to work full time for many years.

• Is there such a thing as "imaginary heart trouble"?

Yes . . . many people think they have heart trouble because of rapid or irregular heart beat, chest pain, and shortness of breath. None of these necessarily means heart disease, but naturally you should consult your doctor about such symptoms. If his examination shows your heart is all right you can forget about the symptoms.

• Are overweight and emotional tension bad for the heart?

Yes . . . overweight taxes the heart and blood vessels, according to many scientific studies. So, try to keep your weight about equal to what you should have weighed between ages 25 and 30. Emotional upsets can make your heart beat faster and your blood pressure go up.

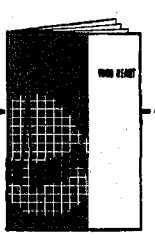
• Can people with heart disease lighten the heart's work?

Yes . . . if they learn how to care for an impaired heart. Plenty of rest, protection against infection, proper diet, and avoidance of hurry, worry and strenuous activities can all help the affected heart to carry on. Of course, treatment given by your doctor is important, but the patient himself can do most to safeguard the heart.

• Is heart disease more prevalent now?

No . . . not when you consider these facts: (1) more people are living longer and reaching ages when the heart's endurance naturally ebbs; (2) heart ailments are diagnosed now with greater accuracy, whereas in the past many deaths actually caused by heart disease were blamed on other causes.

Metropolitan's booklet, Your Heart, *gives more facts to help you know your heart better. Just mail the coupon below for your free copy.*



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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Please send me the free booklet "*Your Heart*," 2-57-E.

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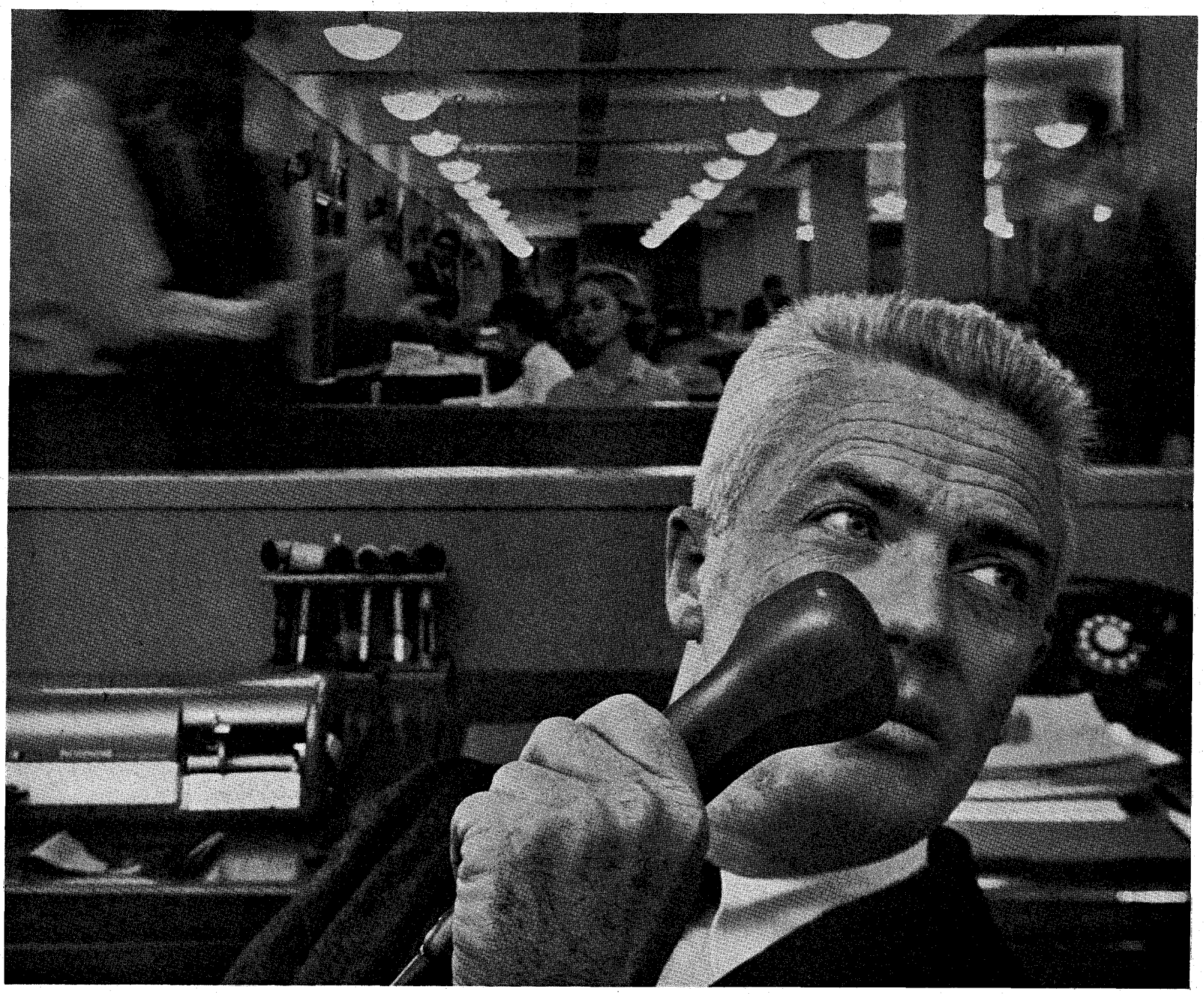

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The only dictating machine with the Dictabelt record

Under pressure or not, you get a lot more done the Dictaphone way. It makes business communication easier, faster, better.

When work comes up, you just lift the mike of the Dictaphone TIME-MASTER dictating machine and think out loud. In that instant, your letters, memos, reports and reminders are *done* —off your mind, and off your desk.

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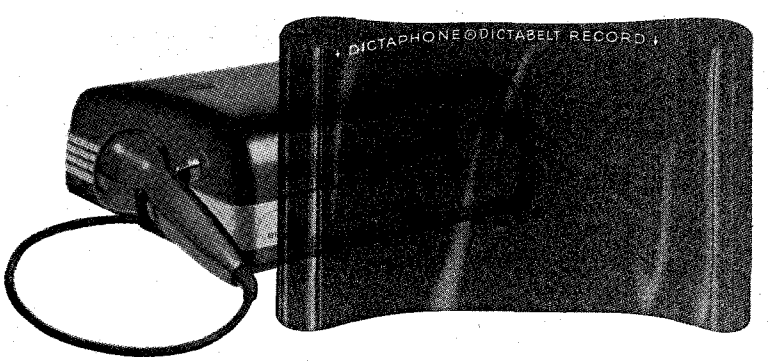
DICTABELTS are flexible, featherlight, and postcard size—so you can mail them like ordinary letters. They're more economical than any other method of dictation, too.

We'll prove how modern communication can save many man-hours. Just call your local Dictaphone office for a free TIME-MASTER trial. Or write Dictaphone, Dept. W, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y. Ask about our rental plan, too.



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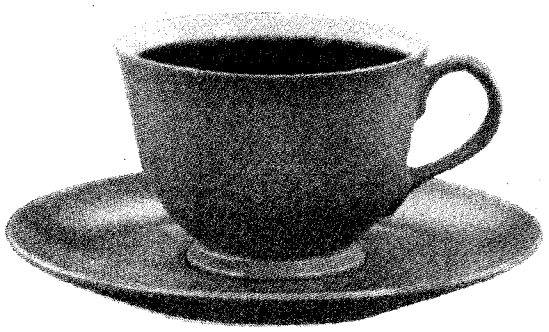
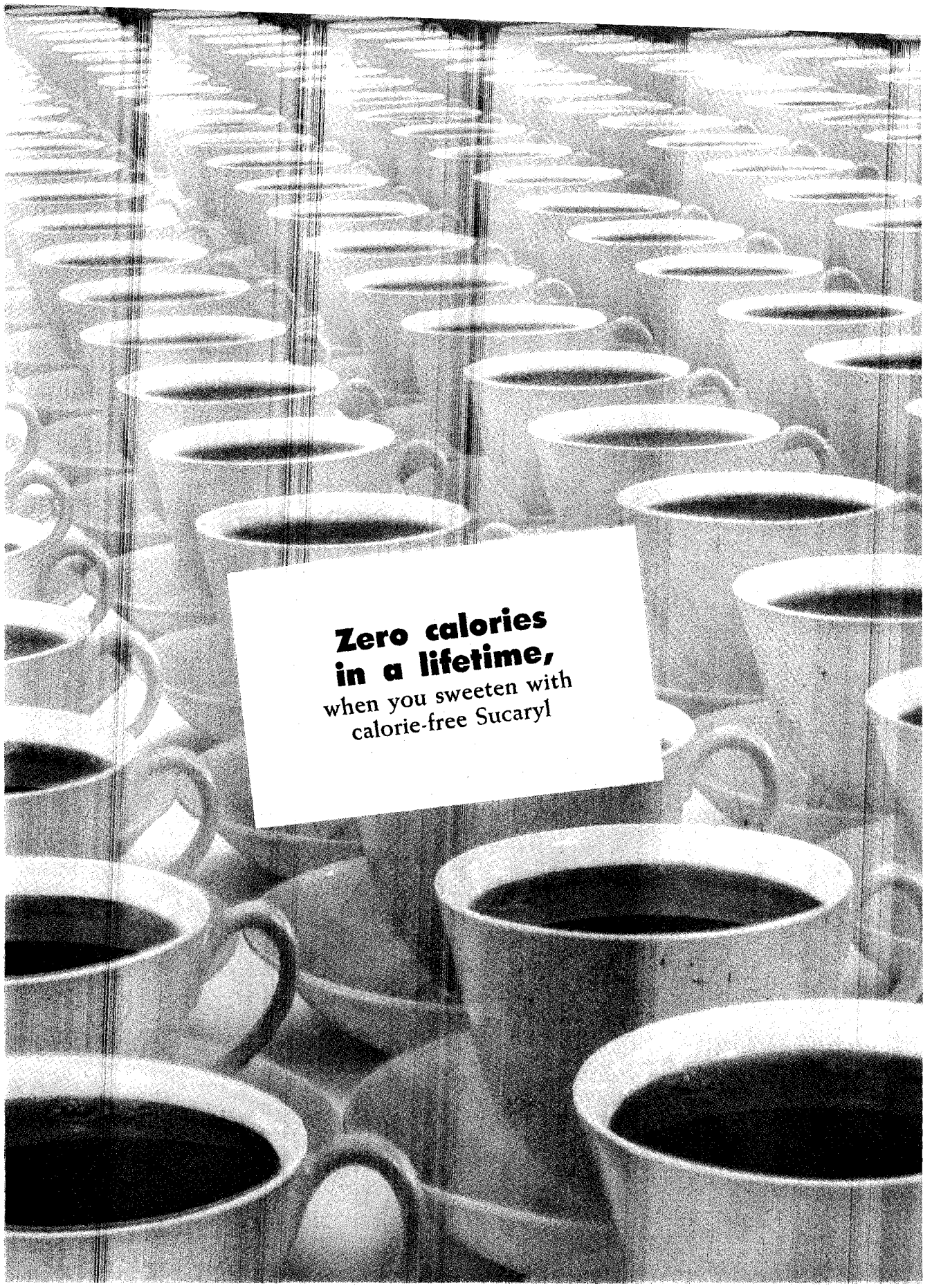


27 calories per lump,
when you sweeten your
coffee with sugar



You can save a lot of calories by sweetening with Sucaryl

and you can't taste the difference

Sucaryl makes it easier for you to watch your weight . . . by giving you wholly natural sweetness in your diet . . . without one single calorie.

Sucaryl is the first calorie-free sweetener that tastes just like sugar in ordinary use. You'll find it sweetens your coffee to perfection; even if you're a 3-lump drinker, you can have it as sweet as you want, with nary a calorie in a lifetime.

Sucaryl works just as well in any other drink, or on cereal or fruit. Cook with it, bake with it; use it practically anywhere you would sugar.

Sucaryl, of course, is for anyone sensibly counting his or her calories, and for those who cannot use sugar. You get Sucaryl in tablets or solution; low-salt diets call for Sucaryl Calcium.

Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal. Abbott

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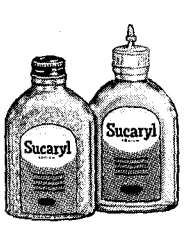

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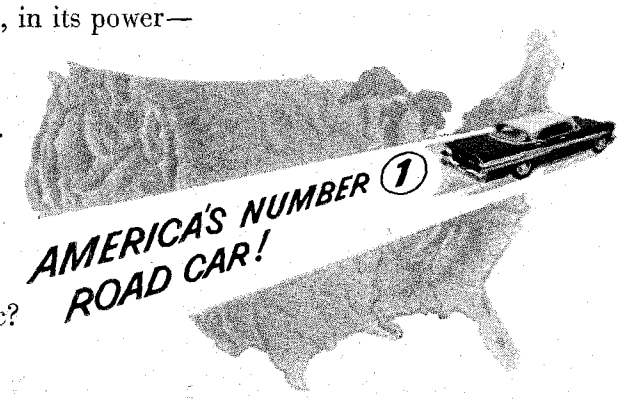
Wherever there's Youth and Fun* there's Pontiac!

*Find people having fun and you're likely to find a Pontiac. It seems Pontiac just naturally fits into the living pattern of folks who think young and live life a little better. And it's easy to see why. The functional lines of its Star Flight styling are long, lean and lithe as a stripling. There's youth, too, in its power—a frisky 347-cu.-in. Strato-Streak V-8 with a record 10-to-1 compression ratio. But for all its lusty love for action this big, handsome husky settles down to deliver an all-new Level-Line Ride so smooth you'd swear they just repaved the road. In short, from the way it looks to the way it goes, Pontiac sets a lively pace. Come to think of it, haven't *you* noticed that people going places are going Pontiac?



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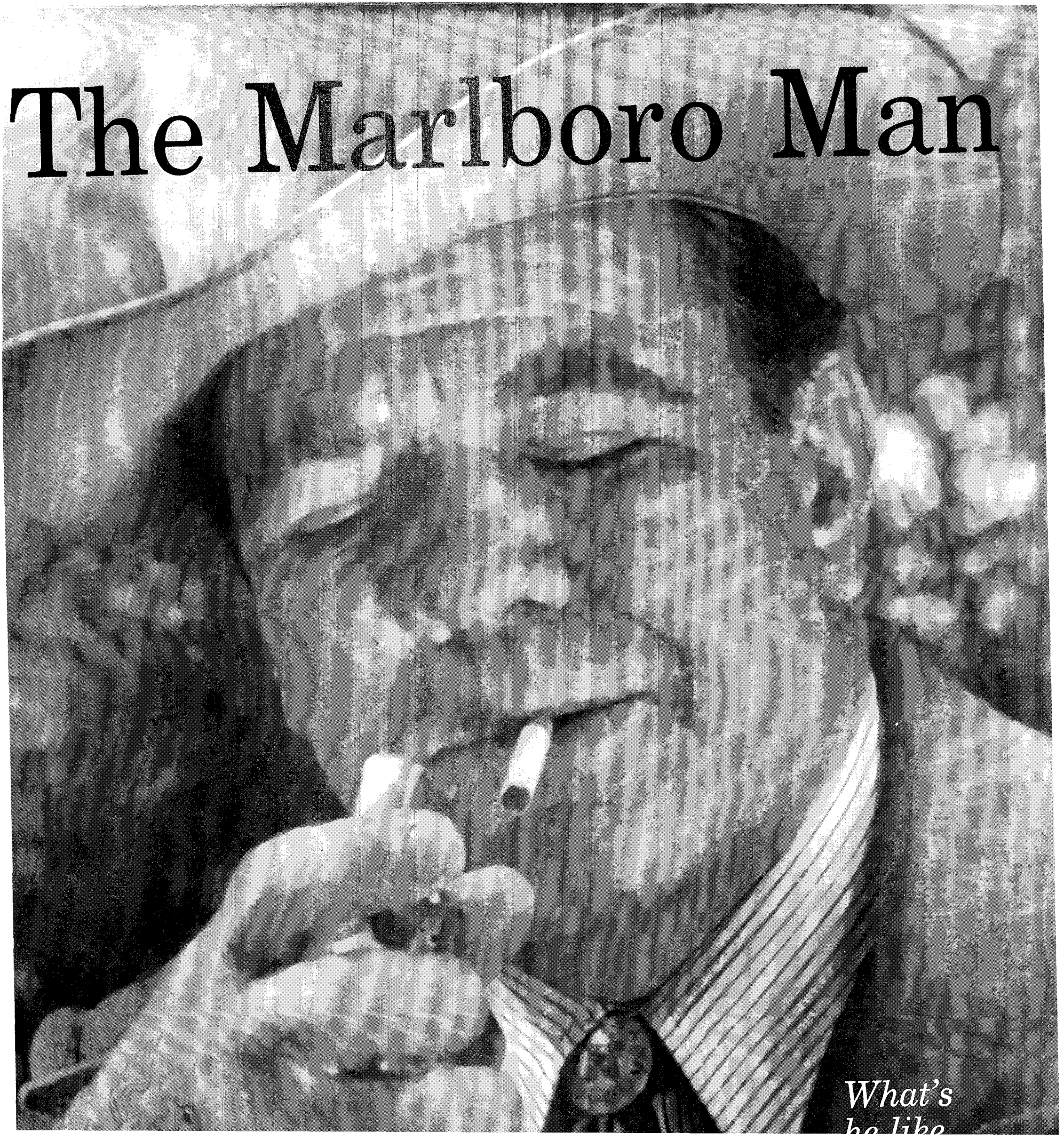
The Marlboro Man



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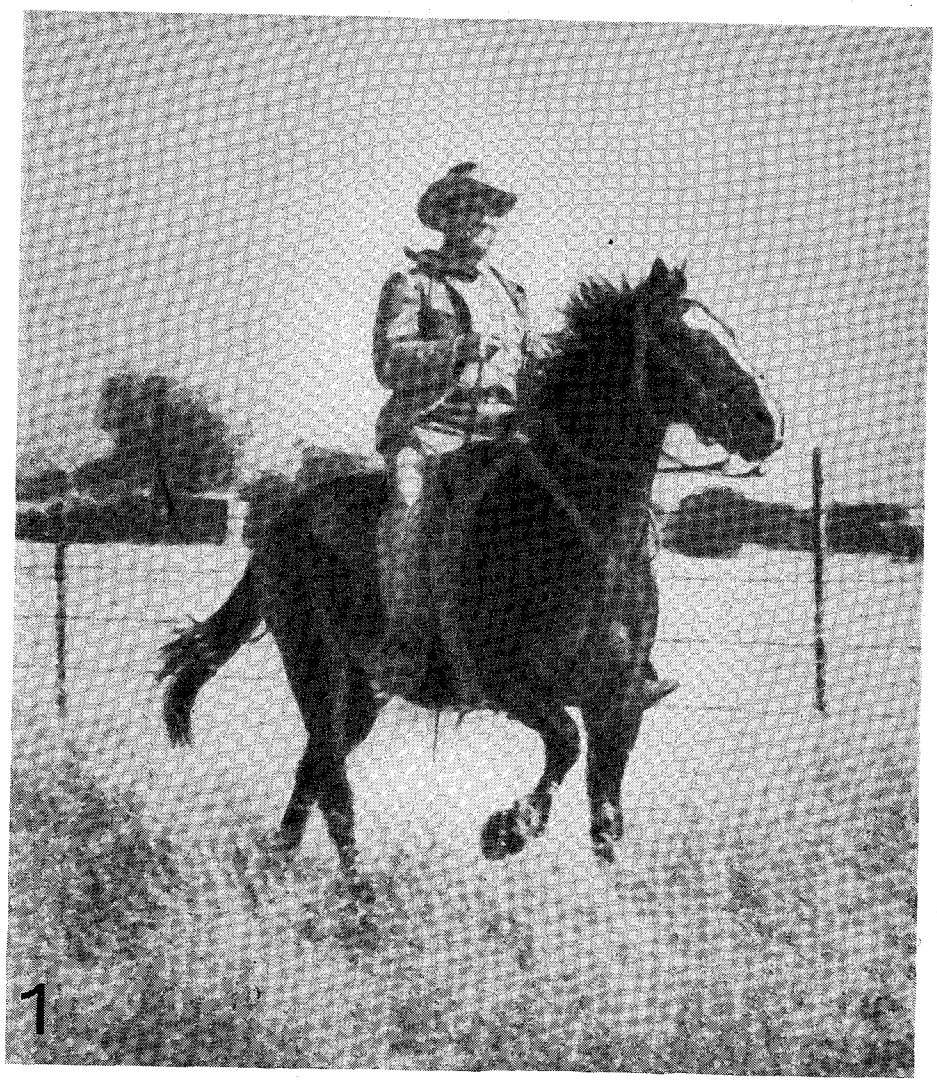
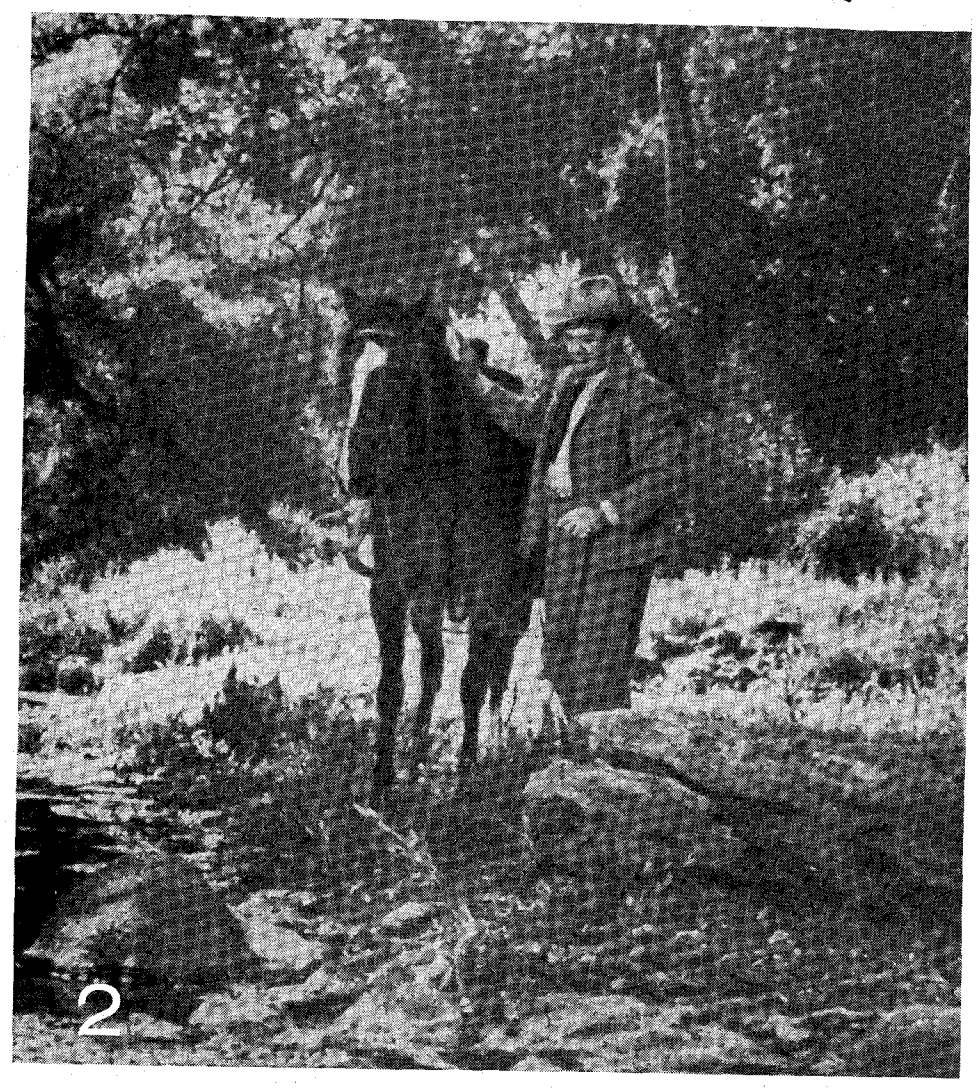
The Marlboro Man *speaks for himself*



"I'm a rancher. Grew up in this part of the country . . .



"Own my own ranch . . . ride from one end of it to the other every day . . .

"It's got an easy-drawing filter that works just fine. Lets the real tobacco flavor come clean

"And this flip-top box never mashes a one of your cigarettes. Keeps that loose tobacco

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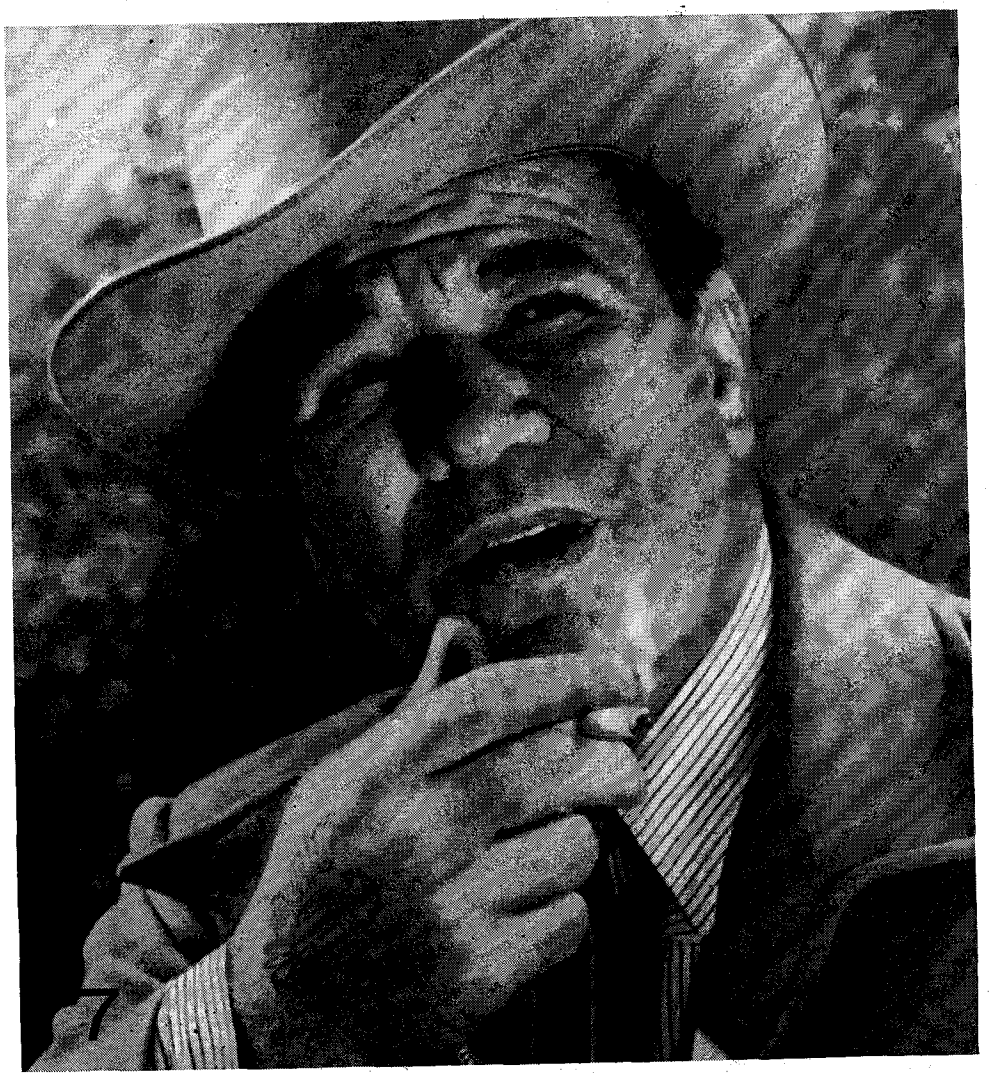
"I like the life a man leads out here . . . the good feeling of being your own boss.

"Like to smoke, too. My brand's MARLBORO. In my book, it's a lot of cigarette . . .



"You know what they say about MARLBORO, don't you? 'You get a lot to like.' Well that's how it is living on a ranch. You'd like that, too."

You get a lot to like...

FILTER-

FLAVOR-

FLIP-TOP

BOX

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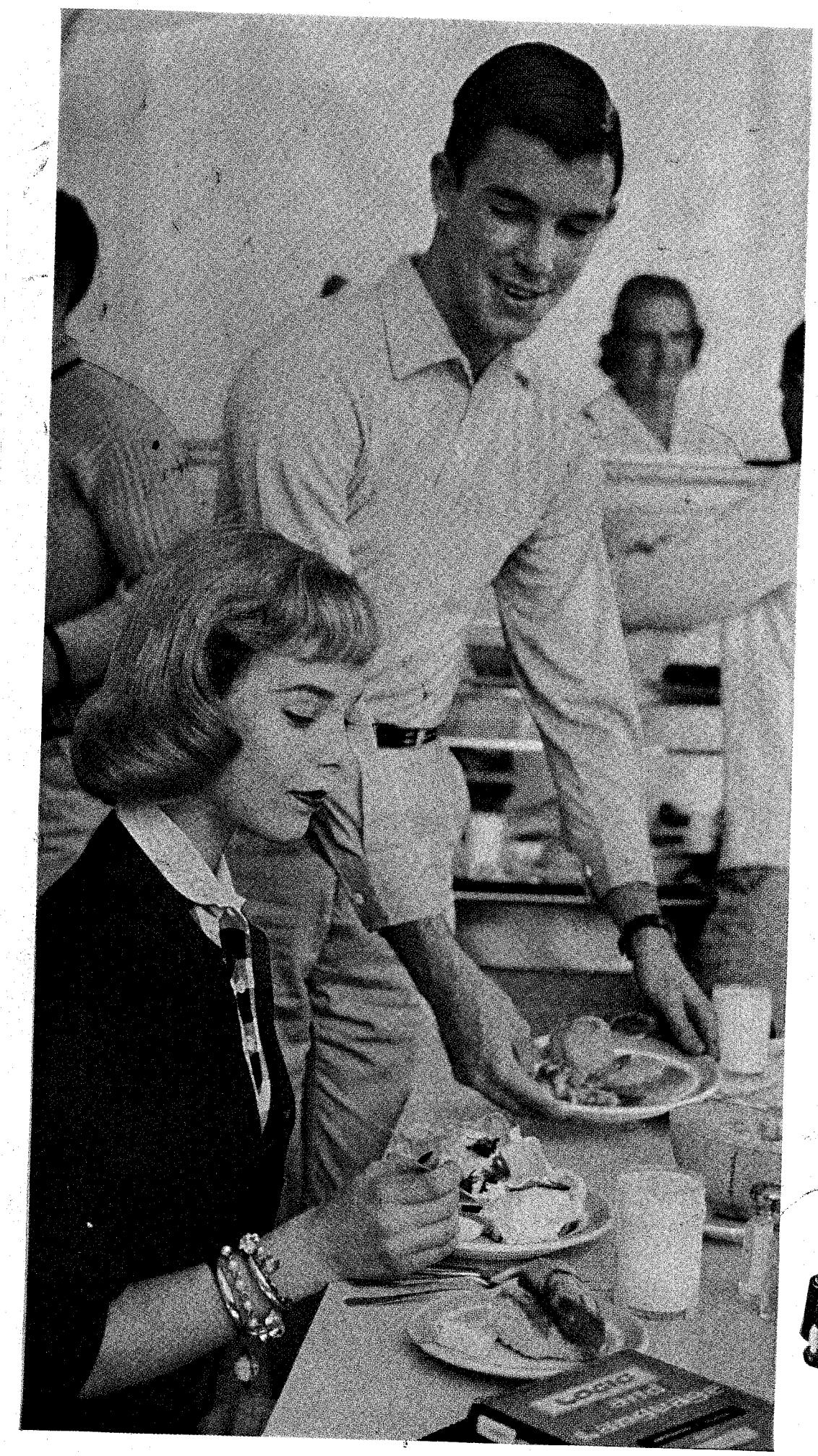
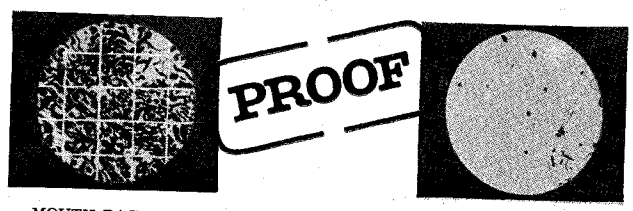
Here's why you should join the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

Can you—or your family—always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. You'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use *only* Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

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MICKEY MANTLE, INCORPORATED

The Saturday Evening POST

This country boy once led the sucker list, but he wised up and turned himself into an astonishingly profitable one-man business that sells a lot of things besides baseball.

By SHIRLEY POVICH

On the April day in 1951 when Mickey Mantle arrived in New York for the first time, it was an unsmiling and suspicious nineteen-year-old lad who detrained from the South with the rest of the Yankees. Already being acclaimed as the new wonder boy of the major leagues, the rookie was remembering bits of the going-away advice of the home folks back in Commerce, Oklahoma. The big city is full of traps for country boys, they'd told him; don't talk to strangers.

Yet one week later, in a New York hotel lobby, there was this nice man who was saying he could help Mickey get very rich from endorsements, testimonials and personal appearances, and Mantle was listening eagerly. Then Mickey bought what his attorneys are still claiming was a version of the Brooklyn Bridge reincarnate. Mickey signed his name to a curious document in which he agreed to acquire 50 per cent of himself. The other 50 per cent of his earnings, outside of his baseball salary, he delegated to his new "personal representative," Allan Savitt.

Their relationship didn't last very long, but the whole matter is still in the courts, with Mantle, the New York Yankees and a subsequent agent of Mantle's, Murray A. Kaufman, each being sued for $250,000 damages by Savitt, who is charging, in effect, conspiracy to breach his 1951 contract with Mickey.

Meanwhile, Mantle's financial misadventures were piling up. Back in Oklahoma two years ago, Mickey bought 100 shares in an Oklahoma insurance company, paying $1000 in cash and signing a note of $2500 for the balance. The company had one glaring weakness. It was nonexistent. Oklahoma City police, on March 12, 1955, arrested one Cleveland Roy Williams, who had sold Mantle the stock. They described him as a nationally known confidence man who had served three prison terms and had "an FBI file an inch thick."

Today Mickey Mantle is no longer a chump. His feet are as solidly planted in the practical world of business as they are in the batter's box. As baseball's greatest slugger and box-

This is work? Yes. Mickey was paid $1000 to appear on the Arthur Murray show. His agent at first rejected the offer because it called for Mantle to do an "undignified" mambo. He settled for something simpler.

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This classic picture of Mickey casually blowing a giant bubble-gum balloon made him look like a simpleton, but agent Frank Scott exploited it into a $1500 gum endorsement.

office attraction since Babe Ruth, he is on his way to earnings calculated to dwarf the income of the famous Babe.

Mantle's country-boy phase ended for good last June sixth. On that date Mickey incorporated himself. Now he is the chief beneficiary and the one booming commodity of Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc.—Mickey Mantle, president; Mrs. Mickey Mantle, treasurer; Frank Scott, secretary; and Abram Friedman, counsel.

The company has its offices at 400 Madison Avenue, in the heart of its principal market, the New York advertising-agency district. The magic name of Mantle is being employed to sell cigarettes, cheese, T-shirts, cereal, soap, bubble gum, hair tonic, pancake mix, baseball gloves, shoes, greeting cards and phonograph records. A manufacturer may pay $5000 for a year's exclusive use in his line of Mantle's endorsement. As for television appearances, Mickey probably is the highest-paid sports figure in the land. His outside earnings in 1956 added up to a gross take of $59,000—almost double the $30,000 salary the Yankees paid him. Counting his World Series slice, Mickey's net income for the year hit the $100,000 mark. The ceiling of his earning power is not yet in view for The Mantle in The Gray Flannel Suit.

Extra money began to pile up pleasantly for Mantle from the time in 1953 when he put in with a busy little bantamweight of a chap named Frank Scott, now secretary of the Mantle corporation. Scott is the top careerist in the comparatively new occupation of bargaining agent for major-league ballplayers. He has a stable of eighty-eight, including managers, in which Mantle is his most valuable property by far.

Scott was the traveling secretary of the Yankees in 1950 when he first heard rumblings about a gee-whiz kid named Mantle in the Yankee farm system. "Yankee scouts who were boarding our trains all through the West kept talking about a kid we had down in Joplin, Missouri, named Mantle," Scott relates. "Bill Dickey went down there and took a look and came back drooling about the boy—how he was knocking the ball out of sight and running the bases like a deer. If only half the things they were saying about the kid were true, he was the hottest article coming up to the majors since Babe Ruth."

Mantle didn't figure immediately in Scott's personal plans. That came later, after the end of the 1950 season, when Scott parted company with the Yankees. The announcement attributed his departure to "personal differences."

Baseball writers with the Yankee team didn't accept that explanation. They said

Mickey with his wife Merlyn and their two sons David and Mickey, Jr. The whole family participates in the activities of Mantle Enterprises.

Mantle teamed with Songstress Teresa Brewer for the recording I Love Mickey. Mrs. Mantle raised no objections, because Teresa is the happily married mother of three children.

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Scott was fired by general manager George Weiss, who didn't like him much, if at all.

It was as a protégé of Yankee co-owner Dan Topping that Scott had been hired by the Yankees. Topping first knew Scott as road secretary of the late coach Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh pro-football teams. Topping was a pro-football club owner at that time. On the baseball Yankees, Topping frequently had to defend Scott against the complaints of George Weiss, who thought Scott was too much of a "take-charge" fellow. When co-owner Del Webb agreed with Weiss that Scott was too eager a beaver, without enough reverence for the club's higher echelons, Topping gave in, and Scott got an unconditional release.

Unemployed and newly wed, Scott was wondering how again to achieve the blessed state of gainful employment. When he jogged his memory for ideas on the subject, there was a recurrent tinkling that sounded like "Mantle."

That winter Scott wrote to Mantle at Commerce, Oklahoma, suggesting that inasmuch as Mickey was due to come up with the Yankees, they both might make money if he had Mantle's authority to act as his agent for endorsements and personal appearances. Mantle never answered the letter.

The day when Mantle first checked into New York in 1951, though, Scott was waiting at the Concourse Plaza Hotel in the Bronx, favorite residence of bachelor Yankees and those without their families. Scott asked his friends Yogi Berra, Bill Dickey and Jim Turner to introduce him to Mantle. They did, and more importantly, they added, "He's a right guy, Mickey."

Scott quickly discerned that it was useless to try big, important-sounding words on Mantle. He spelled out in plain talk his proposal to handle Mickey's off-field bookings for a 10 per cent cut. Country boy Mantle listened guardedly, and then used some plain talk himself. "How much will this all git me?" he asked.

Scott told Mantle, "I can't guarantee you anything, not even forty dollars. It all depends on how much you hit and how famous you get. The only thing I can promise is that if you sign with me, I'll take ten per cent of the loot as my share."

Mickey wasn't sold. He said he'd think it over and let Scott know. Scott set up another date, and was back at the Concourse Plaza punctually a few days later. On the other side of the lobby, however, a well-turned-out chap had Mickey's ear.

When Mantle saw Scott, he detached himself. "I've got bad news for you," he said. "This fellow wants to be my agent, and he's giving me a contract that guarantees me fifty thousand dollars a year."

Scott threw up his hands and said he couldn't match that. "But before you sign," he told Mickey, "here's a tip. Better let the Yankee lawyers look over that contract."

At Yankee Stadium a few days later, Scott encountered Mickey again, and learned that the contract had been signed. "Did you take it to the Yankee lawyers?" Scott asked.

"Nope," Mantle said; "didn't have to. This fellow had a lawyer for me." Scott gulped and fled.

When Mantle got off to a slow start with the Yankees in 1951, George Weiss was disturbed. He inquired (Continued on Page 72)

FRANK SCOTT'S BALLPLAYERS MAKE QUICK MONEY OUT OF SHORT FAME

Frank Scott (right) with the Yankees' Whitey Ford. Agent Scott takes 10% cut of players' outside-activity fees.

Pirate first baseman Dale Long. Scott promptly parlayed Long's eight-game home run streak into a $3100 windfall.

Don Larsen (left), the Yankees' perfect game pitcher, got $7500 for one TV show with Bob Hope.

Costumed as the Three Musketeers, Yankee outfielders Hank Bauer, Mickey Mantle and Irv Noren appeared on TV's Masquerade Party.

Dodger-hurler Carl Erskine went on three TV shows after he pitched this no-hitter against the Giants.

Yogi Berra and Yankee manager Casey Stengel. Berra's payments for personal appearances amounted to a lot of wrist watches until Scott took over and demanded cash.

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AMBUSH AT BLANCO CANYON

He was a stranger in an untamed land, where each man wrote his own laws with his own guns.

Beginning a thrilling new tale of the Texas frontier.

By DONALD HAMILTON

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

He took note of the shape of the country, storing in his mind the landmarks and bearings that might possibly prove useful to a stranger, as the stage bore him toward the town of San Rafael. At the age of thirty-two, James McKay had learned that some harbors were easier to enter than to leave—not that he had any reason to expect trouble here. No mission could have been more peaceful than his. Nevertheless, he was conscious of being in a strange land that had a formidable reputation back East, and it did no harm to be prepared.

Then the town was in sight ahead—in this open country you could pick up your landfalls almost as soon as at sea—and he knew a return of the almost unbearable sense of expectation that had been his companion throughout the trip. Nevertheless, part of his mind was still busy cataloguing his surroundings into the mental chart he was forming of this part of Texas.

Far to the north and east, he knew, would be the Indian Territory; far to the north and west would be the desert area known as the Staked Plains, or in Spanish, the *Llano Estacado*. Judging by the geographical names, Spanish had figured prominently in Texas history, about which McKay, a Marylander, was not as well informed as he would have liked to be. It never hurt to know as much as possible about any land you were going to visit, and the fact that Texas had been legally part of the Union again for nearly a decade did not make it any the less a foreign country to a seafaring man from Baltimore. But the past six months had been busy ones for McKay and there had been little time for research. He knew that despite the barren appearance of the landscape, cattle were supposed to do well out here. The men of the region were supposed to grow seven feet tall and cheerfully slaughtered each other at the drop of a hat without interference by the law of the land.

"I asked Jim if he wanted to accompany us to teach the Haneseys a lesson," said Major Terrill, "but he seems reluctant."

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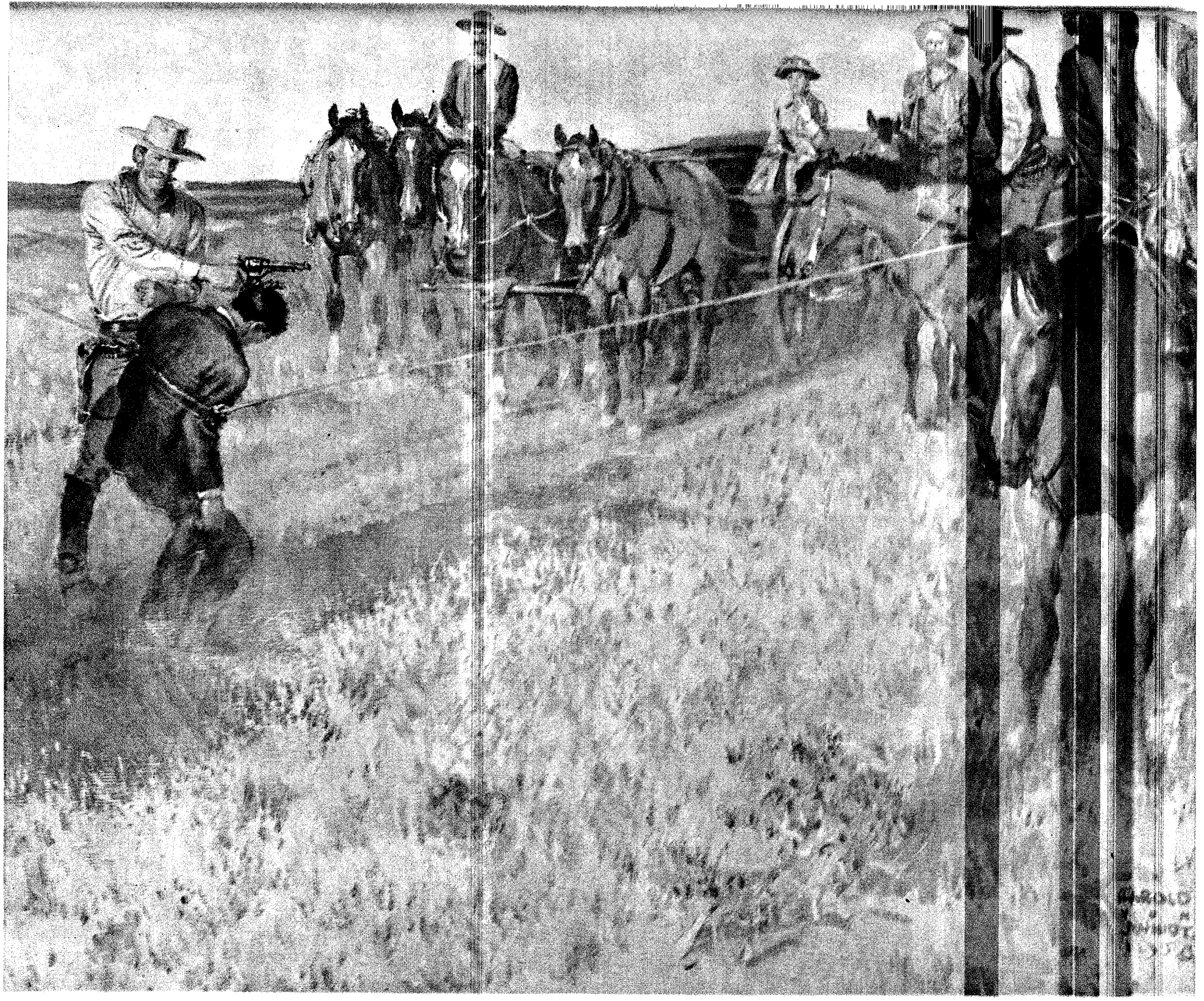

As McKay doubled up from the sudden blow in his stomach, Hannesey clubbed him with his pistol.

Like all legends of faraway places, this one might have become a trifle exaggerated in its journey to civilization; nevertheless, McKay thought wryly, it seemed like a desolate place for a man to come to get married; and if any proof of his love and devotion was needed, the simple fact that he was here ought to suffice. They entered the outskirts of the town, putting an end to his reflections for the moment.

San Rafael turned out to be one of the random collections of sun-baked frame-and-clay buildings that passed for communities in this part of the world. A few tired trees, presumably the cottonwoods of which he had heard back East, gave a scanty ration of shade along the street. The stage pulled up in front of the hotel, a two-story, false-front structure with a wide porch, or veranda. The first thing McKay noted as he disembarked with the other passengers was that, except for a slim, dusky youth wearing a tremendous hat who had come running out to hold the horses, there was no one here to greet them.

McKay stood for a moment beside the coach, disappointment sharp in his throat. He told himself reasonably that distances were great out here; the stage kept only a vague and unpredictable schedule; and women were notoriously lacking in punctuality. Nevertheless, after nearly two thousand miles of journeying, he found it an undeniable blow to be standing there alone. He grimaced and turned to receive his luggage from the driver.

"Better get inside the hotel, mister," the driver said. "Something's wrong here; ain't enough people around. Me, I'm getting my team and passengers out of here, not to mention my own hide."

He swung away and began to herd the passengers back into the coach. Having expected a meal at this stop, they obeyed reluctantly; only the driver's threat to go off and leave them to wait for the next stage through, two days hence, finally cowed them. Then the coach lurched into motion. The wind blew the dust away, leaving the street empty. In view of the driver's warning, its emptiness now seemed a little menacing. McKay picked up his valise and his carpetbag, walked across the veranda and entered the hotel.

The people inside—there were half a dozen of them—looked at him with thinly veiled curiosity as he paused to kick the door shut behind him. He could see himself briefly through their eyes; a young man of medium height who looked smaller than his actual size because of the solid width of his shoulders. He had a way, he knew, of planting his feet firmly apart, as if he had spent a good part of his life balancing himself on platforms less predictable in their motion than the floor on which he now stood. He was wearing a dark suit of good quality, and a round, dark bowler hat that gave his clean-shaven face a stubborn and pugnacious look belied by the lines of humor about the eyes. They probably, he reflected, found the hard hat ridiculous; not, he defended himself, that it wasn't a quite respectable hat, and one he had worn frequently at home.

There was that first moment of inspection and judgment; (Continued on Page 76)

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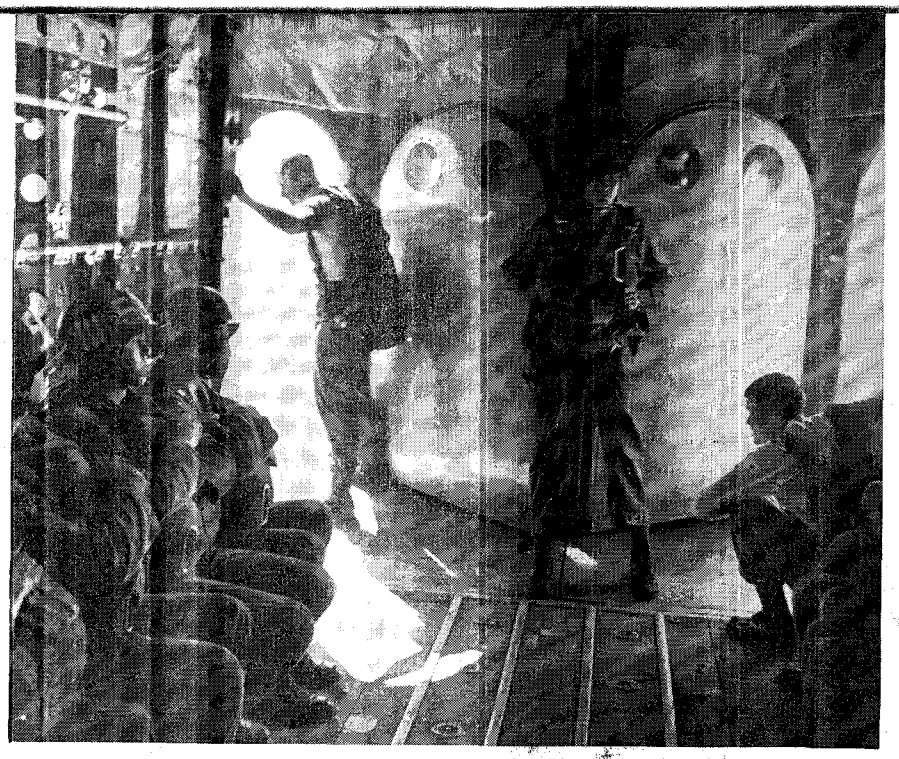
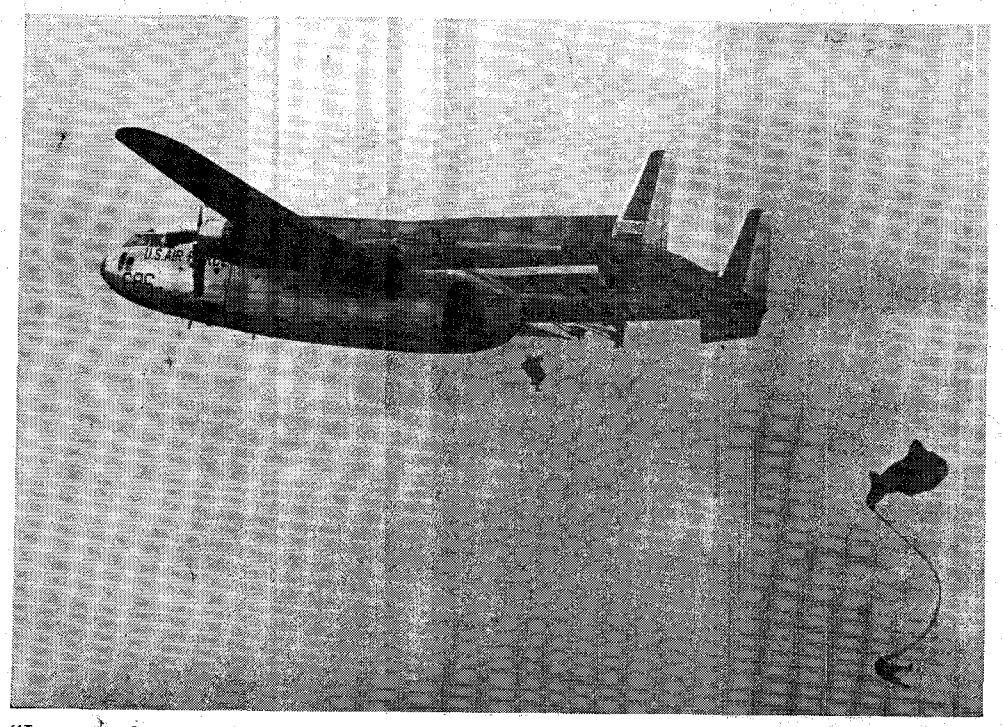


Nearing the drop zone: While the jumpmaster watches for landmarks 1000 feet below, fledgling 'chutists steel themselves for the big moment. Author is nearest door at left.



"I went as far up and out as my legs would carry me into the damnedest noise and rush of air that I've ever experienced," says the colonel. Here fellow students jump in combat equipment.

So I Went to Jump School

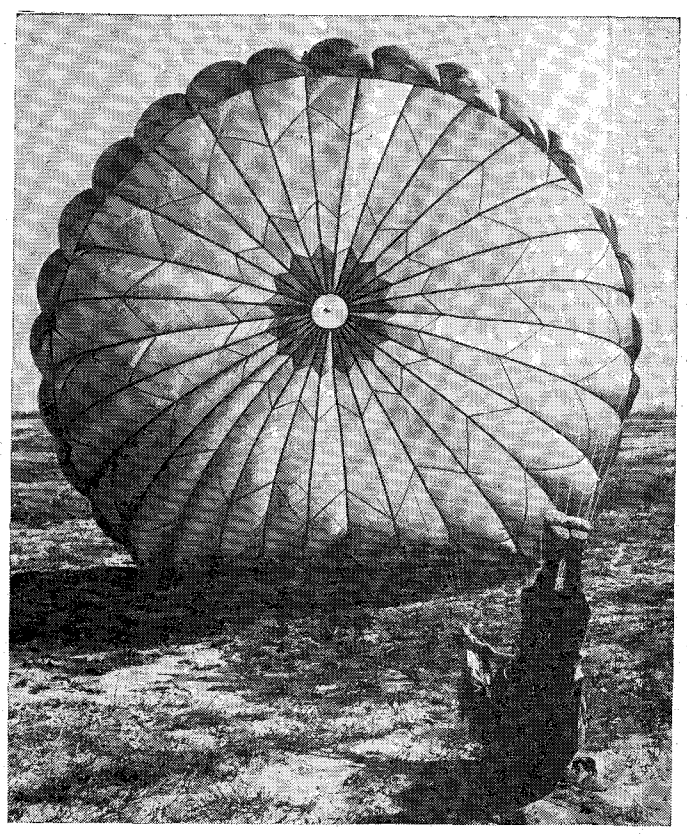
By Col. John Dibble, Jr.

At the age of thirty-seven, a Pentagon colonel decided to learn about parachutes from the bottom side up. Here's what it takes for an "earth-bound cream puff" to go jumping into space.

I turned around in time to see the one thing that all of us had feared. The paratrooper who had just gone out of the right-hand door of the C-119 dropped like a rock, with a twisted strand of nylon streaming behind him.

In the four or five seconds that he fell, there was time for me to think of a lot of things: *Streamer. . . . Less than one chance in ten thousand of this happening. . . . Only eight seconds from the plane to the ground in a free fall. . . . How fast can a man react?*

Then his reserve 'chute opened and checked his descent. We breathed again. There was nervous laughter and a captain standing beside me murmured, "Well, that was a crowd pleaser." The "crowd" included 500 soldiers



After hitting the ground with a "tooth-rattling crash," Col. Dibble tries to subdue the billowing chute by the "flip-over" technique.

No longer a "straightlegs," the author shows his family how to grasp a parachute riser. Before jump school, he says, "they'd come to think of me as a rather tottery oldster."

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"Recovery from drag": Col. Dibble practices collapsing his 'chute in the 15-knot wind of a powerful fan. His first attempt resulted in torn uniform and a humiliating scratching.

who were to start airborne training the next week. They had been brought out to see how my class looked falling out of airplanes.

Private Willis, the star of these few seconds of suspense, reached the ground ahead of the rest of his "stick," and was met by the yellow jeep of the parachute-malfunction team. The routine questions were asked: "Did you make a good exit out of the plane? How was your landing?"—and the malfunction team took the big main 'chute for examination.

Willis picked up his pack and rifle and sweated his way to the assembly area. He knew what to expect there—one of those big, obnoxious sergeants would make nasty remarks about the sloppy exit he'd made, and probably tell him that he'd opened his reserve 'chute wrong. Well, it was nice to be alive, anyway.

To Willis' surprise, the toughest sergeant in the airborne-instructor group met him, and said quietly, "Boy, you're airborne." Nothing he could have told Willis would have meant as much as these simple words. Despite our jump, the rest of us were still "straight-legs"—earthbound creatures who hadn't yet learned to relax our knees when we hit the ground. Recognition from a veteran paratrooper that one of us had made a proper jump was taken as high praise.

We hadn't always felt this way. At one time I had said that what kept me from jumping was the size of the airplanes; they didn't make one big enough to hold all the men it would take to push me out the door. But the Army decided that every Regular Army second lieutenant would have to become a parachutist or a Ranger, so I thought I'd better get airborne myself to keep up with the times. This decision was made in 1955, after fifteen years' service, to the chagrin of my wife and the unbelieving mirth of my children. I was a thirty-seven-year-old lieutenant colonel, and they thought of me as a rather tottery specimen.

I was warned in advance that at jump school they made you run until you dropped. Fortunately, we lived in a suburban area in Arlington, Virginia, which was made for running. Our block measured a half mile around, and one morning I started jogging around it to get in condition. After running the half-mile course without pausing, I stumbled into the house and slumped onto the sofa to contemplate my future in the physical-fitness business. I heard my daughter upstairs saying, "Mother, the dog is being sick in the living room." I looked at our dog, Wolf, peacefully slumbering by the fireplace, and realized that I was making wheezing, retching noises. Creeping quietly into the bathroom, I turned on the shower full blast to avoid detection.

After three weeks of running, I heard my daughter at breakfast one morning, saying, "Mother, I thought I heard a horse trotting past the house, but when I looked out it was daddy." Mother changed the subject and never mentioned it again, except to tell the story at every party we attended for the next year.

Another officer from the Pentagon, Maj. Rex D. Minckler, (Continued on Page 60)

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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By ROBERT STANDISH

MAKE-BELIEVE AFFAIR

How long could their love last while each hid a lie?

Let's get the introductions over. Here is my business card. I don't possess a private one:

MR. JOHN D. HARKNESS
AMBASSADOR TRAVEL AGENCY
NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS
& WASHINGTON, D.C.

RIVIERA OFFICE:
477 AVENUE MASSÉNA, NICE

In case you've never heard of us—and unless you're in the money the chances are that you haven't—we are a very high-grade outfit. Our specialty is Travel Without Tears. We slipped up the other day when a plane carrying one of our clients made a forced landing in the Sahara Desert. You might argue that it wasn't our fault and, in one sense, I suppose, you would be right. But we don't argue that way: we picked the plane, so we felt responsible, just as we felt responsible for the two feet of snow which gummed up the Riviera for some weeks last winter. But—and I say this with justifiable pride—when our client stepped out of the plane into the gritty immensity of the Sahara Desert, he stepped out onto a red carpet. We felt he was entitled to that. You can always tell whether a plane is carrying one of our passengers by looking in the baggage compartment, where there will always be a roll of red carpet. We have discovered by experience that it is the small attentions which are appreciated. Our president—heaven help him!—who is addicted to the old-fashioned vice of punning, always says that a well-timed orchid can smooth out awkward situations. Laugh! I have to.

I hope I have made it clear that we don't offer travel bargains. Our clients are people who want the best and are prepared to pay for it. We are, quite frankly, not interested in any other kind of people. We can't afford to be. Our overheads are too high. You would be astounded if you knew how much capital we have locked up in red carpets alone, to say nothing of what they cost in air freight. But it pays off. There is nothing like a strip of red carpet to restore a deflated ego after a rough session with a customs man or a rough ride in a French taxi. We know. We took the guesswork out of it years ago.

I think April, 1956, was the worst month of my life. I had over four hundred demands—demands, not requests, mark you—for ringside seats at the Kelly-Rainier wedding. But that's another story. . . .

Now that you have a picture of our organization you can well understand that a letter like the one I am about to quote is a rarity. In ordinary circumstances we don't encourage people like Maud Pottinger, but, as I think you will agree, the circumstances were not ordinary.

FROM THE OFFICE OF

JULIUS WEYERHAUSER
PUBLIC RELATIONS
255 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

February 2, 1955

Dear Mr. Harkness: I have often written to you on behalf of Mr. Weyerhauser, but I never thought I would be writing to you on behalf of *me.*

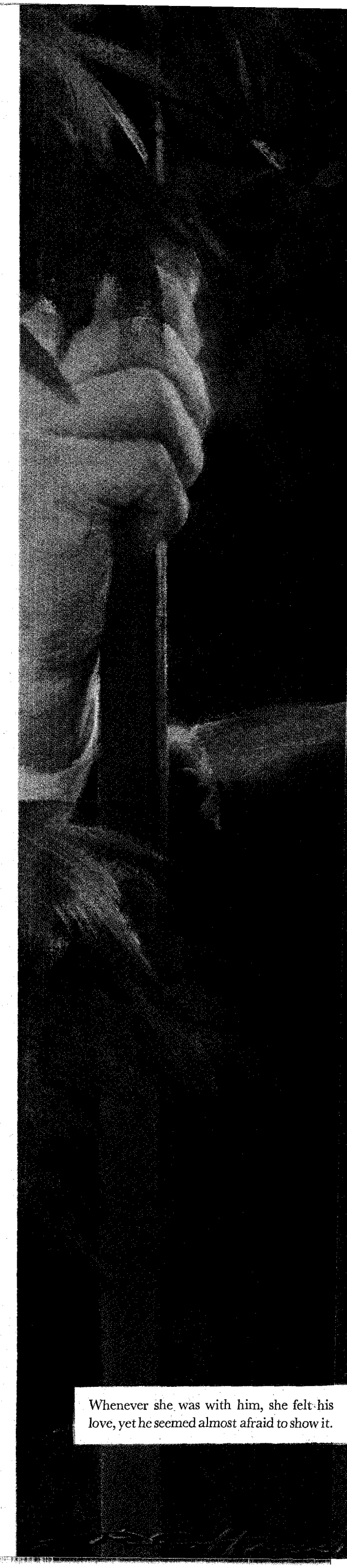
It has been the dream of my life to have a real vacation on the French Riviera. I could have done it cheaply years ago, but I have always believed that it should be done well or not at all. Now, thanks to making a little money playing the stock market, I can do it well—maybe not what you would call well, but in a way that seems to me wildly extravagant! Mr. Weyerhauser has given me three months' leave and I am prepared to spend $5000.

Now I want you to know, Mr. Harkness, that I am no glamour girl. Although I don't tell everyone, I am 41. I'm not cross-eyed, or deformed, or anything terrible, but, all the same, I don't think of myself as being more than quite pleasant looking. Maybe even that is flattery. I don't know. I doubt if we ever know the truth about such things.

You will be asking yourself how my looks can possibly concern you. Well, I'll tell you. I have an idea that a girl like me doesn't have much fun traveling alone. If I had a girl friend who could join me, it would be different. But I haven't. So I thought it would be fun if, just for a few weeks, I could live in a world I have never known, among the kind of people I would never otherwise meet. It occurred to me that you might be able and willing to help me meet some European man who, even if he isn't an aristocrat, at least looks and talks and behaves like one. I don't mean a nasty little gigolo or anything horrible. I want someone who would be polite and suave and charming and knowledgeable about the right things, who would take me to

(Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Robert G. Harris



Whenever she was with him, she felt his love, yet he seemed almost afraid to show it.

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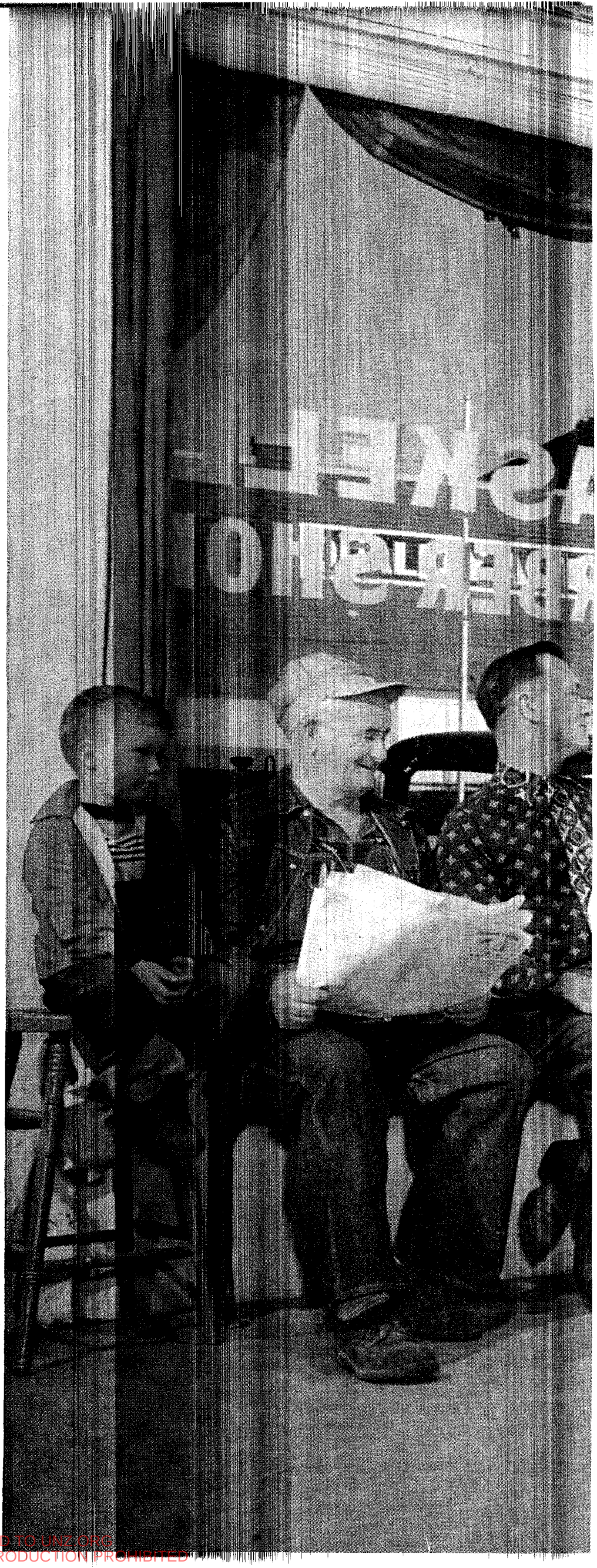
Barbershop

Many wonders await the young gentleman on the stool, Stuart Kent Dowdy by name, as a patron of that salubrious American institution, the small-town barbershop. He is entranced by the deft brushwork of Jim Watts, who for a quarter of a century has shaved and shorn citizens of Haskell, Oklahoma (pop. 1676). But Dowdy will learn that the shop is far, far more than a place to get your hair cut. It is an oasis of relaxation, where hot towels and balming lotions smooth away man's tensions . . . a repository of fascinating, often delightfully useless information . . . a democratic forum of discussion where the world's weightiest problems yield magically to the all-American declaration, "There oughta be a law." Many times, refreshed outwardly and inwardly, Dowdy will go forth from here to face life and friends who will comment smartly, "See you had your ears set out." Or, like the man in the multihued shirt, the pattern of which may have been inspired by a diamondback rattlesnake crawling into a Sooner sunset, Dowdy, too, may be jolted back to reality by a female reminder that nirvana is but a dream and it's time to "come on home." Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



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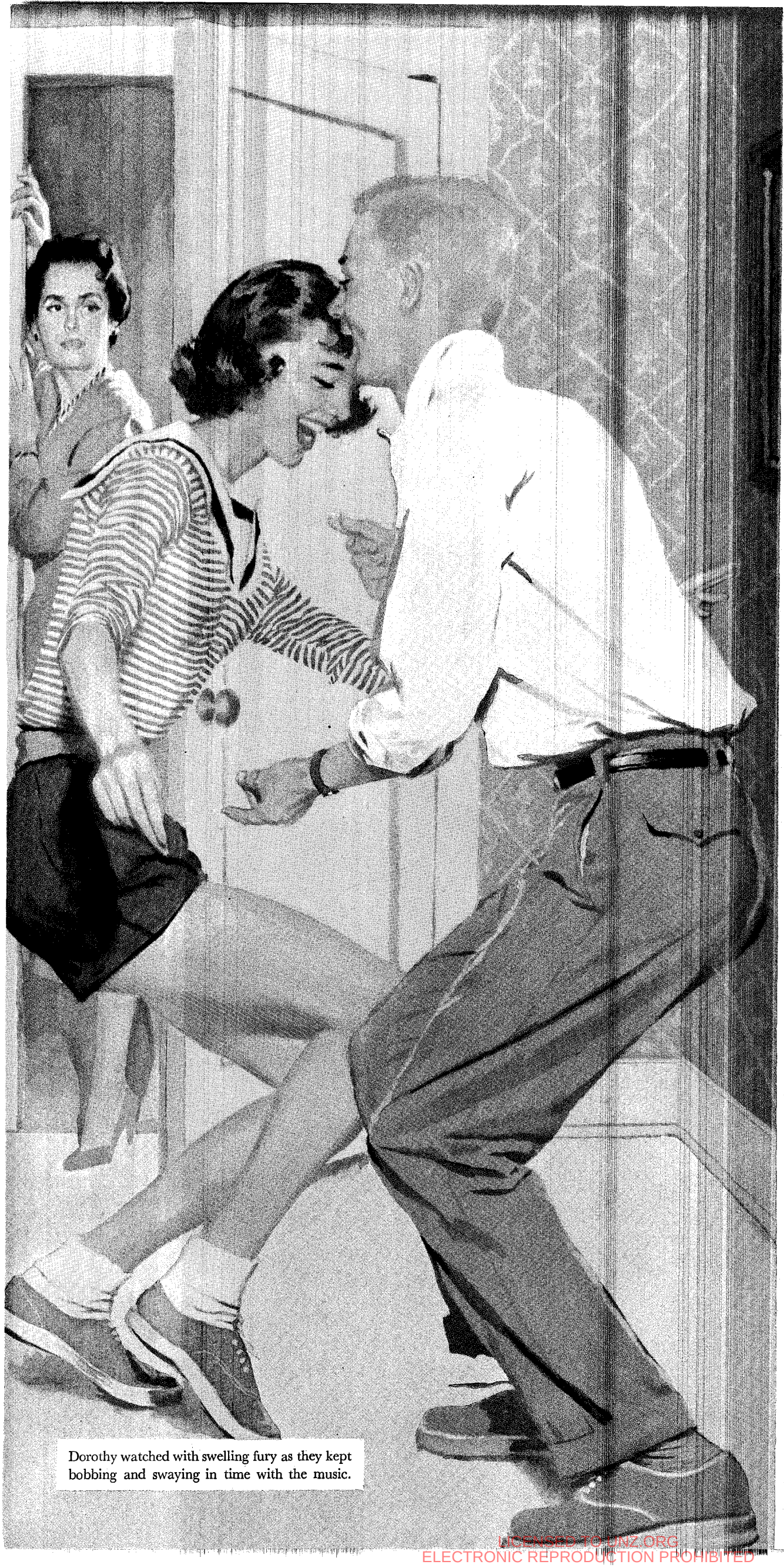

Dorothy watched with swelling fury as they kept bobbing and swaying in time with the music.

She couldn't just stand back and let this girl steal

HER ONLY SON

By ALLAN SEAGER

She was sitting in her slip before the long glass of her dressing table, leaning forward, putting mascara on her eyelashes. Finished, she winked her eyes and then, lifting her chin, she turned her head so that her profile showed in the mirror, first one side, then the other. "Why am I doing this?" she said aloud, but she knew very well why she was doing it. It was silly. It even had some sinister overtones, but the one thing she would not permit herself to think was that it might be useless.

She stood up so she could see herself full length. She took a quick glance at herself from the rear, to see if her seams were straight, turned around and looked herself up and down appraisingly. She was thirty-seven years old and a Size 12 dress.

"Not bad at my age," she said; and then, "What's the matter with me?" But she knew.

She took a fifty-dollar cotton dress out of the tissue paper in a box on the bed and drew it on over her head. It looked cool, expensive, fresh, chic. She touched her hair and surveyed her looks one more time. Then she left the bedroom and went into the living room, where she found her husband reading the evening paper.

"I didn't hear you come in," she said.

He did not look up at once. They had been married nearly seventeen years. "Quiet type," he said, and then looked up. He whistled. "I thought we were staying home for dinner."

Pleased, she said, "We are."

"But look at you."

"We're having a guest."

"What do you mean, guest? You said, 'Get home early because Dick's swimming tonight and we're going to eat at five-thirty.' So we've got to have guests too?"

"Apparently. It's Peggy."

"Peggy? You mean that long-legged ——"

"That's right."

"So this is the way they train nowadays," he said heavily. "When I was boxing in college, the coach always said, 'Keep dames out of the dressing room.'"

"Stop it, Joe. Dick asked her. I didn't."

"No, I'm serious. He eats his roast beef and baked potato at (Continued on Page 56)

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THE G.O.P. MUST REFORM

The Republicans, still a minority, cannot repeat '56, say these Washington reporters, unless the President, like Franklin Roosevelt, uses his immense personal popularity to reshape the party.

BY JOSEPH AND STEWART ALSOP

Unless you are members of the family, it is always a mistake to get into a family row, so this report had better begin with a personal confession. We are Republicans. We have seldom been contented Republicans, and we are not absolutely contented now. But we are still Republicans by inheritance, by registration and because we regard ourselves as conservatives and think that the Republican Party is the nearest thing this country has to a conservative party. The elder of us even belongs to that tiny, grizzling, almost prehistoric band that cast a vote for Herbert Hoover.

As Republicans, then, we are shocked by the curious, dumb, complacent defeatism that now afflicts the vast majority of our fellow Republicans. As professional political observers, we are also bewildered.

Maybe it sounds a bit odd to speak of Republican defeatism when President Eisenhower has just been so triumphantly re-elected. Yet the resulting smugness of most Republicans is really the best proof that they really are defeatists of a rather limp kind. The nation's shout of "We Like Ike" certainly preserved control of the executive branch for the Republican Party. But in long-range political terms, it only demonstrated what was known already—that Dwight D. Eisenhower has developed a truly magical political personality. It did not in the least alter the other central fact in the established American political pattern, which is the fact that the Republican Party is the minority party in this country.

There are various estimates of the extent of this heavy handicap that the Republican Party carries into each successive campaign. A fairly recent test by a fairly dependable pollster showed, for instance, that slightly more than (Continued on Page 65)

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Husbands Can't Live in Captivity

If he is the tomcat type, let him prowl, says the author. He'll come home faster if you don't turn the matrimonial bonds into chains.

By HANNAH LEES

A man I know told me that one night when he made some unexpected kidding remark his eight-year-old daughter looked at him with a brooding expression. "Daddy, I've known you all my life," she said solemnly, "but lots of times I still don't understand you." He paused and gave a wistful grin. "I wish my wife would feel that way occasionally," he added. He meant, I think, that it is pretty intolerable to have someone just assume you are simple and transparent when you know all the complicated things that are going on inside you. But a lot of women do have that feeling about their husbands.

We like to think we are the complicated ones, and this traditional concept of woman, the elusive, the mysterious, the unattainable sex, often makes me chuckle. Maybe we are all that to men or maybe some of us are to some men. But men are a good deal more elusive, mysterious and unattainable, as any woman knows who has taken the trouble to look under the surface, and any woman who hasn't is missing most of the fun of living with a man.

One of the masculine characteristics most attractive to women really is the eternal yen for freedom, nicely and often comically balanced by an almost equal yen for comfort, for security, for the kind of love which forges bonds, but there all the same, stirring and twitching, as the most faithful dog will stir and twitch in sleep when he dreams of chasing rabbits. It is a relative thing, of course. Some men want to chase rabbits all the time. Some only occasionally. Some get enough sense of freedom out of dreaming about chasing. But it is a fact which most students of human nature consider axiomatic that no man is wholly sold on being married—not all the time.

It is a wide-open question whether any woman wholly likes being married all the time either. Maybe every woman should take a long look inside and then answer that question silently or out loud, depending on her temperament. But certainly the urge to soar, the impulse to beat one's wings now and then against the bars of life, is an endearing and useful human characteristic. And it is probably safe to say that most men have more desire for freedom than most women. So what do wives do about the male urge to soar? How do we keep our husbands content with being married to us—content, in fact, with being married at all? How do we keep them from feeling trapped? For a man who feels really trapped is not only a bad husband, he is also a bad life-insurance risk. Well, it seems obvious that the best way to keep a man from feeling trapped is simply not to trap him. Not trapping a husband involves leaving him free to do his job in his own way and to enjoy the hobbies that fill up the chinks in his personality. It also involves letting him feel free to enjoy other people.

These pages may make a good many women nervous and some women downright indignant because, of all the vices our culture has glorified as virtues, possessiveness has probably been most glorified. Husbands and wives can be downright smug about their possessiveness, as if the extent of ownership were an accurate measure of love. I don't know whether men or women are more possessive. Most people would say men. But if men are more possessive, which I question, women are certainly more smug about it. These are common wifely remarks to which friends often nod approval:

"My husband can't move a step without me."

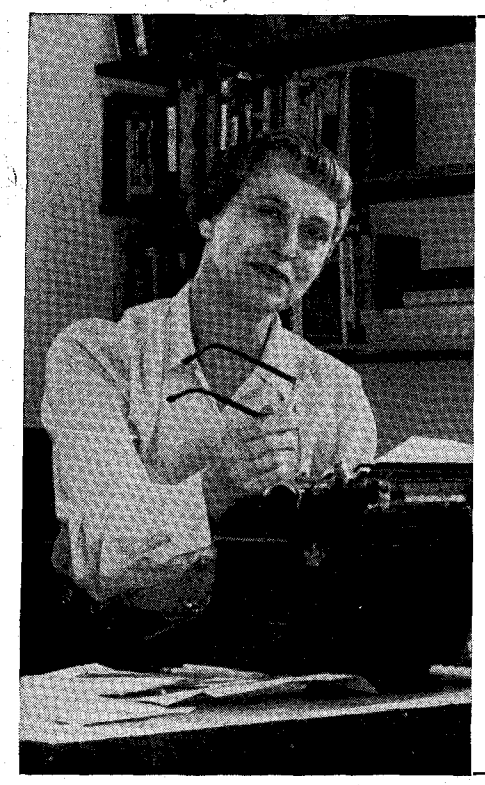
"He wouldn't dare do that without asking me."

"I'd scratch his eyes out if he looked at another woman."

The popular notion that a good husband is his wife's property and a good wife keeps her fences well mended should shock us a great deal more than it seems to, for what is possessiveness, when you get right down to it, but a desire to own someone, and what is owning someone but slavery?

"You don't own me," husbands say to wives in anger, wives to husbands, and children, sometimes, to parents. No matter who says it or under what circumstances, it is always true. No human being ever owns any other human being. No matter what their relationship, no matter what legal, religious or emotional ties hold them to each other, they do not possess each other. I cannot help commenting here on the old-fashioned use of the verb "to possess" as a euphemism for sexual intercourse usually by a man with an unwilling woman, as if the act itself made her his. The old Biblical writers had a truer sense of values when they used the verb "to know." People should not even want to possess each other. What is possessiveness based on, after all, but that craven and humiliating emotion, fear—fear that if we let our husbands out of our sight they won't come back; fear they'll have so much fun with their friends they'll hate the thought of coming home; fear that some other woman will look so good to them that their love for us will evaporate. This kind of fear, humiliating enough in itself, also reveals a humiliating lack of self-esteem.

What in the world is a possessive wife afraid of? Marriage is a strong and sturdy institution.



The Lady Understands Men

A year ago, Hannah Lees' article, Our Men are Killing Themselves, appeared in the Post. Miss Lees' forthright attack on the male burdens in modern American life attracted widespread attention, and a publisher asked her to write a book, expounding her ideas at length. The article beginning on these pages is part of the work which resulted: Help Your Husband Stay Alive, to be published by Appleton-Century Crofts, Inc., on next March 15. And lest anyone wonder what first-hand knowledge the lady has of marriage, it should be pointed out that Hannah Lees is a pen name. In private life she is the wife of a physician, the mother of a son and a daughter. *The Editors*

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"Most men talk to other men at parties. They are afraid that if they seem to be having fun with any other woman, their wives will give them a bad time after they get home."

In spite of the divorce rate, most people like being married and stay married. Most people know that getting unmarried is an unhappy experience which is destructive to everyone. Men may dream of freedom, but they want to be happy more than they want to be free, and keeping a close eye on your husband is not exactly the best way to keep him happy.

The funny papers have a way of putting the finger on contemporary social problems—and I wonder if that is why people say, "I'll see you in the funny papers"? As I write this, Walt, of Gasoline Alley, has been plotting with his partner to go to a convention without their wives. They are dreaming dreams of playing poker and swapping stories with the boys, and even—the rakes—going to a burlesque show. Walt's wife, Phyllis, has been equally determined to go along. I would be all for Phyllis if she wanted to go along to have fun, too, but it has been uncomfortably clear that Phyllis wants to go along to be sure Walt—that poor, fat, mild fellow—stays in line. She doesn't go, I am happy to say, but Walt doesn't have a very good time at the convention—largely, I think, because her repressive influence went right along in his suitcase. Why couldn't he just go, if he wanted to, with her blessing? She wouldn't have to spend all the time he was away getting caught up with her mending. She could have a party herself, for the wives, or if hen parties are no treat to her, she could go to town to dinner and the theater or do a little extravagant shopping or —— Women ought to have all sorts of things they would like to do if they weren't so busy taking care of their husbands. A fine time to get caught up on some of them is while a husband is away.

Thousands of husbands today—maybe even most husbands—like to take their wives along to conventions. More and more conventions are planned for wives as well as husbands, with dances and cocktail parties. Both trains and planes make special rates for wives accompanying their husbands on business trips. It is a fine trend and makes for easier marriages, happier wives, and usually (Continued on Page 68)

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The story of a has-been,
and how he made people remember
the man he once was.

Return to Glory

By MARGARET CRAVEN

Eben Foster lifted his right arm to highball the engineer and start the Cougar on its twice-weekly run into the logging country. Then he saw Two-bits Billy Williams weaving up the platform, followed by Mrs. Cutter, and he sighed and dropped his arm quickly.

Two-bits Billy, last chief of the Nooksacks, had come to town to attend a potlatch at the reservation of a cousin tribe. He was returning now to his little prove-up shack in the deep woods, the worse for beer and revelry, and he was giving Mrs. Cutter a spot of trouble and enjoying it.

She was a prim, plump body, wife of the super at Camp 6. Holding her skirts and sniffing her nose, she tried thrice to scuttle past Two-bits Billy, but each time he lurched in her way. On the fourth try she managed it, arriving full of sputter, one hand feeling her placket to be sure she was still hooked tight.

"Conductor, I'll complain to Mr. Cutter!" she said furiously. "This train is a disgrace!"

Eben hoisted her to the first step of the old combination coach and said, "Yes, ma'am," because, indeed, it was true.

The Cougar had nothing to do with comfort or modernity, and precious little with the rules and regulations of railroading. Since the flats with the big logs were hauled out on the days it went nowhere, it never had to dispute the right of way with anything bigger than a bear. It was a most obliging and independent little train. It stopped at many a clearing to deliver medicine to some worried homesteader, and in the woods loggers listened for its whistle as for a friend. When a man was hurt, it rushed him to a hospital so fast it almost melted the soft plug in its boiler. And there was no summer the Cougar did not traverse at least one forest fire, the wood-burning engine with its big, screened barrel stack snorting through the smoke, the sides of the coach blistered, and the passengers—once they had stopped coughing and dried their eyes—sharing that wonderful bond peculiar to humans who have survived an adventure big enough to talk about all the long, rainy winter.

Two-bits Billy wobbled up now, and was reminded of his thirst.

"Two bits, Mr. Foster," he pleaded plaintively; "two bits for Billy."

And Eben said, "Not a copper," and hauled him aboard and stowed him in a seat.

He returned to the platform and gave the highball fast before anything else could happen. And just as the wheels began to roll, the stationmaster came racing alongside, tossed a suitcase onto the landing and handed up a package and a pink slip.

"Stop at Cedar Crossing!" he yelled. "Emergency!" and Eben nodded that he understood.

The package was marked for Swanson's Mill, and Eben knew well what was in it. The Swedes at Swanson's had run out of snuff again. They had announced, "No snoose, no work," and were perched on logs like melancholy crows, waiting for the Cougar to come along and for Eben to toss off Copenhagen's Best.

Likewise the pink slip posed no mystery. It read: J. TAGGART—DONKEY ENGINE FIREMAN—CAMP 6, and it meant that among the passengers was one broke woodsman who, if he wished to repossess his suitcase, had better arrive at Camp 6 and start working off the price of his ticket.

Eben reached for the suitcase—and stared. It was like no receptacle in which a logger might be expected to stow his gear, his hobnailed boots tied usually to the handle by their rawhide laces. It was old, the fine leather still pliant beneath its scars, the metal of its expensive mountings still shining, on its sides remnants of baggage labels, the words "Paris" and "London" still legible.

Once there would have been no question as to the owner. A remittance man, of course. Some second son of a proud English family, and so difficult the Canadians had kicked him over the line at Blaine to be a nuisance to the Yanks. But the remittance men were gone now.

Eben placed the suitcase in the baggage compartment and entered the passenger end of the coach to collect the tickets. Two-bits Billy was asleep, his ticket stuck in his hatband between a fishhook and a porcupine quill. Mrs. Cutter was (Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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"Look who's here. It's our friend," cried Janet Grant, and the children ran to meet Big Jim with spontaneous joy.

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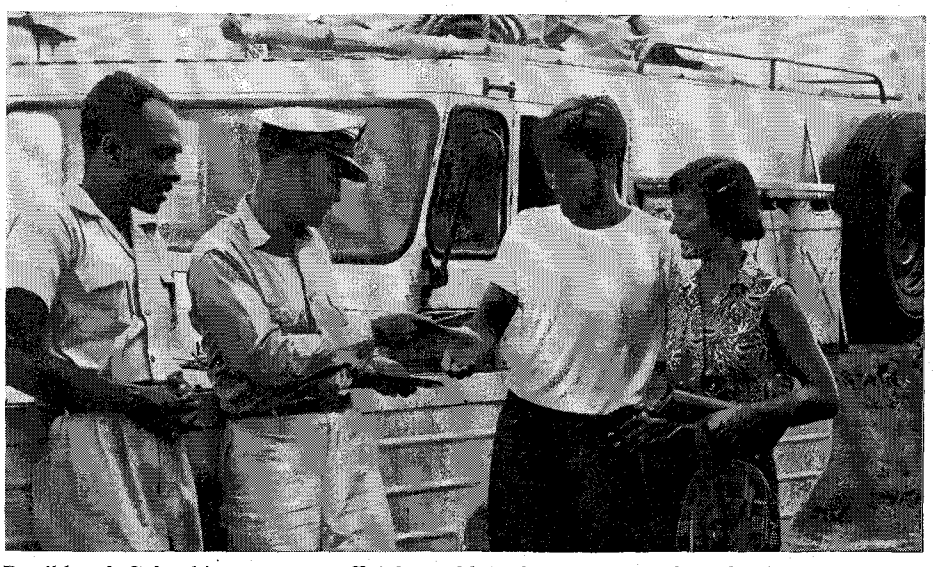
WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR: *Part Four*

Trigger-Happy Territory

The Schreiders were warned not to stop for the night in a lonely place. But then the faithful jeep broke down, in a bandit-infested jungle.

By Frank Schreider



Bewildered Colombian customs officials couldn't determine whether the jeep was a car or a boat, and classified it as neither. Result—a red-tape snafu at the border of Ecuador.

NEXT WEEK:

Land of Fire

The jeep finally crossed the historic Strait of Magellan only to encounter the worst obstacle yet.

Our amphibious jeep, MS La Tortuga, was the first vehicle to reach South America under its own power. We came ashore at Turbo, Colombia, on a fine day in June, 1955, with the propeller thrashing, with power driving all four wheels.

A khaki-clad customs official smiled at Helen, frowned at our dog, Dinah, and muttered something in Spanish about a car navigating the Gulf of Darien. He inspected our papers.

Studying the ownership title for the jeep, he asked, "Is it a car or a boat?"

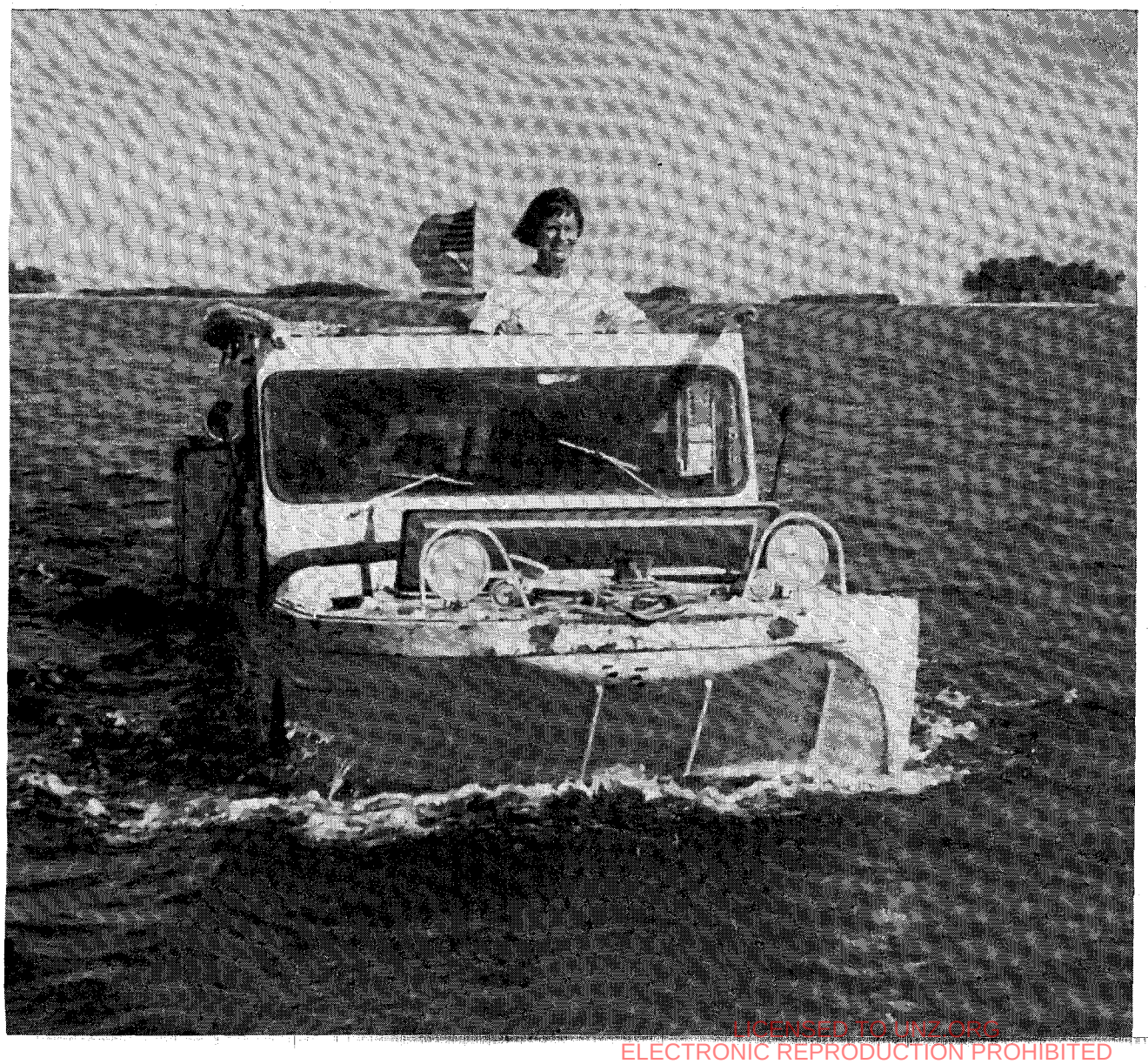
"It's both," I replied.

There was a whispered conversation between the customs official and his crony. After ten minutes of head shaking and shoulder shrugging, they returned our documents and waved us on.

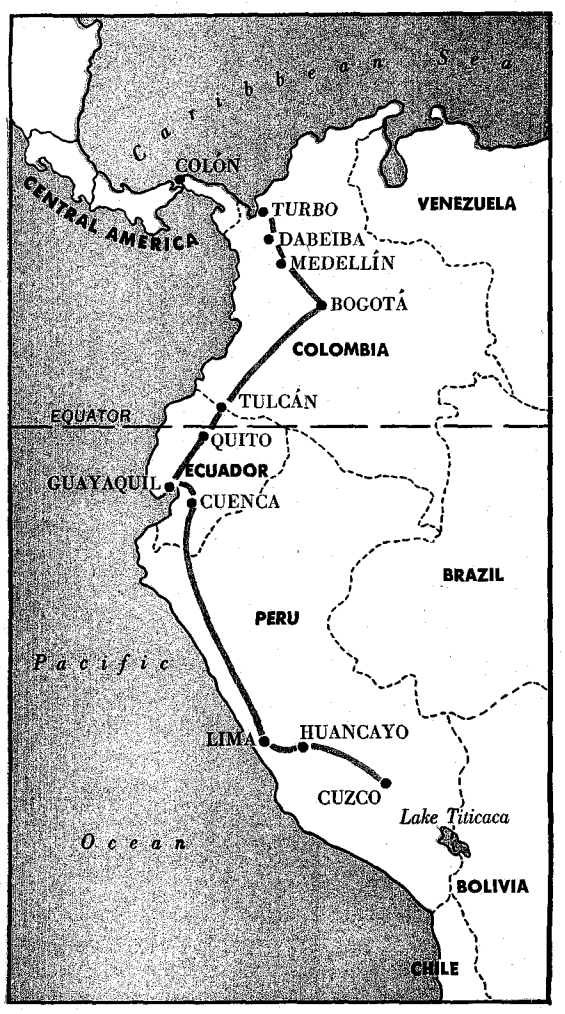
"Well, that was easy," Helen said. Later on, when we tried to leave Colombia, we learned it had been much too easy.

From what we could see, Turbo was nothing more than a customs house, a few wooden shacks and an airstrip on the edge of the jungle. There was a road leading to Medellín, Colombia's second city, 240 miles away. Of course, we would have to service the jeep before continuing. With grease and oil that I had brought from Panama, I was prepared to do the job on (Continued on Page 94)

With Helen at the "flying bridge," La Tortuga nears the end of its precedent-setting, 30-day voyage through an island-studded stretch of Caribbean. In a calm sea, the hatch was left open to keep the jeep's motor from heating up.



From Turbo the Schreiders drove into the chill, thin air of the Peruvian Andes. Then 5000 more miles to go.



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A shirt-sleeved Ramage looked up. There was a ghost of a smile behind his eyes.

Ramage chose his best detective to catch

The Invisible Thief

By OLAF RUHEN

Sergeant Pangae squatted on the ground, inspecting his rugged features in a large trade mirror, switching his head from one side to the other to find the best effect, and pulling his mouth into twisted shapes as he did so. Belted round his waist was a length of once-white calico, stained but clean; and above this he wore a gleaming white athletic singlet, and an old and battered hat, twined round and round with a length of climbing corallita, its bright pink flowers contrasting curiously with the stained gray hat and the teak-dark face beneath it. Apparently satisfied, he returned the mirror to the large and bulging canvas bag that hung by his hip from a length of shoulder webbing, stood up, straightened his shoulders and marched across the lawn, up the steps, along the wide veranda and into the office of Ramage, the district officer. Here he came to an impeccable halt, threw a Guards salute, as befitted a prominent member of the New Guinea Police Force, and reported.

"Sergeant Pangae, plain-clothes, waiting for orders, sir," he said.

A shirt-sleeved Ramage, sitting precisely behind a tidy desk, looked up. There was the ghost of a smile behind his eyes—Sergeant Pangae on plain-clothes duty was as predictable as Sergeant Pangae in uniform—same calico always, same athletic singlet, same old battered felt hat wreathed, it always seemed, with the same pink flowers. But he was the best man Ramage had on the station, and this was a special job.

"You know this place Naramai?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Pangae.

It had been practically a rhetorical question. Pangae was old in the district and knew every place, though Naramai was remote—a small station in a fertile valley deep in the mountains. There was a patrol officer there, presiding over a small post office, savings bank and district office. The Methodist mission had an establishment nearby, and a trader named Riley kept a small store and a bakehouse. It was off the beaten track and the natives, though long accustomed to the rudiments of civilization, lived by hunting and by their gardens. They traded a little copra, but the major part of their money came from the wages brought home by the young men who sometimes worked a year or two on the plantations near Rabaul or the mines at Bulolo.

The district office at Naramai also served the contiguous villages, Kumbilip and Kwaragi and Lauolo, and half a dozen more in the valley, each removed (Continued on Page 88)

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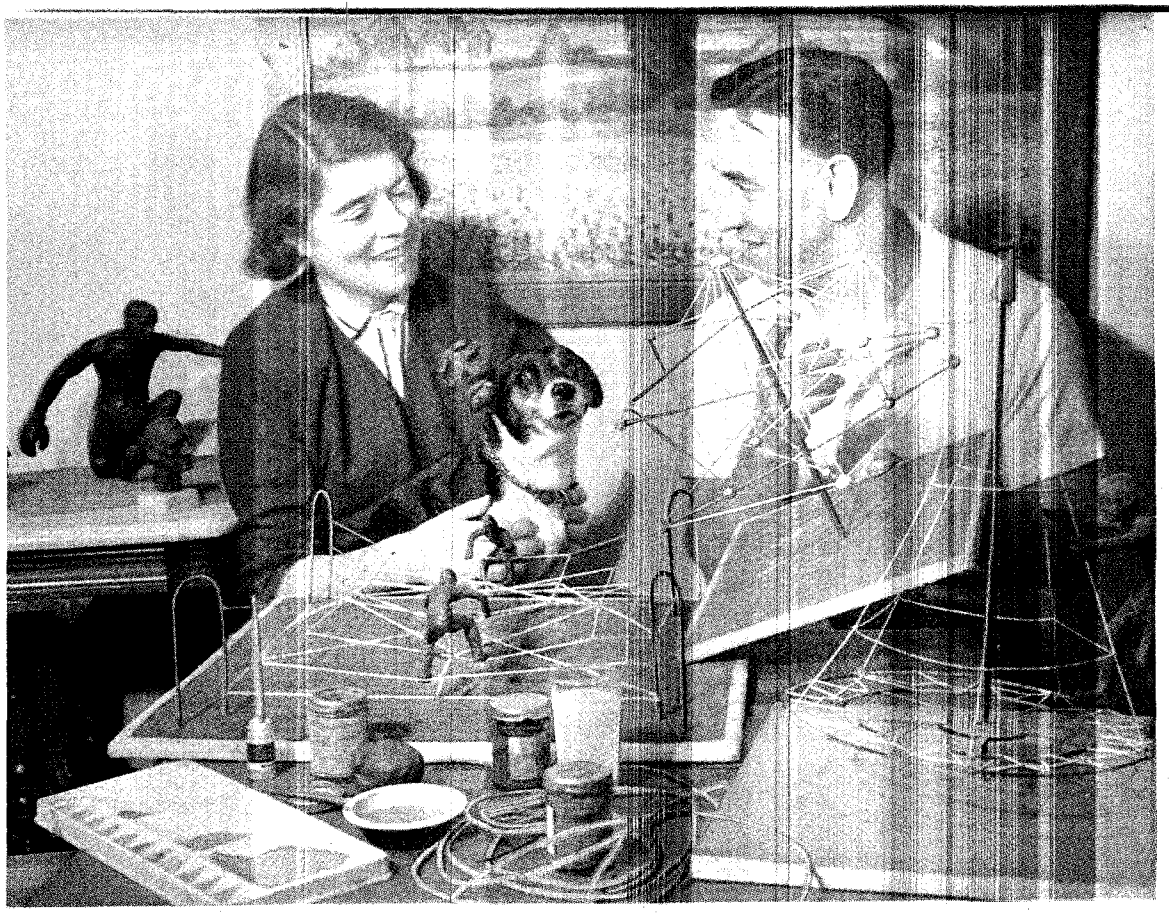

Joe Brown, the *enfant terrible* among playground designers, and his wife Gwyneth. He believes no apparatus is any good unless it makes kids co-operate at play.

He's Tough on Kids

By CHARLES PRICE

Ex-prizefighter Joe Brown creates playground equipment designed to teach youngsters how to take hard knocks at an early age—and the small fry love it.

Photographs by Frank Ross

Jiggle Rail: The more children who try to bounce on this spiderlike device's six springy legs, the harder it becomes for everyone to keep his balance.

America has more than 20,000 playgrounds open to the public—plus an indeterminate number privately owned. In the opinion of an unconventional Princeton professor with the rather conventional name of Joe Brown, every one of them is—architecturally speaking—as passé as a Confederate courthouse.

Brown regards swings, seesaws and other traditional play equipment as obsolete. He has some revolutionary opinions on what a playground ought to look like, and he will voice them on almost no provocation at all. By way of practicing what he preaches, Brown has manufactured some equipment of his own design that is currently in use in more than a dozen communities, notably Philadelphia, Tokyo and London. Dynamic, futuristic, they look like giant mobiles. Because his designs are so radical, and because he has been so vocal

Jiggle Ring: "The beauty of this paraphernalia is that two small kids bouncing together can toss a playground bully on his duff," said one father.

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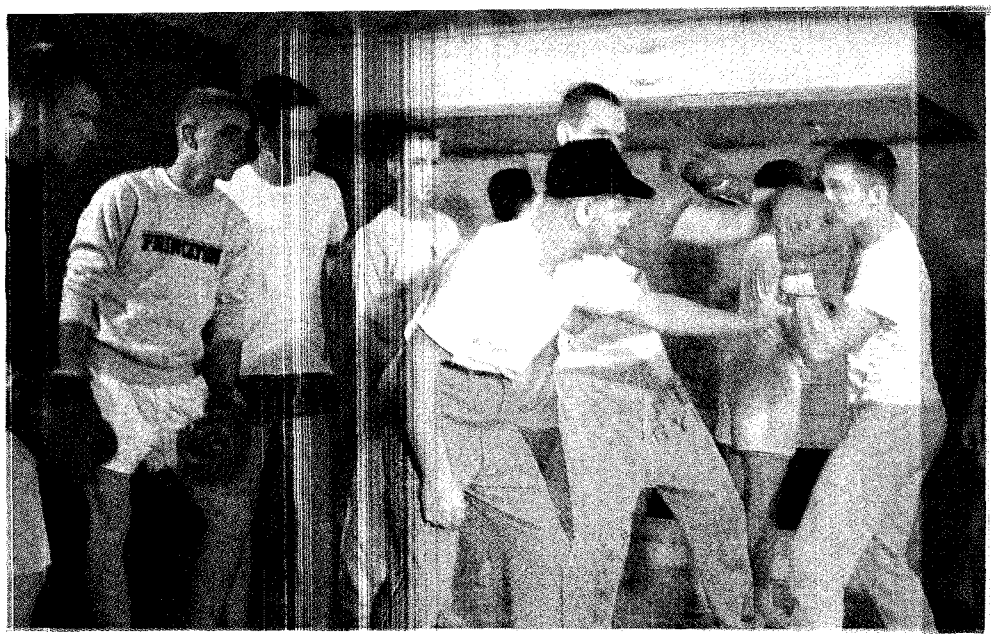


In his dual role on the Princeton campus, Brown teaches would-be pugilists the art of self-defense, and lectures would-be sculptors on the principles of aesthetics.

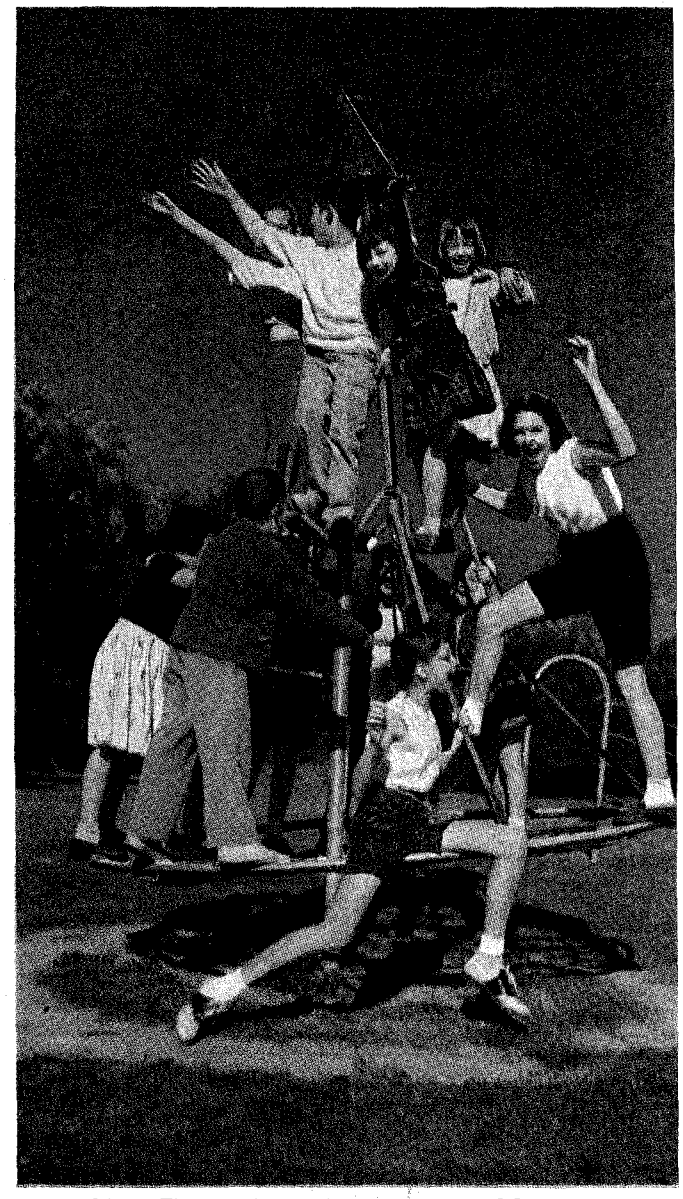
about them, Brown now finds himself the most hotly debated figure in playground architecture—a sort of Frank Lloyd Wright among the teeterboards.

Just how Brown achieved this status is still a bit cloudy even to him. Five years ago he was asked to judge a contest on playground designs among the students at Princeton University's School of Architecture. Brown thought all the entries were lacking in originality and imagination. In a few thousand carefully chosen words he told the students so. Piqued, one of the students demanded to know what qualifications, if any, Brown had as a judge.

It was a good question. For one thing, Brown has no children of his own. For another, he leads a curiously double life on the Princeton campus, during which he is obviously concerned not at all with the welfare of kiddies. One half of Brown's academic life is spent teaching sculpture, lecturing on such non-juvenile subjects as the beauty of the female form. The other half is spent teaching boxing, telling athletes how best to throw a right to the jaw. In his spare time, Brown writes short stories, mainly the blood-and-thunder type found chiefly in men's magazines, in which he treats such adult subjects as racial prejudice and alcoholism. The characters in these stories are almost always punch-drunk fighters, cigar-chewing racketeers and other outcasts, types familiar to him from his youth as a professional light-heavyweight.

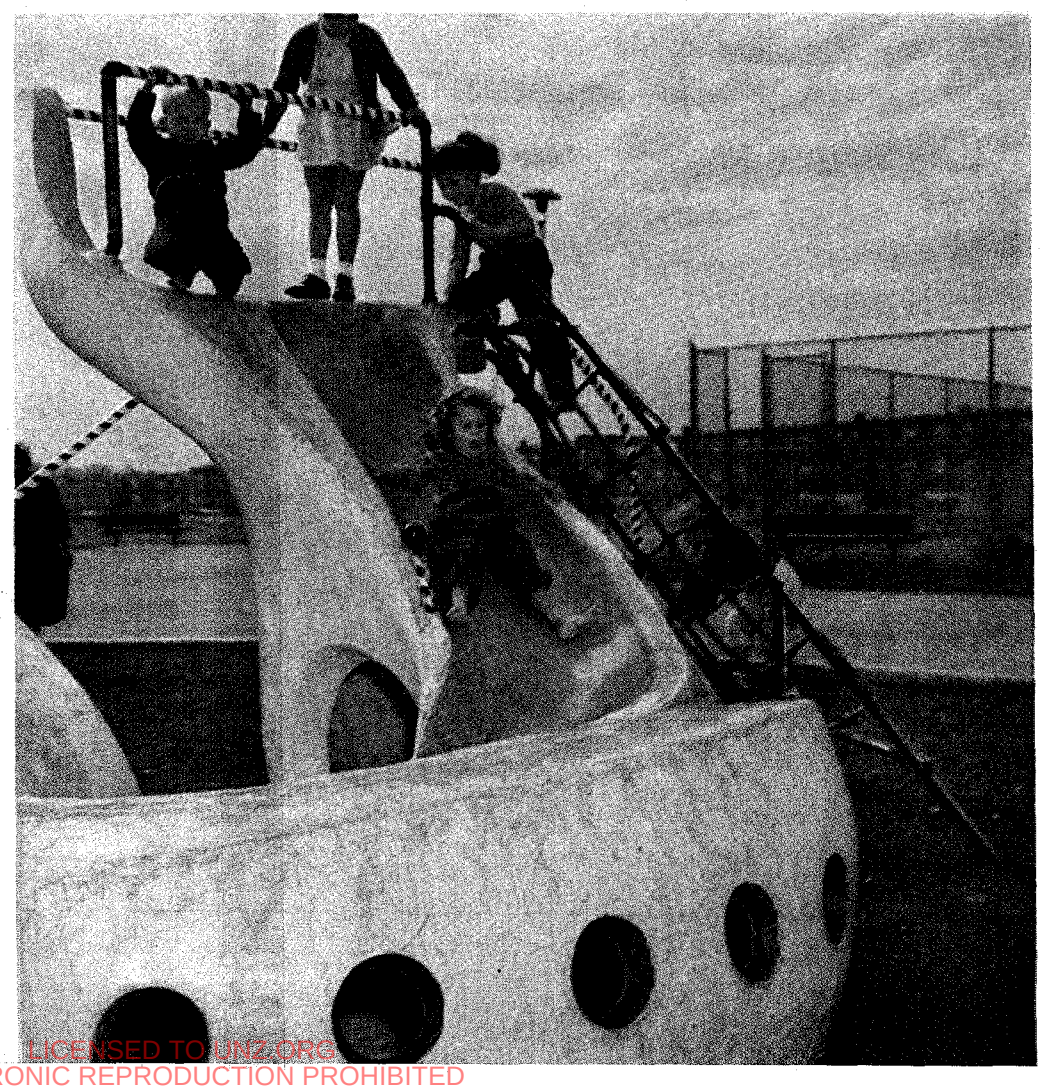
When one of the architecture students pointed out that Brown seemed almost completely cut off from the world of children, Brown countered with a characteristically pugnacious question. "What makes you think," he demanded, "that I wasn't a child once myself?"

"I realized soon after," says Brown, looking back, "that that wasn't a very good answer. Hell, everybody was a child once. But that doesn't make a man an authority on playgrounds any more than it makes him Robert Louis Stevenson. What it really takes is a thorough knowledge (Continued on Page 92)



Swing Ring: This combines characteristics of Maypole, merry-go-round and ladder. Children can enjoy all three of the machine's functions at the same time.

Whale Yard: Weirdest looking of Brown's projects is this plastic reproduction of Moby Dick.



Small fry can play Jonah by exploring the whale's innards, or slide down his great lashing tail.

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Post Scripts

The Window Shopper

Although I like to window-shop,
I sadden in a trice
On most occasions when I stop
And try to read a price.
Because the tag is out of sight
Or turned to face the rear,
Its figure doesn't come to light
However long I peer.

Of course, I know why merchants hide
A price I'd like to see:
They've hopes of luring me inside
Where they can talk to me.
However, I am not enticed;
I pass such items by,
For merchandise not clearly priced
I figure must be high!

RICHARD WHEELER

Filing Cabinet

Where everything's listed,
From A to Z,
And everything's lost
Systematically.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Next Time the Phone Rings, Don't Even Answer It!

"Hello, Gush? Shay, thish ish Sham! Yeah, thash right—Sham Engleshford! Oh, you shay thish ain't Gush? Shay your namesh Kurch? Well, lishen, pal; if, by any chanch you happen to shee Gush, tell him old Sham Engleshford wash ashking about him and ——"

"Hello; Mr. Kurtz? This is Cynthia Milliken, and I'm conducting a survey for Station GRTV. I wonder if I might ask you, Mr. Kurtz, whether you have your television set on at the moment, and, if so, whether you are ——"

"Mr. Kurtz? You don't know me, but my name happens to be Harold Finchley. I'm just passing through town, and I'm trying to get in touch with an Anastasia Z. Kurtz, who used to work for Briddleworth and Company in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. I'm sorry to bother you, but somebody told me that she's living here now, and I'm just wondering if, by any chance, you might be a relative of Anastasia ——"

"Hello. Kurtz? Waddleton, down at your friendly Splattner Motor Car Company. How's the old Flightstreak sedan I sold you about a year ago holding up? . . . Yeah? Well, Kurtz, you've got a real nice little car there, but what I'd really like to do is to put you behind the wheel of a Super Flashglide De Luxe. What would be your reaction if, on your present car, I were to give you a trade-in of—oh, say about ——"

"Hello; is this Endersby 8-0936? Say, it's extremely important that I get in touch with George Walpole, who lives three doors north of you. I know it's late—after midnight—but, if it's not too much trouble, would you mind—"

"Hello, Gush? Shay, thish ish Sham Engleshford again ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Thirty Years in the Wrong Profession

How many, alas, are the things I've read that
Have made me exclaim: "I wish I'd said that!"
How dismally few are the things I've said
That anyone wished he had uttered instead.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Overwrought

If you insist, I'll make it clear—
Your friends are too extreme, my dear.
They're overbookish, overzealous,
Overdressed and overjealous;
They're overcautious, overproud,
Overanxious, overloud—
And what is worst of all, I fear,
Is that they're always over here.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF

GUESS WHO . . . . . By BILL HARRISON

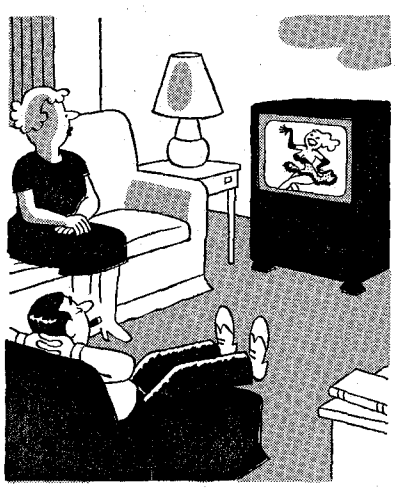
. . . came up to complain about the noise

. . . was carrying the umbrella

. . . has been skating for years

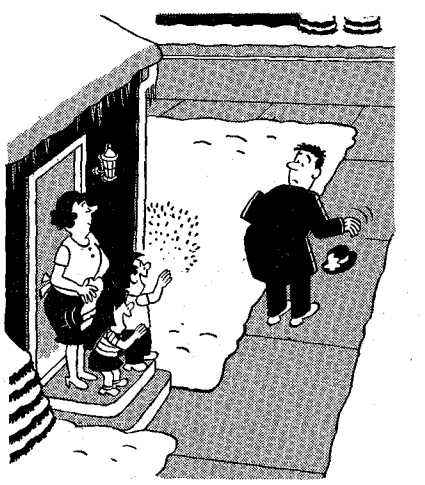
. . . also plays the banjo

. . . took the pictures



. . . will change channels

. . . owns the dog



. . . threw the snowball

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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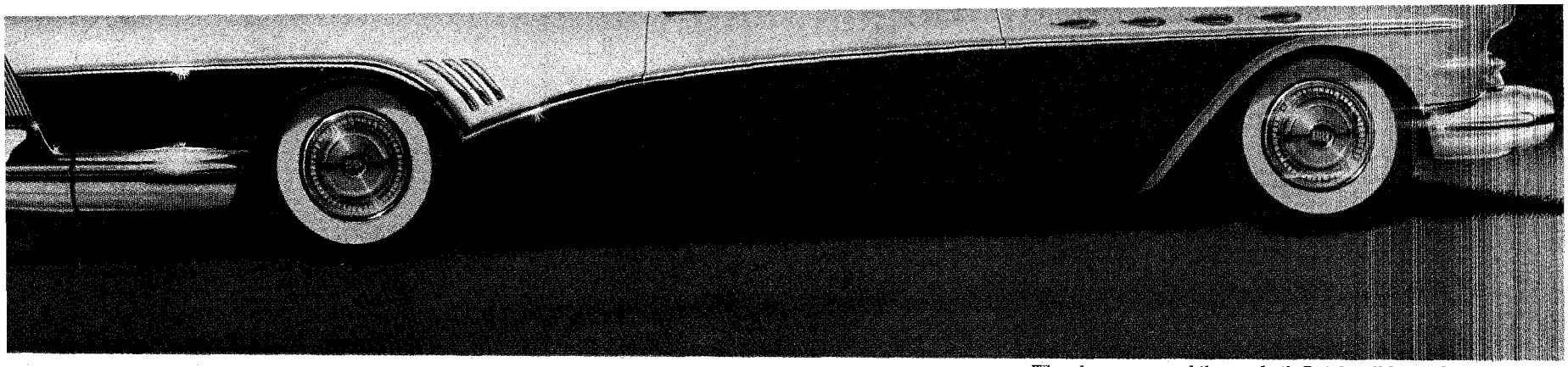

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It brings a new magnificence to motion

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Here, in the finest of Buicks, is a new magnificence in travel that other and costlier fine cars simply cannot approach — and for excellent reason.

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The velvet might of the new V8 engine. The constant buoyancy of the new ride. The levelized braking you get from the wondrous new ball-joint front suspension. The consummate handling ease of Safety Power Steering. The deeply satisfying softness and solidity of travel you get from the massive new chassis and superb balance of this master car.

For ROADMASTER, you see, is the top of the line of the newest and greatest Buicks yet built. And the advances in power and performance and ride and handling and styling found in *all* Buicks are each brought to a new summit here—reserved exclusively for ROADMASTER.

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ROADMASTER

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Gaze deep into these raisin eyes,
In every wink, a taste surprise!

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THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

How horrible they must think I am, thought Kerry. And there was nothing she could do about it.

By LESLIE FORD

Johnny Brayton put his arms around Kerry O'Keefe and held her close, waiting for the storm of tears to be over. "I don't think you're horrible," he said gently. "If I have to bear it, I'll have to. Until I can do something. I can't live without you, Kerry."

As far as Johnny knew, Kerry was a night-club sitter or B-girl. The young lawyer met Kerry when she was arrested after a police raid on a notorious club in which she worked. On a crazy impulse, Johnny offered to drive Kerry home. The next thing he knew, he'd fallen in love.

In reality, Kerry was an undercover cop, assigned to the Rackets Division. She took on jobs in city night spots in order to catch crooks operating there. She, too, had fallen in love, but she couldn't reveal her identity.

Sergeant Trumper, Kerry's partner, advised Kerry to quit her job and marry Johnny. However, Kerry felt she owed it to the force to continue her work as an undercover agent. She took a job at a club that was under suspicion as a narcotics drop.

Of course, Johnny objected to Kerry's night-club work, and wanted her to give it up. His family was shocked that he should even think of going out with such a girl. Mrs. Summerfield, his grandmother, was especially frank in berating Johnny for "making a fool of himself."

Johnny's mother took the news quietly. He was especially concerned for her because of the difficulties she was having with her husband. Doctor Brayton seemed to prefer the company of one of his patients, a Mrs. Ristwich, to that of his wife, but he refused to give her a divorce.

About the only person happy for Johnny was Mrs. Remsted, an ex-show girl who lived next door. The rest of the Braytons ostracized Mrs. Remsted, but she and Johnny were friends. Johnny confided in her that Kerry had agreed to marry him. "That's fine," Mrs. Remsted said. "Don't let anybody talk you out of it."

III

In February—only a few months left till July—Kerry was back. If the joy of having her was racked by the agony of her job, Johnny Brayton's own job didn't give him much leisure to worry, and because there was hope it was no longer a grind. A working agreement to keep the peace gave them Sundays together and any time he could drop in between five and the six-o'clock deadline. When he couldn't and was working (Continued on Page 82)

"I'm not trying to offend you," said Mrs. Summerfield. "It's purely a business proposition."

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Sis can be
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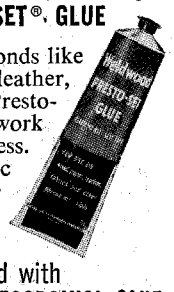
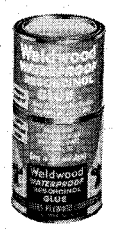


Junior fixes his fishing rod with **WELDWOOD WATERPROOF RESORCINOL GLUE**

100% waterproof! Even nature on the rampage can't weaken a bond made with Weldwood Waterproof Resorcinol Glue, not even blizzards, heat waves, floods. Vital for repairs on boats, in basements, fixing tennis rackets, etc. ¼ pts., $1.00. Also in pts., qts., gals.



Mom tightened her antique chairs with **WELDWOOD PLASTIC RESIN GLUE**

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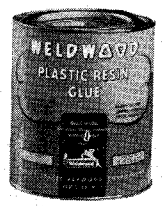
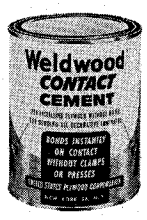
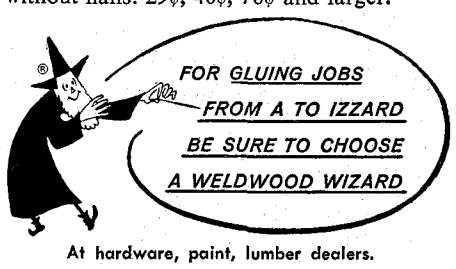


Dad applied a new kitchen counter top with **WELDWOOD CONTACT CEMENT**

Instantly, on contact, Weldwood Contact Cement permanently bonds wood, rubber, canvas or any other porous surface. Use it to apply Micarta and other plastic surfaces to table tops, etc.—without clamps or presses! Use it to bond plywood panels to walls—without nails! 29¢, 40¢, 70¢ and larger.





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Return to Glory (Continued from Page 34)

not speaking. He worked his way slowly down the aisle until he came to the last passenger, who was the only stranger. He was a big man, huge of shoulder, long of arm, the body truly magnificent and still youthful. But the face belied it. With the scar tissue about the eyes and ears, the face was tough and almost old, and center back on the thick dark thatch was one small gray spot the man had missed as he had combed the black dye into his hair.

Eben accepted the pink slip, which corresponded to the one he had—J. TAGGART—DONKEY ENGINE FIREMAN—CAMP 6, and he knew now who and what the man was, and why he was here.

When he spoke, his voice showed neither interest nor surprise. "I'll let you know when you get off."

The man said dryly, "Do that, bub," and turned back to the window.

Now the Cougar passed the stump farms which fringed the town, smoke drifting up from the smoldering fires of the slashings. It entered the woods, the salt air of the sound giving way to the fragrance of fir. And because it was not yet warm enough in June to close the spread between the rail joints, the little train played a loud and rhythmic melody which to Eben was the finest music in the world. Yet today it depressed him.

He walked slowly back to the baggage compartment and looked again at the suitcase. Big Jim Taggart! One of the great heavyweights of his day. Big Jim Taggart, who had gone twelve rounds with Tom Sharkey, who had fought Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Joe Jeannette. He had been an idol of Eben's youth. Long ago, at the beginning of his career, he had come to the Puget Sound town on a Fourth of July, lumber schooners at anchor in the bay then, and the mills and logging camps closed down so the men could see the fight.

Eben could not bear to think of the long slow years of descent which had brought him here, come to hide himself in the woods as many a man before him. But with a difference. He had not signed on as a bull cook to empty the garbage and sweep out the bunkhouses. He had not signed on as a night watchman to make his rounds in the dark with only a dog to share his loneliness. He had dyed his hair to get a man's job, and did he know how hungry a logging donk could be?

When the Cougar neared Swanson's Mill, Eben gave the way signal and tossed off the snuff, and sure enough, a big Swede—the top of his old felt hat cut out to ventilate his hair—was waiting to pick it up. And when the train approached Cedar Crossing, Eben did not forget to yank the bell cord for a stop. He climbed off the train to ascertain the emergency.

The emergency was Grandpa Grant, accompanied by two little girls, each carrying a small suitcase.

"My granddaughter and her best friend are traveling alone, Mr. Foster," said Grandpa Grant with dignity. "Will you put them off at my son's siding? If nobody meets them, start them on the skid road. They know the way home." He lifted up the children. "Don't climb on the seats," he said; "and mind Mr. Foster."

He paid Eben their fare. "Orley drove them over yesterday to spend a week," he confided. "So homesick they couldn't stand it, and a good thing too. Grandma's tuckered. Think they planned to be sent home so they could ride on the train all by themselves," and his eyes twinkled.

"I'll keep my eye on 'em," Eben promised. "I'll see they get there," and he highballed the engineer and swung himself aboard.

When he entered the coach, the two little girls were seated side by side, immensely pleased with themselves and the universe. They didn't squirm, they didn't whisper, they didn't giggle. Having raised considerable rumpus to get here, they were now proving they could behave like little ladies. The little Grant child wore a pleated wool dress of the family clan plaid. Around her neck she wore a string of red Mexican jumping beans, evidently new, because every now and then she squinted down her nose to see if they were hopping around yet. The other child, whom Eben recognized as the daughter of the town's judge, wore a navy-blue Peter Thompson suit. Since the town's doctor took a dim view of half socks in this climate, she had left home in long black stockings. Quite unwilling to be outdone by the Scotch, she had found a pair of scissors and whacked them off any which way. She sat entranced by the sight of her little white knees.

Eben kept his eye on them. They had to travel twenty miles, which on the Cougar was a journey. In the first ten, each child had two drinks of water and went to the women's room three times. They did not intend to miss any of the amenities of travel.

Then Mrs. Cutter proceeded to stick her nose into something which was none of her business. She whacked loudly on the seat side with her handbag, summoning Eben.

"Conductor," she said, "you certainly do not intend to put those innocent little children off this train with that dangerous Indian."

There was no use telling Mrs. Cutter that Two-bits Billy, though beer-soaked, had always been harmless.

"No, ma'am," said Eben meekly, and strolled down the aisle to Big Jim Taggart.

"If you get off at the company town, you'll get a ride to Camp Six," he told him. "But they won't pick you up until after dinner. If you get off at the next stop, you can take a short cut. 'Bout a mile's walk through the woods."

The old heavyweight didn't have the price of a meal, and Eben knew it.

"Thanks, mister; I'll walk."

Then Eben gave the stop signal for Grant's siding. He woke Two-bits Billy and dumped him off first. He helped the children down, who were followed by the prize fighter.

"This man's going to the logging camp," he told the little Grant girl. "He's a stranger. He doesn't know the way. You two will have to take care of him some. Do you understand?" He swung himself aboard, and the Cougar went off about its business and left them there at the siding in the woods, two rows of cedar-shingle bundles stacked by the tracks, each marked: ORLEY GRANT'S DANDY CLEARS.

All the sound in the world seemed to go with the train. Then a bird spoke, a chipmunk chattered, and Two-bits Billy ambled to the nearest fir, lay down and resumed his slumber.

The two little girls looked at the prize fighter. The town child, who had been taught caution, was shy. But the woods child had known loggers quite as tough and almost as big, and they had saved her the little stars from their plug tobacco.

"I'll take care of him first," she said, "because I'm oldest," and the town child, not willing to be outdone by a Scot, said, "I'm the guest, and guests go first. And anyway I was born in a hospital and you were only born in a house," and the prize fighter, who knew nothing of children, but everything of fights, took a hand of each firmly, and they started up the skid road and into the forest.

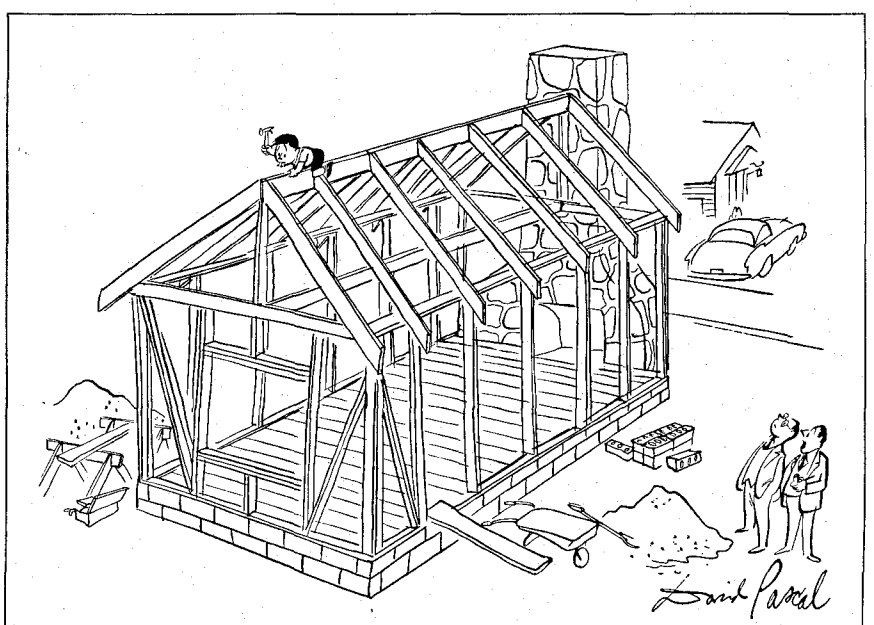
Pretty soon the girls grew tired matching their little steps to his big ones, and they let him carry the little suitcases, and made a game of stepping on every other log in the old skid road.

Then they heard the clop-clop of hoofs and the jangle of harness, and two horses drawing a lumber sled appeared through the trees. Grandpa Grant had managed to get on the party line long enough to alert his son that the children were on their way, and Orley Grant and his wife, Janet, returning to the mill from delivering the shingle bolts to the siding, had turned around and come back.

The children ran ahead to meet them. "We rode on the train all by ourselves! We were homesick and we didn't like it there!"

The young couple greeted the children as if they had been gone a year, and, because he had accompanied them, welcomed Big Jim as a friend. Orley Grant hitched the team on the other end of the sled. He and Big Jim sat on shingle bundles in the front, the children between them.

"I'm oldest. I'll put the grease on the skids first," Ellen said, and from the shingle bundles on the end of the sled the mother said, "Judy is your guest, Ellen.



"It all started about three years ago when we bought him his first educational toy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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She'll go first." And Big Jim hung tightly to the squirming child, doing her best to fall on her head beneath the hoofs as she dipped the ragged stick into the oilcan and daubed at the skids.

When they reached the shingle mill, the children asked if they might show him Bonnie Prince Charlie, and the mother said yes, leading the way to the little shingle house which was their home. And there he hung, done in oil and framed in gilt, kilted Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, the tragic prince.

"And a brave laddie he was, too," said Mrs. Grant, a bit of the heather in her voice.

She thanked Big Jim for being so good to the children.

"And drop in for dinner any time," said her husband. "Our Letty is the best cook in the woods," and he walked with him to the point where the trail led to Camp 6, the children tagging along.

Then they told him good-by, and he was walking alone, the friendliness gone, the woods very still.

He walked slowly. Though he was not an imaginative man, it seemed to him he had been coming here forever, so long, so slow was the way of bitter descent. He remembered now the exact moment the long descent had begun. He couldn't get any more fights under his own name. He had fought anybody under any name, and the last had been a black boy, arrogant in his strong young prime. And when they had left the dressing rooms to go to the ring, the black boy had seen him. Relief had crossed his face, and he had laughed and said, "That ain't nobody but old Jim Taggart."

He had known it, but he had not admitted it. He had told it humorously many times to people who were still his friends, which is a man's way to prove he is bigger than a hurt. Now, when the trail broke clear of the woods at last, leading into the ugly, devastated logging camp, he told it again, and seriously.

That ain't nobody, he said to himself. *That ain't nobody.*

He reported for work at the unpainted shack marked OFFICE—SAM CUTTER, SUPERINTENDENT, and though Mr. Cutter looked at him thoughtfully, his voice, like Eben's, showed no undue interest. He asked no personal questions.

"I'll take you over to the bunkhouse, Taggart," he said. "It's a bit crowded right now. Some of our older men have built one-room shake cabins for themselves. One of them's leaving next week. If you'd like to bunk alone, I can arrange it."

The bunkhouse was on skids and built like a freight car, a potbellied stove in the middle, six bunks on each side. Big Jim was looking it over when the first logger came off work—a man young and cocky because he was the high-rigger, which is an athlete's job.

The young man looked him over. When he spoke, his tone was patronizing. "You ever do any fighting, pop?" And Big Jim Taggart recognized the tone and knew what he was in for.

"No, kid. I never did." His last battle had begun.

Every day he fought it out with the donkey engine.

"Isn't she a honey?" asked the engineer who handled the levers and the cables. "Now watch her haul in this log."

Even the little Indian boy who was the whistle punk considered the donkey engine a thing of beauty, deserving of respect.

But Big Jim Taggart hated her from the start. She dominated his life. She pestered and she nagged him, and she took his guts. He could never take his eyes from her water gauge. He could never rest his legs, rustling wood for her hungry mouth.

Except for the young high-rigger, the loggers did not question him, watching him quietly. When the men finished building a logging road across a ravine and topped the piles, they left the leavings, cut to the right length, where he could reach them. And when Sam Cutter came by on inspection, some young logger always passed the word, "Rustle 'em up, pop. Here comes the super with his nose to the ground," and Big Jim would check the water gauge and toss in the wood.

At night he was too tired to do anything but comb a little dye into his hair and fall into his bunk. The young high-rigger baited him sometimes. "Who didcha fight, pop? Were you any good, pop? Tell us about it, pop," and Big Jim would pretend he was asleep, and hadn't heard.

At the end of three weeks he moved into a shake cabin by himself, and the battle eased a little.

At noon the other men rode back to camp for a hot meal at the cookhouse, but Big Jim always carried his lunch with him. He would find himself a log in woods not yet cut, and rest there, sharing his food with the chipmunks. And always the past pressed close about him, of which he never spoke and could not forget.

One noon Two-bits Billy passed him. In a deserted camp up the river Two-bits Billy had found a drum of coffee beans. Since it was too heavy to roll home, he had removed his pants, tied up the ends of the legs and filled them. He came through the woods stark naked except for a tattered shirt, dragging his pants by the suspenders. (*Continued on Page 48*)

When a headache, upset stomach or tired-achy feeling keeps you from having fun . . .

take the medicine that's so refreshing

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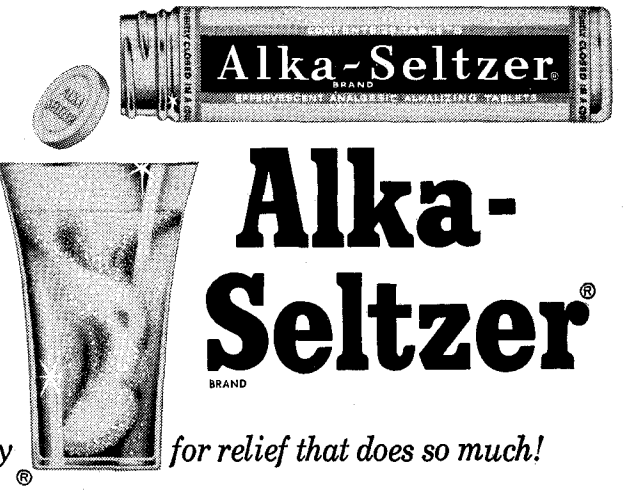

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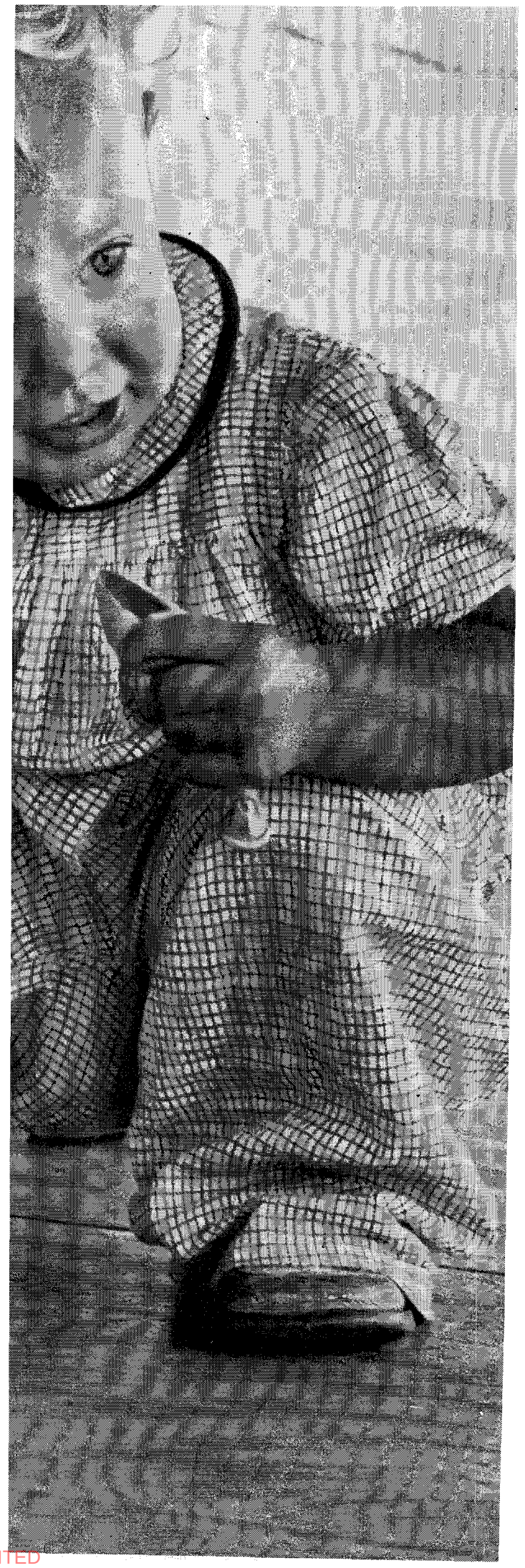

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(*Continued from Page 45*) Big Jim reported the incident in the cookhouse that night. It was the first time anybody had heard him laugh.

He did not go to the shingle mill. He mistrusted friendship. But he did not forget the children and Bonnie Prince Charlie. And one Saturday afternoon he walked far from the camp and saw the children and Mrs. Grant on a sandbar by the river.

They were wading in the shallow, safe rivulets. The white glacier water was so cold that the children were squealing with shock and delight, the mother holding her skirt high and telling them they were quite purple enough and it was time to come out.

When she looked up and saw Big Jim, she dropped her skirt in the water and cried, "Look who's here! It's our friend!" and they came toward him with that outgoing and spontaneous joy of discovery with which people in the isolated corners find each other again.

Nevertheless when he took the trail to the shingle mill for the first visit, he did so in desperation. It was the week of the Fourth, and the camp closed down so the men could go to town and see the fight.

"You want to come, Jim?" they asked him casually, and he answered, "No, thanks."

But when they had gone, he could not stand the loneliness, and took the trail to the shingle mill.

The children were in need of a friend. Convinced that it was time the baby ducks learned to swim, they had plucked them from the nest and dumped them in the slough. Orley Grant was on his hands and knees, rescuing the ducklings from an icy end, and Big Jim helped carry them to the mill and dry them out on the boiler.

He was asked to dinner, of course. A big circular saw with a crack in the middle hung by a chain in front of the cookhouse, and when big, blond and middle-aged Letty came out to wham it with a piece of crowbar steel, the children begged to take her place.

To strike the saw, except at mealtimes, was forbidden, since this was a call for help in trouble, but Orley Grant let the children do it now, one on each side.

"We don't have to hurry to table today because most of the men are gone," he told Big Jim. "Our Letty is such a good cook that when she strikes the saw, the men come arunning. If a man falls down, he doesn't bother to get up. Wouldn't do him any good. The food would be gone by the time he got there," and Letty hid her face in her apron to hide her blushing.

After dinner the bolt puncher and the cut-off man tossed a baseball back and forth. The children played house under a fir, and Big Jim and Orley Grant sat on the steps of the little shingle house, while Mrs. Grant sewed. And presently Two-bits Billy came by, leading his prize possession, his pony.

"Two bits, Mr. Grant," he pleaded plaintively. "Two bits for Billy."

"I'm not buying your horse, Billy. Now go along," and Two-bits Billy went along as far as the cookhouse, stopping to stare at the saw.

"Billy, leave that alone. . . . Honestly, he's worse than the children. He's the pest of the woods."

When Big Jim walked back up the trail to the logging camp that night, his bitterness was eased, and in the long twilight three days later he went again to the shingle mill. Orley Grant was not in sight, but the front door of the little shingle house was open, and he could see Bonnie Prince Charlie in his gilt frame, and the mother and the children. The children were dancing with the mother. They were barefoot and in their flannel nightgowns, and the mother had dressed up for them in a fine silk gown, remnant of the past. He went back up the trail, and for the first time he realized that this young wife was as exiled as himself.

When the loggers returned from their holiday, there was a change in the young high-rigger. The derision was gone from his voice. He walked over to Jim's cabin after work, a newspaper in his hand.

"Your name's in the sport page, Jim."

"That's not funny, kid."

"I mean it. See, here it is. Right here in the pink section of the Seattle P.I. I saved it for you," and he gave Jim the paper and went away fast.

WHERE ARE THE FINE FIGHTERS OF YESTERDAY? WHERE ARE THE GREAT OLD HEAVYWEIGHTS LIKE JEFFRIES AND CORBETT AND BIG JIM TAGGART?

Big Jim cut it out with his razor and kept it in the back of his watch. And sometimes when he was having lunch in the woods, observed only by the birds and the chipmunks, he would take it out and read it, and for an instant he was somebody again.

Every Sunday he went to the shingle mill, sure of his welcome. Once he and Orley Grant inveigled big, pink-cheeked Letty into trying to walk across the slough on the shingle bolts as the men did. The slough was solid with bolts, and it looked safe enough. But when Letty was twenty feet from dry land, the bolts slipped from under and away from her, depositing her waist-deep in the icy water.

"Why, Letty, I can't have this!" cried Orley Grant. "Look, you've left a hole in the water!" and they hauled her out, not one bit mad, and laughing as hard as anyone.

And sometimes in the long twilight after the children had been put to bed, the Grants told him of themselves. Of the quarter section they'd lost in Saskatchewan, of the wagon wheel on the roof of the sod house, of standing in the doorway watching the hail level the wheat three years running, and of Janet's uncle, of whom she was so proud because he had been knighted by the queen for helping build the railroad across Canada. But the little shingle mill was doing well. With luck, in another year they'd have a house in town, so Ellen could start to school with Judy, and not have to grow up wild as a woods rabbit.

Then the summer rounded to its end. In late October the logging camp would close. Big Jim knew what it meant. He would hole up in some shabby town hotel, its management setting trays of free crackers and cheese on the bar each noon, so that, with the price of a beer, its tenants could eke out the winter on two meals a day, until the fish traps of Alaska and the logging camps opened again and they could drift back to the job.

The thought of it filled him with a kind of sadness, and one night after supper his feet lagged on the trail to the shingle mill, because soon this, too, would belong to the past.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of a shot and the clamor of the circular saw that hung by the cookhouse. There was another shot, and another, until the woods rang with the shriek of the saw. Someone was using it for a target, and who could it be but Two-bits Billy?

Big Jim stood motionless and listening, expecting any instant that the noise would stop as abruptly as it had begun, which would mean that the men had run from the bunkhouse and Orley Grant from the shingle house, and boxed Two-bits Billy's ears, and put him on his pony and headed him into the woods to his prove-up shack.

But the clamor continued, and he remembered then it was a Saturday and that Orley Grant and the men had gone into the company town, probably to buy tobacco and supplies, and the women were alone with the children. He began to run.

In his mind he could see the kerosene lamp that hung in the cookhouse, that Letty always kept so polished and shining. If Two-bits Billy had a bullet left when he grew tired of playing Sitting Bull and massacring the palefaces ——

Two-bits Billy had. There was one final shot, and, as he ran, Big Jim saw the first tendril of smoke rise in the trees. When he pounded off the trail into the clearing. Two-bits Billy had departed on his pony, quite unaware of the havoc he left behind him.

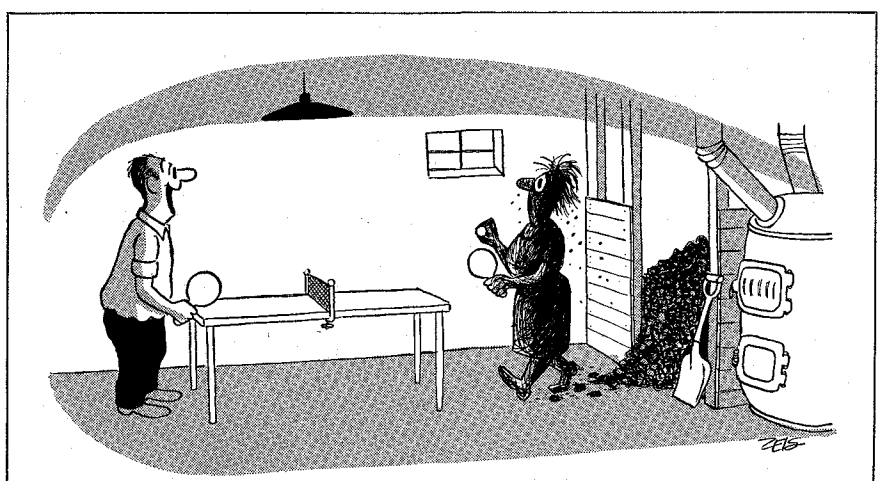
The cookhouse was a mass of flame. Letty, Janet Grant and the children had come out from under the beds and were dragging a ladder to the side of the mill, their eyes big with fear and fury.

"Oh, Yim," Letty cried, "he drank my vanilla extract! He shot out the light in my cookhouse! Oh, Yim, if the mill goes, these poor peoples ——"

"Mrs. Grant, you and the children fill all the pails you can find with water from the mill pond and set them here by the ladder! . . . Letty, bring me an ax!" and Big Jim climbed to the roof comb and the water-filled barrels waiting there for emergency.

If he could hold the mill for fifteen minutes, help would come from the logging camp. He tipped the first barrel to wet the roof against the burning and falling tinder. Then Letty was there to help, to give him the ax, to watch where the sparks caught.

Once he looked down and saw Janet Grant filling pails in the pond, the children working as hard as she, filling the little toy pails they always carried when they went wading at the sandspit.



"Nice try, hon!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When the water was gone, and the roof burning in two places, and the smoke so thick it was hard to breathe, he made Letty go down to take Mrs. Grant and the children to the river, out of danger. He fought the fire with the ax. He beat it out with his jacket.

When aid arrived from the logging camp, Big Jim refused to leave the roof until the mill was safe, and he helped fight the brush fires until they, too, were extinguished. When it was over and one of the men led him to the shingle house for coffee, he could not hold the cup. He did not know that the shirt was torn from his back or that his face was black. Until Janet Grant brought the ointment and the bandages, he did not realize that he had burned his hands.

While they healed, he stayed at the shingle mill. Orley Grant put up a big tent as a temporary cookhouse, and the millmen made a long trestle table and benches for it. It was like being part of the fun and hustle of a big family. He did not let himself think of the long winter that lay ahead.

One evening when his hands were almost well, Sam Cutter and Orley Grant approached the fir where he was sitting on a log in the long twilight, and they stood there looking at him, almost shyly.

"The logging camp is closing week after next, Jim," Sam Cutter said.

"I'll be up for my gear," Jim told him. "It's O.K., Mr. Cutter. I've saved my wages. I'll find a room in town to hole up."

"No, Jim," Orley Grant said quickly. "We're not going to let you go. I want you to help me build the new cookhouse. When that's done, we'll build you a tight cabin of your own. You can help me at the mill."

Big Jim said nothing.

"If you don't want to work at the mill, Jim," said Sam Cutter desperately, "I think I can get you the contract to deliver the mails. You might like that, Jim, and in the spring the logging camp will open again. We'd be mighty proud if you'd stay with us."

Then he spoke. "I'll be glad to stay," he said. "I like it here."

Then the tension was gone. Orley Grant said he must go to the mill and check the boiler. Sam Cutter said he must be getting back to the camp.

"Someday, Jim, I wish you'd tell the high-rigger and me about the time you licked Root at Kalamazoo."

"Sure, I will, Mr. Cutter. Be glad to."

Then he was alone, and little Ellen Grant walked slowly through the trees and climbed up on the log beside him.

Judy, the town child, had gone home now, and Ellen was lonely.

From the shingle house, her mother called, "Jim, is Ellen with you? She has to come to bed in fifteen minutes, and no dilly-dallying about it."

"Yes, Mrs. Grant. I'll send her."

Then Letty stuck her head from the flap of the cookhouse tent. "Yim," she called, "it's getting cold! You put on a yacket! You hear me, Yim!" and he heard her, and it sounded good.

"Yes, Letty."

Ellen moved closer on the log.

"You want me to tell you about the little brown bear who was handy with his paws?" he asked her, and she said she did.

But first there was something he had to do. He took out his watch and let her hold it in her little hands while with one unbandaged finger he pried open the back.

He took out the little slip of newsprint, worn from so many readings. This time he did not bother to read it. He crumpled it into a little ball and he threw it away.

THE END

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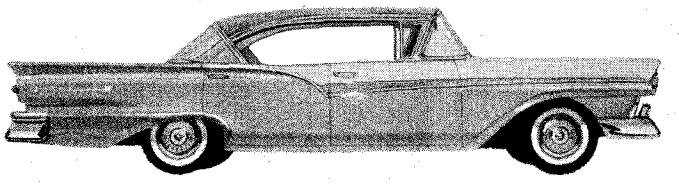

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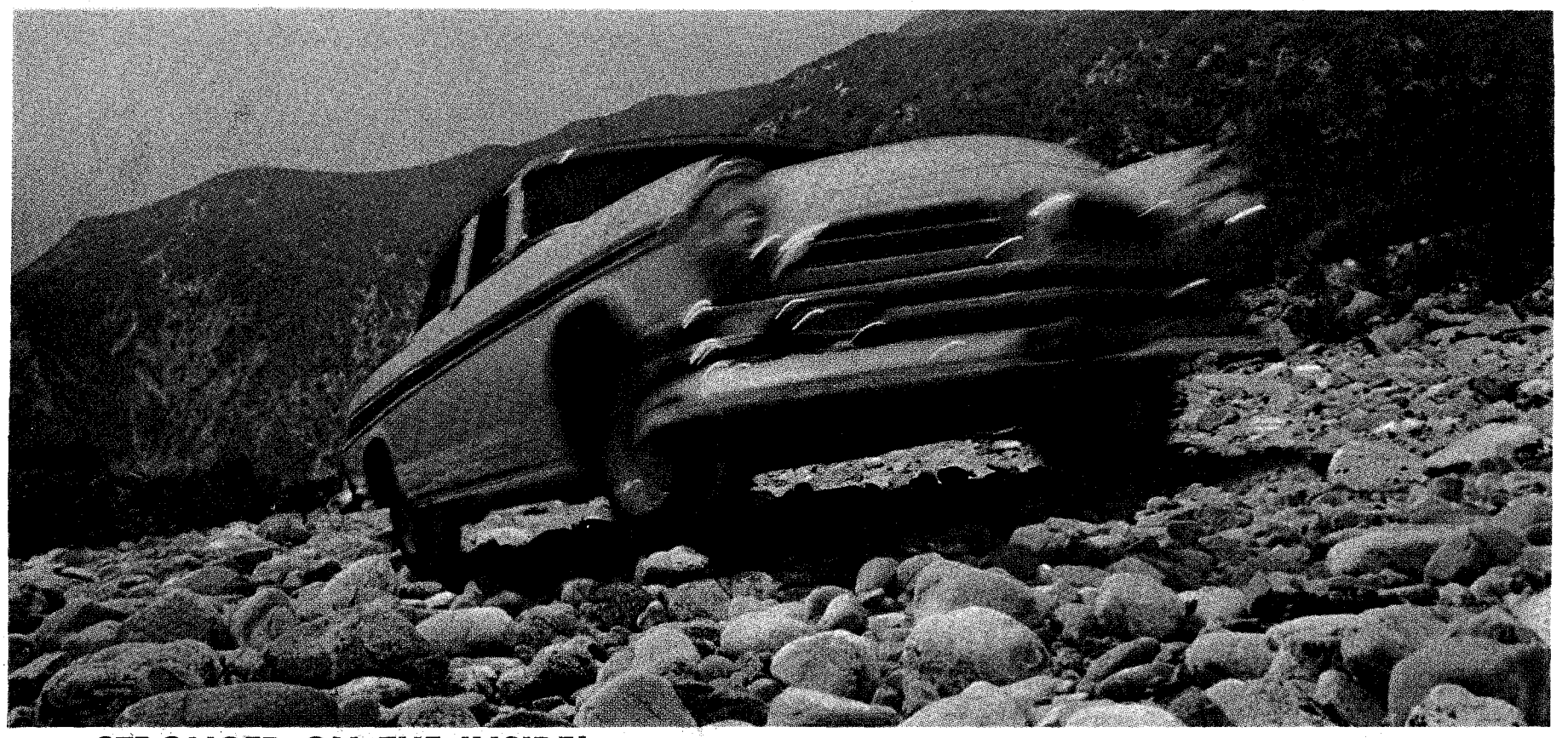

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We had two cars approach this wet intersection at 40 mph and slam on their brakes at the same time. The car with ordinary tread tires skidded past the stop sign, but 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions—with a new Twin-Grip tread design—stopped the other car 24% quicker. That's Goodyear's extra margin of safety!

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strength of
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DRIVERS who want the most in tire safety and performance can now buy a Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord tire for only pennies more than they'd pay for a tire with ordinary cord.

No other tire can present a record like this. Goodyear's 3-T Nylon Cord tire has been pounded by a pile driver, crusher and jackhammer—run over roads of rock, railroad ties and tracks. But through all these tests and more, *not one cord broke!*

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Make-Believe Affair (Continued from Page 26)

the right places and—very discreetly, of course—allow me to pick up the checks.

Such arrangements are badly regarded in America, as you know, but I am told that in Europe it is not necessarily so.

It isn't easy to put this across in a letter, Mr. Harkness, but I do want to make you understand that I'm not a bad girl or some little chippy who, just because she will be 4000 miles from home, intends to lead an immoral life. Please try to believe that it is not so. It is just that I realize that there are doors which I cannot be expected to open alone and which could only be opened by the kind of man I have in mind. Then there's his viewpoint, which is just as important as mine. Why should he get all excited about the arrival of an American homebody he's never heard of? That's why, if my side of the matter can be put across to him with tact and understanding, he need not feel that he is called upon to do anything—unworthy. I expect there are lots of fine men in Europe who, because they haven't a lot of money, might enjoy being my escort. Do you—do you understand, Mr. Harkness? If you can help me, I shall be grateful. If you can't, I shall do what I ask you to do, which is forget it.

Sincerely,
MAUD POTTINGER

Mr. John D. Harkness,
Ambassador Travel Agency,
477 Avenue Masséna,
Nice,
France (Alpes-Maritimes)

P.S.: I want to cross in June and stay until the money runs out.

My first impulse was to have nothing whatever to do with the thing, not so much because I doubted her good faith as because I was only too well aware of the appalling complications which could arise from such a situation. Suppose I produced some smooth-talking bum who stole her jewels, how would the head office regard it? Suppose the Riviera went to her head—and it has gone to many—involving her in some fantastic and unpredictable folly, I wouldn't be able to brush it off by saying that she was forty-one and, presumably, able to look after herself. Our whole business rests upon the fact that we look after our clients—really look after them, not just pretend to. Our service wasn't geared to cater for people like Maud Pottinger.

When I hesitated I knew I was lost. What sold me on Maud Pottinger was the complete rightness and decency of her outlook. There was a straightforward, simple appeal in that letter which—I must be getting soft—found an answering chord in my own heart. Maud Pottinger was so refreshing, after the flint-hard people I have to deal with most of the time.

I like to believe, too, that I wasn't influenced by the fact that Maud Pottinger was Julius Weyerhauser's secretary. Julius Weyerhauser—in case you don't know it already—is just about tops in the public-relations field. One of his early clients—this was during the depression—was Sam Baldwin, than whom no slicker rascal ever stole a quick shilling from a blind widow. But by the time that Julius Weyerhauser had finished with him, Sam Baldwin was wearing a halo and, when he came to trial, an indignant jury acquitted him. Julius Weyerhauser knew how to smear as well as how to whitewash. I should have seen a psychiatrist before writing as I did:

Dear Miss Pottinger: You've sold me. Your diagram is a clear one and I will do my best for you.

Sincerely,
JOHN D. HARKNESS

Sure I was crazy. But it would be a hard world if we didn't sometimes give way to crazy impulses. The next I knew was a memo from the head office, telling me of her arrival in early June.

I had a talk with Maurice Balitrand, my chief clerk. Maurice knows everything. He pointed out what I knew already—that I had stuck my neck out. But when he read Maud Pottinger's letter I saw a soft, almost wistful look come into his eyes.

"She must be a nice person," he said sadly. "We must see that she does not get hurt."

I felt better then, for I had expected Maurice to go wall-eyed on me and to tell me he would carry out any instructions I had to give him. This way he was on my side.

When you have been in the travel business as long as I have, you learn a lot about people and you know how easily they can be hurt badly. A good travel man, when you think of the matter, is a merchant of dreams—most of them hopelessly idealized and impractical. His business is somehow to make them come true. People come to me and tell me of a wonderful honeymoon they had thirty years ago in Capri. I implore them not to go back, but to keep their tender memories intact and unsoiled. Unless they force me to, I don't tell them that in the intervening thirty years Capri has become a highly commercialized honky-tonk or that perhaps the years have done something to them too.

Maud Pottinger had been dreaming of the Riviera for maybe twenty years. There was, sharply etched in her mind, a picture of it. Much of it, doubtless, had been created from what she read—novels and travel folders. Color films too. Probably her boss, who came over nearly every year, had contributed to it. Now, having made a few dollars playing the market, she was determined to see it all for herself.

I must have read her letter five or six times. From it there emerged a pleasing, uncomplicated character who was a long way from being a fool. Inexperienced, yes. Out of her depth, too, but with the saving grace that she knew it.

A few days before Maud was due to arrive—Maurice and I were already calling her Maud—Maurice told me that he had found a suitable sparring partner for her, a man who called himself Count Louis d'Armagnac.

Maurice produced him for inspection and I was, to my great surprise, favorably impressed. I say "to my surprise" because Riviera nobility are on the whole a pretty scruffy lot. This one was around Maud's age, I judged, a handsome, grave-faced man with a charming slow smile and the look of a scholar about him. He had delightful manners and spoke English in the attractive way of an educated Frenchman.

"It is understood, is it not," I said with some emphasis, "that the lady is a valued client of ours? We do not want any—unpleasant incidents—anything that either of us might regret."

"It is not necessary to say more," he said with a quiet dignity. "The lady will be as safe with me as she would be in her own New York. Perhaps safer, who knows. But tell me, Mr. Harkness, what are her interests? What does she wish to do?"

"This is the Riviera, Monsieur d'Armagnac," I told him, "the fabulous Côte d'Azur. A young woman has been dreaming of it for years ——"

"For about—er—how many years, Mr. Harkness?"

"I'm afraid I have no information on that point," I told him, "but I feel that this will be apparent when you meet the lady. But, as I was saying, it will have been a confused dream of blue skies and sea, bejeweled women and gallant men, gay casinos, extravagant restaurants and, behind it all, the rolling olive-clad foothills of the Maritime Alps. The dream picture may well be—probably is—a false one, but it is for you, Monsieur d'Armagnac, to make it come true.

"I don't expect, for example, that anyone has ever kissed her hand. Hand kissing in New York is rare and most conspicuous. But there is always a first time. I don't expect anyone has ever called on her in the morning staggering under the weight of more flowers than he can properly carry. It would be an experience.

"You will know and I will know that the lady herself will be paying for these and other little attentions, but the lady herself will be able to forget that, if you play your role well, and she will remember only that a European nobleman who bears an honored name is her attentive admirer, displaying her proudly in the smartest places and before his friends. That is all."

"My friends," said the Frenchman sadly, "do not frequent the smart places."

"But doubtless they would be delighted to do so," I said briskly, "if someone else takes care of the check."

"It is possible that you are right, monsieur," he said coldly, making me realize that I could have wrapped it up more delicately. "But tell me," he continued, "am I expected to pretend that this is a—romantic attachment?"

"You are not called upon to pretend anything," I replied, "but I imagine that you are man of the world enough to be able to take your cue from the lady herself. Such a situation does not lend itself to precise instructions. Do you not agree?"

We left it at that.

I liked Maud Pottinger from the moment I saw her step out of the plane. She was not only well turned out but clean and wholesome. She was wearing a pale blue linen suit and was younger- and better-looking than I had expected. I would have known without being told that she was not wealthy, for she lacked the kind of hard assurance which, for want of a better way of putting it, experience has taught me to associate with wealth. Very few people, I have observed, know how to wear wealth gracefully. I wondered how acute Louis d'Armagnac's perceptions were in such a matter. Not so acute as mine, probably. I make lots of mistakes, but not that kind.

"Do you think I'm being an awful fool, Mr. Harkness?" she asked as I drove her from the airport.

"No," I replied, "but I think you're taking an awful chance. You'll be all right so long as you remind yourself from time to time—but not too often—that this is a business arrangement."

"So long as I don't fall in love with—him. Is that what you mean?"

"Something like that," I told her.

She was charmed with the small suite overlooking the sea that I had reserved for her at the Hotel Magnifico. Her face revealed nothing of her thoughts as she studied Louis d'Armagnac's card attached to a huge box of red roses, but she smiled her thanks for the bowl of sweet peas from me.

"I am giving a small cocktail party this evening at my apartment," I told her. "You will meet Louis there. He will invite you to dine with him. If for any reason you do not wish to, you have only to say so and that will be the end of the matter."

When I left the suite I took with me all Maud's traveler's checks, half of them countersigned by her. To save her any embarrassment, it was agreed that I would keep Louis in funds as required.

Louis called at the office during the day. I gave him in francs the equivalent of two hundred dollars. His face was expressionless as he put it in his pocket.

"When you need more," I told him, "come and get it. I don't suggest that you throw it away, you know, but at the same time there is no need to count the pennies."

It wasn't, as I saw things, a money problem at all. It wouldn't be doing Maud a favor to send her home with only half her money spent unless she had had the fun she expected. We were dealing in the intangibles of dreamland, where accountants may not enter.

Louis arrived at my apartment looking somewhat gloomy. "Cheer up!" I said. "You haven't come for a dose of castor oil, you know." But at sight of Maud he brightened.

"She is charming," he said softly to me a little later. "I do not understand why she needs—me."

"Don't try," I urged him.

When I saw Maud standing alone by the window, I took her a glass of champagne. "Will he pass?" I asked.

The somber gray seemed to have left her eyes, which had picked up the blue of the Mediterranean. Her chin was tilted at a more provocative angle.

"If you don't like him," I said, when she didn't reply, "just say so. I will let him go with the other guests and no harm will have been done. Maybe you would like to dine with me this evening."

I was not flattered by the cryptic smile she gave me as, wrinkling her nose at the bubbles in her glass, she turned on her heel thoughtfully to cross the room to where Louis was chatting with a pretty French girl.

The party broke up at about eight o'clock. Maud and Louis left together, thanking me in the casual fashion customary at cocktail parties. It was over a week before I saw either of them again. When Maud's hotel bill was sent across to me to settle, the only items beyond the room charge were for her breakfast every morning and one local phone call daily. That was all right with me, except for one thing: What were they using for money? Two hundred dollars doesn't go far on the Riviera for two people who are kicking the high spots.

I phoned Maud the next morning. "Having fun?" I asked.

"Wonderful, thanks."

"Nothing you want?"

"Nothing that you can give me, thanks."

I was left to interpret that how I pleased.

I phoned Louis, who had a room in the old town above a small café. "Everything all right?" I asked.

"Why not?" he replied, answering my question with another, which I always find disconcerting.

"I just wondered," I said. "You don't seem to be spending much money."

"Isn't Maud happy?" he asked anxiously.

"As far as I know, she is."

"Does she think we ought to spend more money?"

"I never pretend to understand what a woman (*Continued on Page 54*)

Middle age is when you look forward to a dull evening.

JOE RYAN

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(*Continued from Page 52*) thinks," I told him, "but she hasn't said anything about it—at least, not to me."

His sigh of relief came through the phone. "When I need money," he said, "I will let you know."

I let it go at that. If Louis wasn't giving Maud a good time, it was for her to do something about it. My neck was stuck out far enough as it was. All the same, I was curious and vaguely worried.

It was Maurice Balitrand who told me that he had seen them dining at a small restaurant in the old town, a place with a *prix-fixe* menu at four hundred francs. Call it a dollar and a quarter with tips. Excellent value for the money, but not exactly glamorous.

When, on the eleventh day, Louis had still not asked for any more money, I rang him again. "Don't overwork this economy," I urged him. "Maud doesn't expect to take it with her and she might like an occasional glimpse of the bright lights."

"Have you any reason to suppose that Maud is—discontented?" asked Louis bluntly. "Then, if she is quite happy," he went on, when I had replied negatively, "I see no need for a change."

"Put it that way if you like," I said testily, "but Maud is an American girl who has never seen the Riviera before, and shouldn't be allowed to leave it without having seen everything there is to offer. For example, there's a good floor show at the El Dorado and the food's good too. Why not hire a car and do things comfortably?"

"I have a small car of my own," said Louis coldly. "I am sorry if I am robbing you of your commission."

After that dirty crack, I hung up on him.

Now I began to get worried. Maybe, despite years' working for a smooth article like Julius Weyerhauser, Maud wasn't quite so sophisticated as she should have been. Maybe the impact of Louis' courtly, old-fashioned good manners and his charming habit of speech had somehow got under Maud's guard and she was getting confused between illusion and reality. Maybe Louis' act was too good.

I felt better when I realized that I had the whip hand, for I knew something that Louis didn't know: that when the clock struck twelve, Cinderella would have to go back to being a New York secretary, rattling to and from the Bronx daily by the Lexington Avenue subway. Louis, the smarty, thought he had found himself a meal ticket for life, and this economy with Maud's money was his way of telling her that he loved her for herself. Well, there was plenty of time to queer his pitch before any harm was done. Maud, I reminded myself, was an Ambassador client.

Maud's letter was in the center drawer of my desk. I had put it there so that it should not appear in the office files. That showed, if nothing else, that this was a situation I should have left alone. Illogically, I lifted the phone and told the girl to get me Maud's suite at the Magnifico. Maud answered instantly, as though she had been sitting by the instrument waiting for a call.

"Care to dine with me this evening?" I asked. "I would imagine you've had about enough of that Frenchman by now. Twenty-one meals in a row with the same man ought to be plenty."

"It doesn't seem as many as that," she said coolly, "but all the same, I'd like to dine with you. As it happens, Louis is spending the evening with his mother."

I could play that one over on my phonograph. This was serious.

I took her to the Versailles, which is big and noisy and expensive. I was paying too.

"They do this kind of thing better on Broadway, don't you think?" she said halfway through the evening, as a third-rate pair of dancers filtered offstage to lukewarm applause. She was quite right, as it happened, but she needn't have said so. "In France," she continued, "Louis has taught me to like French atmosphere. He knows some wonderful little places that the tourist never finds."

She made the word "tourist" sound like a dirty name. I was trying to figure out some way of charging the evening to entertainment. "By the way," I said, after a silence which was growing brittle, "I think you should know I have never specifically denied to Louis that you are a very rich woman; although, equally, I have never specifically said that you are."

"Why do you tell me that?" she asked, her steady gray eyes seeming to bore into my thoughts.

"To save you from getting hurt," I replied, "that's all."

"You have a pretty poor opinion of Louis, haven't you?" she countered.

"On the contrary," I said. "I consider that in a difficult situation such as this he is a man who knows how to behave himself amazingly well—especially if in possession of all the facts."

"I don't think Louis finds the situation in the least difficult," she said tartly, "and I'm quite sure I don't."

"Then I won't interfere any more in what you evidently regard as no concern of mine, unless something goes so wrong that I have to," I added.

"What a funny man you are!" said Maud. "You created the illusion for me, you know, and I'm very, very grateful to you, but what I don't understand now is that you seem determined to destroy it. I'm not the only person whose feelings have to be considered, you know. Louis has feelings too."

Then, like a fool, I allowed myself to be needled into saying more than I wanted to say. More, I suppose, than I really meant. "Don't run away with the idea that I'm not aware of that," I said hotly. "If you'd really like the truth—which I doubt—Louis has more of my sympathy in this matter than you have. Why? Because he needs it more. Louis is in a business that has no future. I like what I've seen of him, but it doesn't alter the fact that he's at the tail end of a long line of titled bums, who have been so busy clinging to the past that there's been no time to do anything, or at least anything practical, about the present and the future. It could be that Louis has fallen for you genuinely; but, bearing everything in mind, he wouldn't be human if he didn't regard you as a meal ticket.

"I've been making a few inquiries about Louis. He pays three hundred francs—call it eighty cents—a day for his room in the old town. D'you know what your suite is costing you? Well, I'll tell you. It's costing you seven thousand a day plus fifteen per cent for service plus luxury tax and other things, amounting to better than ten thousand a day. Call it thirty bucks a day, which means that you pay per day more than he pays per month. Louis was probably all right until you came along to remind him that he's in the wrong business. That's why I'm sorry for him and why I wish I'd had the sense to chuck your letter into the wastebasket unanswered."

There was more, but none of it important.

"Then, if you're so sorry for Louis," she asked, "why concern yourself with my feelings?"

"Because, my dear girl, I'm the Riviera representative of the Ambassador Travel Agency and you—heaven help me!—are a client. We don't like our clients to break their pretty little hearts while we are looking after them. It's bad for business. We prefer them to do it when they get home. Also, I may say, I don't want Julius Weyerhauser on my neck, complaining that his secretary can't keep her mind on her work because I introduced her to some titled Romeo who wants to marry her for the money she hasn't got. Is that enough?"

Then, with a typically feminine lack of scruple, and just as I was getting my second wind, she took refuge in tears. "Even if he is after me for my money," she sobbed, "he doesn't shout at me in public."

I apologized, although the only way to make myself heard over the din of the band was to shout. It was about then that I realized what a sucker I had been to bring Louis into the picture at all. The way Maud looked at me told me that she wouldn't have liked me, not even if I had been wrapped in cellophane.

"I expect you mean to be kind," she said tearfully as the bad strip-tease act left the floor.

"I suppose you know," I said, when I was loading her into a taxi to take her back to the hotel, "that your boy friend has only drawn two hundred bucks. If he doesn't do better than that, it looks as if I shall have you on my hands for months."

That was my exit line. I didn't give her a chance to reply to it.

The following morning Maud came to the office and drew one thousand dollars in cash. I was out at the time. She left word that she was leaving the hotel. Weeks passed without my hearing another word. I had my ideas about things, none of them charitable, but with the faintly virtuous feeling that I had done the best I could, I let her and Louis drop out of my thoughts.

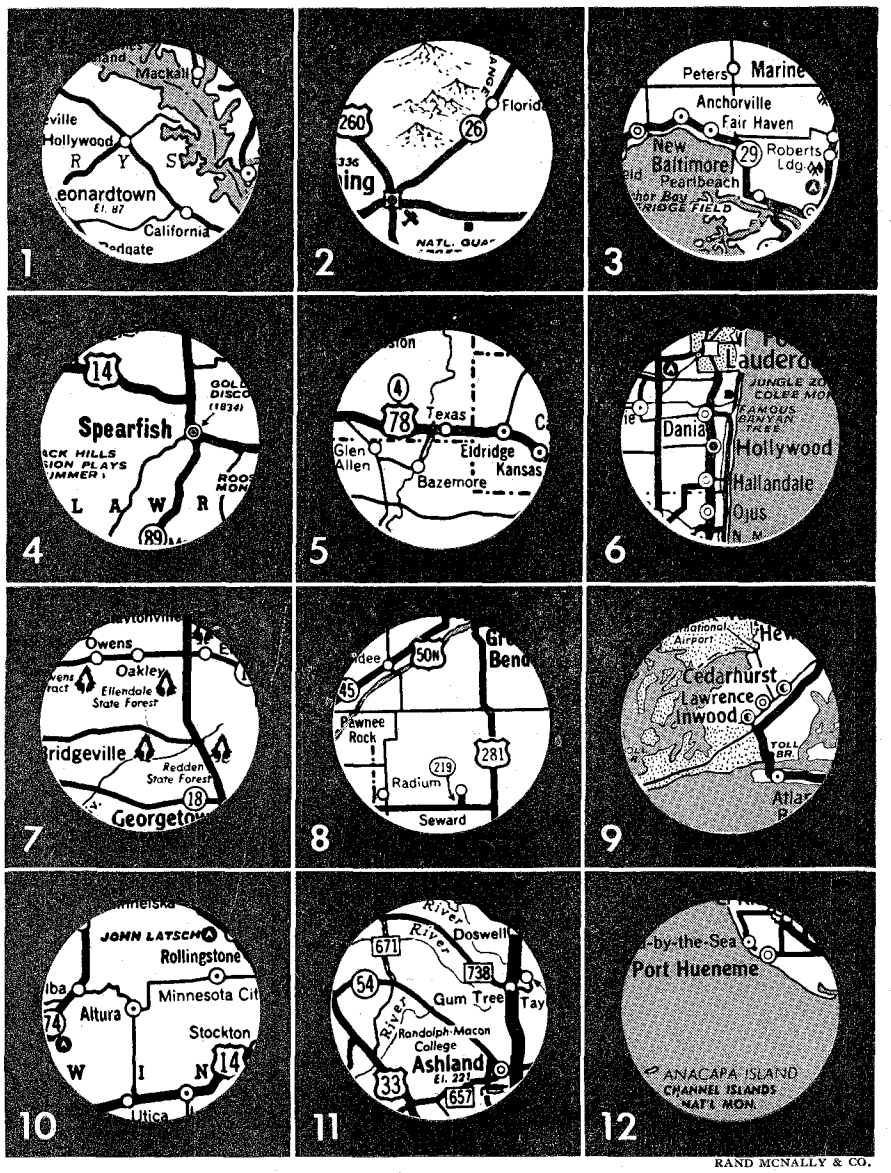
It was mid-September when the phone operator of the Magnifico called me to say that there was a New York call for Maud. Did I know where she was to be found, as it was urgent—or at least the man at the other end of the line said it was. What was his name? Julius Weyerhauser. "Ask him if he would like to talk to me," I said.

Nobody—least of all me—begrudges Julius Weyerhauser his success, but he was the kind who never lets you forget things like that. Anything he wants is important because he wants it.

"Tell that dizzy dame I want her back in the office, and I want her in a hurry," he barked. "What's she doing? Making up for lost time? Find her for me."

"What do you think I am?" I asked. "A bloodhound?"

All the same, Maud had to be found, because if Julius Weyerhauser were to turn really (*Continued on Page 56*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 56*)

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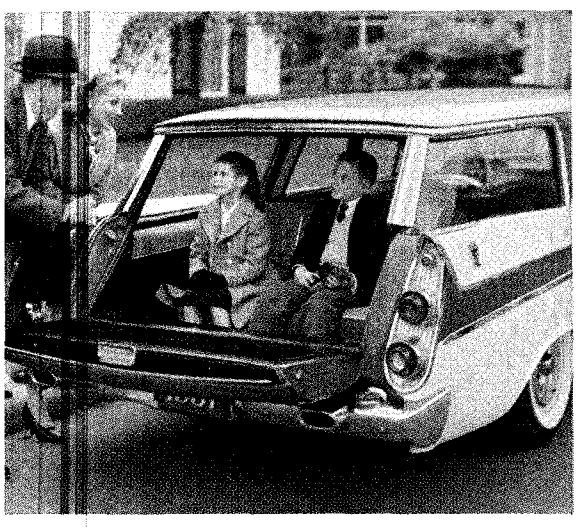
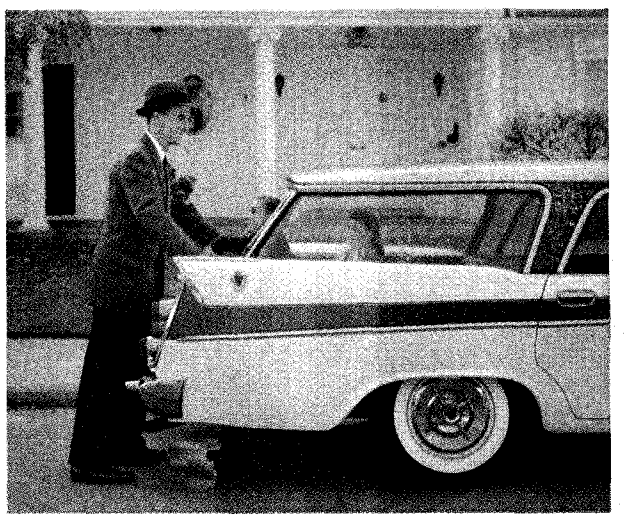
Second car? No sir—*first* car! Dodge has changed the station wagon from a dirt-road drudge to a luxury limousine. Custom Sierra 4-Door (shown above) is one of five Swept-Wing Dodge Wagons.



Observation Lounge passengers—board train at rear! The accommodations are strictly first class.



Snug as two bugs in the Spectator Seat. (But there's plenty of room for *three*.) Tailgate latches securely—no doors.

New worlds to explore from the Observation Lounge! Every trip's a vacation! And there's so much more fun—*for everyone!*

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Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!
Makes teeth whiter—
cannot stain or discolor!
*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

(*Continued from Page 54*) nasty, he could not only put the skids under me but under the whole agency. He would too.

I have ways of finding anyone on the Riviera. How? That's my affair and I intend to keep it that way.

I ran Maud and Louis to earth in two hours flat, and I sent her a note to say that her boss was burning up the wires. The party was over.

They were holed up in a small hotel at Villefranche, registered separately and all quite correct.

I saw them from my window as they arrived in Louis' jalopy, a 1932 model of a tiny 5 h.p. French car.

"What's eating Julius?" asked Maud. She had left Louis outside. "I'm not sure that I'm ready to go back to New York—now or ever."

I was panic-stricken.

"Listen, Maud," I said, "you're a very nice girl and I like you. I believe if I'd had the chance I could have fallen for you hard. But I don't like you well enough to make an enemy of Julius Weyerhauser, do you understand? What's the trouble? Love?"

"Yes, that's my trouble," she replied with trembling lips.

"And now, I suppose, despite all my warnings, you don't know whether Louis wants to marry you for yourself or for your money. Is that it?"

"He hasn't said that he wants to marry me at all," she said sadly. "I don't know what he wants. I—I wish I did."

"Well," I said briskly, "suppose we help him to make up his mind." The time had come to break it up. I led her out to where Louis had parked the thing he called his car. "Louis," I said, looking him square in the eyes, "it's about time you learned the facts of life. Maud isn't the rich woman you think she is. Maud is the secretary of a client of mine and he's been on the wire from New York to say that Maud has to go home."

"But how wonderful, darling!" said Louis, ignoring me. "Is that really true—that you are not rich?"

"Quite true, Louis," she said, turning to pitiful jelly. "But then, I never said that I was rich—did I?"

"Will you marry me, darling?"

"I'll have to think about it, Louis. You see ——"

"Why think about it?" I butted in. "You were obviously made for each other."

"What do you know about it?" snapped Maud.

Now came the punch line. "I know more than you think, my girl," I told her. "You're a phony millionairess and he's a phony count."

Somebody had to tell her. Maurice Balitrand had only just told me.

"Is it true, darling?" asked Maud. "That you're a phony count?"

He nodded unhappily. "I'm afraid so, darling. You see ——"

"Then, of course, I'll marry you," said Maud, slipping into his arms. "It was only the idea of being a real countess that made me hesitate."

"But now, my angel, you will only be a phony countess. You do not mind?"

"I think it will be fun, Louis. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Hey, there, just a minute!" I called as Louis was cranking the car. "What am I going to tell Julius Weyerhauser?"

It was Louis who suggested something to say, but, unfortunately, Weyerhauser doesn't speak French.

Her Only Son (Continued from Page 30)

five-thirty, and he ought to lie down, keep his mind on his business. A quarter mile's a rough race, and he should be thinking how he's going to ——Peggy who?"

"Peggy Hofmeyr. She was on the Student Council with him this year."

"Oh, that one." He grinned. "Pretty good taste, at that. She's not bad."

"Oh, she's all right. A little vulgar, but she does have nice legs."

He jumped up and kissed her. "Not as good as yours," he said, but as he drew away from her his eyes changed focus. "What's all the mascara for?"

"Oh, no reason. I just put it on."

"The last time I saw you with mascara was when we went in town for the opera last winter. That's a new dress too."

"I told you I was getting some new cottons."

Joe Halsted was an intelligent man. He loved his wife and he knew her very well. He said, "Dorothy, cut this out."

She moved over to the ivy that separated the living from the dining room. On an ebony stand just in front of the ivy stood a head of a little boy, life-size, done in clay. She had made it when Dick was three years old. She was still modeling and carving then. Every time she drew near it she drew her thumb down on its cheek as if the clay were still moist. "Oh, I've read all the books."

"And you know what that psychiatrist told you at the Wilkins' party."

"I know. I know. I've got an only son, and, to hear them tell it, he's walking a tight wire, the most dangerous period of his life, adolescence. I mustn't flutter. I mustn't overprotect. I must sit by, smiling, and let him lead his own little life."

"He doesn't think it's little."

"Oh, but it is, Joe. He isn't sixteen yet."

"He will be in two weeks."

"Yes, but what did you know at sixteen? No, don't tell me. You drove a truck in a gravel pit, summers, when you were sixteen."

"For ten dollars a week. That was 1932 and I kicked half of it into the family kitty. And my mother never said anything to me but 'Thanks.'"

"You're different," she said, stroking the little boy's clay cheek.

"I wasn't any different then. I was six feet tall, just like Dick. I was shy. I didn't know what to say to people. When I entered rooms, things sneaked up on me, especially little chairs and side tables, and I bumped into them. But I didn't have anybody watching me like a hawk to see if I was scared, either."

She turned and faced him. "I know I'm wrong, Joe. Let's have that perfectly clear. I couldn't be wronger. I know he's growing up, up and away, but—I can't help it—he's still a little kid to me." She nearly said, "He's still my little boy," but those words were loaded, and she knew she would cry if she said them. "All I want is this summer. This is the last summer he'll be home. You know what he said the other day? He made me just sick. He started talking about the Navy. The Navy will take them at seventeen. Just think, they can enlist when they're seventeen years old."

"Sure."

"But that'll only be next year."

"Look, Dorothy, you've got a son that's nearly grown. You've got some catching-up to do. You think you're still the mother of a darling little boy."

Her own private words, openly tossed back at her, however unwittingly, made her angry; not at her husband exactly, but rather at the truth they revealed. "I know. I know. Is one more summer too much, though?"

He shrugged elaborately. "It's silly, kid, and you know it. The boy's got his own life to make. Are you going to stop the clock with a little tube of mascara?"

"Why, that Peggy Hofmeyr's the worst little snip I ever saw. You wait; she'll come flouncing in here with her shorts up around her fanny, and we'll be lucky if she even says, 'Hi.'"

"So?"

"Well, I could wear shorts myself. Lord knows, it's hot enough."

"So?"

"Well, I'd like to have Dick realize that his mother's at least a lady. I don't have to ——"

"Dorothy," her husband said in a tired voice, "you're not telling the truth."

She knew she wasn't. She blushed. "Oh, go on, Joe."

"Would you like me to tell you what you're doing? You've got yourself all decked out like Mrs. Astor's plush horse because you're trying to compete with a fifteen-year-old girl for the attention of your own son. Oh, now, I know the routine: you bore him; you fed him; you changed his diapers. You sat up nights with him when he had polio, and I know how many, because I sat up too. What do you want? You want him hanging around here when he's thirty years old? You want him bringing your breakfast up on a tray, your darling bachelor son?"

She sank down in a chair opposite him. "You don't have to throw it at me quite so hard, Joe. I know what all the dangers are psychologically, but ——"

"But you don't believe them."

"Oh, I believe them, I guess, but ——" She looked back at him and said with desperate earnestness, "Just this last summer. Can't I have that?"

"And then one last fall, one winter, and forever if you can swing it. Stop it, Dorothy."

She looked down, turning her wedding ring around and around. "I don't know." She sighed and stood up. "I'll go take off the mascara," she said, knowing that if she didn't get out of there, her tears would wash it off all down her face.

While she was gone, her son came in with his guest. He was over six feet tall, with a big chest, a narrow waist, and if it wasn't the "single handsomest young face I ever saw," as his mother said, it was tanned and pleasant beneath his crew-cut. The girl was in her first blossoming, *as pretty as any flower you would care to name*, Joe Halsted thought as he looked her candidly up and down with an older generation's privilege. Her shorts

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 54

1. Md.	2. N. M.	3. Mich.
4. S. D.	5. Ala.	6. Fla.
7. Del.	8. Kan.	9. N. Y.
10. Minn.	11. Va.	12. Calif.

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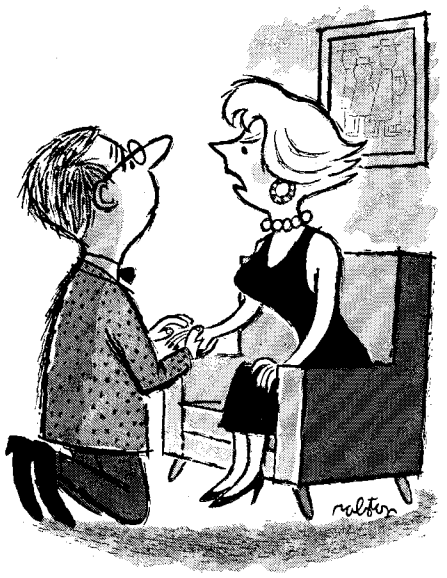

"What's with this climbing the highest mountain-
Can't we just go out for dinner?"

EAT OUT
For Variety in '57
ENJOY
HEINZ
57
Varieties

National Restaurant Association
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were too short. She did say, "Hi," however; but, without asking anyone, she switched on the hi-fi, loud. A guitar-bound thumping thundered through the house and the newcomers began, like a mating dance of two big birds, solemnly to hump themselves over and straighten up, stepping nimbly around with serious ritual smiles on their faces.

Dorothy Halsted felt fury swelling in her throat away off in the kitchen, where she had gone to look at the roast. As she came into the living room, she shouted, "Dick!" above the boom of the music. He came over to her at once while the girl kept bobbing, jumping and snapping her fingers alone. "Turn that thing down!"

"Soon's this record's over, mom," he called, and slipped back into the ridiculous posturing without missing a beat. The Hofmeyr girl never looked her way.

And as she watched, as angry as she had ever been in her life, the wretched little snip of a girl bumped into the ebony stand where Dick's lovely baby face had smiled all these years. It tipped, slid and fell with a crash into a scattered heap of broken shards. The dance stopped then. Dorothy Halsted stood rigid with horror.

For a moment, nobody said anything. They were all as still as if they had been caught playing Red Light and the music kept up its insane racket. Nobody could say anything until Joe Halsted got up and tidily shut it off.

The girl was on her knees, picking up the fragments. In the abrupt silence she looked up contritely at Dorothy Halsted and said, "Gee, I'm sorry, Mrs. Halsted."

By then, Dorothy was on her own knees, snatching up the fragments as if it were a vicious contest. She said in a tense, low, polite voice, "Couldn't you go home now, Peggy?"

With a frightened awe, the crouching girl handed her the pieces, jumped up and ran out. The boy followed her. In ten seconds, Joe Halsted heard her convertible lance away with a squeak of tires.

This was serious. He knew all about the clay head. He had been flying that last tough year in the Pacific and every letter brought a stroke-by-stroke account of little Dick's head growing on the armature. Dorothy had won every prize they had for sculpture in college, and he was glad she had both Dick and the sculpture, because together they would keep her from just waiting for the casualty lists. There had been a lot in that head besides the clay she had worked so lovingly. It was serious all right, and he knew he didn't know how to cope with the seriousness, but, oddly and secretly, he was glad it got broken. He didn't know why.

Dorothy was sitting on her heels, vainly trying to piece the fragments together into something that looked like a head. Dick came back from watching the convertible disappear down the road.

He stood over his mother and said, "I'm awfully sorry, mom."

She looked up and said, "Why, it wasn't your fault, son." Her smile was terribly tender.

"Peggy's sorry, too," he said miserably.

She gave him the smile again and stood up with the pieces stacked in her hands. "I guess there's nothing to do with this but throw it away," she said musingly, and went out. Joe Halsted heard the pieces go "clunk!" in the wastebasket.

It didn't cover the situation at all, but the kid had to swim a race that evening, so the father winked at his son and said, "Don't worry about it, boy."

The boy just looked at him.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Believe me, son, if running away ever solved anything, I'd pack a bag and go with you!"

REZNOR GAS UNIT HEATERS
Your best heating investment!

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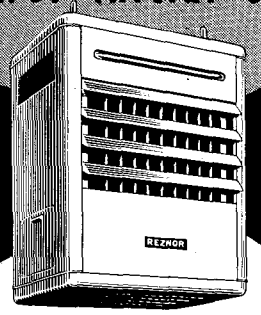

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Shaped to work like a doctor's atomizer

Now—when a cold-stuffed nose makes you miserable—you can enjoy more effective relief with new Vicks Medi-Mist.

Just two squeezes up each nostril. Almost instantly, you feel the swelling go down, feel the air coming through. Your nose opens, your head clears—you *breathe* with relief!

You get such fast effective relief because Medi-Mist contains Cetamium, a remarkable penetrating ingredient that spreads soothing medications deeper. Medi-Mist opens up your nose, kills germs, relieves allergic distress, sneezing.

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From the kitchen, Dorothy called cheerily, "You can come to dinner now."

Dinner was pretty bad. It was as if there had been a death in the house. They all sat with their heads bent over their plates and there was no sound but the little clinks and scrapings that knives and forks make. When the boy had put away three slices of roast beef and two baked potatoes, he stood up.

"Excuse me, please," he said. "I'm going to lie down now."

"I'll wake you at a quarter to eight," Dorothy said.

"O.K., thanks, mom," he said, and went to his bedroom.

"You think he's going to sleep?" Joe asked his wife innocently.

She tried her bright family manner. "He always does before a race." But her husband kept looking at her. "Oh, Joe, I'm miserable about this—just miserable," she said.

"Just what is it you're miserable about?"

"Why, you saw what happened."

"Two things happened. Dick's head got broken. You sent Peggy home. Which one bothers you?"

"Well, it's certainly not that Peggy. Why, she'd marry him if she got a chance right now."

"Uh-huh, but she's what's been bothering Dick during dinner. He doesn't give one damn about that clay portrait of himself."

"Joe!" she said, genuinely shocked.

"He doesn't, Dorothy, honestly. Did you ever see a boy who liked to have his mother show his baby pictures around? Dick has had his baby picture sitting right smack in the living room ever since he can remember, and every time we have anyone new in the house, they look at Dick and then at the head and go 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' and Dick sneaks out as quick as he can. Think. You must have noticed it. I'm not talking about your talent. I'm talking about Dick."

"Oh, I haven't any talent any more," Dorothy said. Talent was something far back in her youth. Talent rusted if you didn't use it, and the feel of clay in her hands had been replaced long since by the curve of vacuum-cleaner handles, the brittle edges of plates to wash and the thin tugging of sheets. Domesticity had worn it all away. And abruptly she had the vision she had so cleverly not faced: Who was she, really? She had buried herself, the actual private person, under the labels "wife" and "mother." Her youthful love for her husband that had flowered into marriage under the stern, romantic aura of war had settled, except for brief little flashes, into a comfortable trusting, a secure calm, a mutual admiration. And her husband, without at all being aware of the betrayal, was telling her that her motherhood was finished. Her son was grown or flown—gone anyway. And if this was true, who was she then? What was left? Bleak years stretched ahead with an unidentified woman stumbling through them.

"Don't shift ground on me, kid. Talk about Dick," he said.

"I'm not trying to shift ground at all. I was just wondering who I am."

"You're my wife," he said so promptly that she could not help feeling complimented.

"Yes, but I've sort of learned how to do that now, haven't I—be your wife?"

"You're Dick's mother."

"But you're telling me I'm almost not, any more. He's growing up."

As in most marriages, this was the participants' first time over the course. No matter how much they had watched or listened to other people's, their own problems struck them with a saturnine freshness, as if the gods had dreamed them up for the first time since creation. Joe Halsted was shocked by surprise. He was a faithful, hard-working man and he was appalled to realize that he had been committing, daily and lightheartedly, the greatest of marital crimes—that of taking his wife for granted. He understood suddenly how respectable married women he knew had taken lovers. He understood a lot of things very quickly, but none of them seemed to offer him anything to say as a remedy. It was not a situation that could be corrected by a sable scarf, and because he was wholly at a loss, he ducked back into the earlier problem.

"Of course," he said. "You'll always be his mother, but you can't control him much longer. Neither can I."

She, too, was glad to hurry away from the bleakness she had just seen, and she said, "All I want is this one summer."

"Why? Why this one?"

"Oh, I'd like to show him how to pick his girl friends, I guess."

"He'll like that. That's what every boy wants—his mother to pick his girl friends. That's one thing a guy has to do all by himself, Dorothy."

She stood up. "I'm going in and see him."

"Oh, let him alone."

"No, I'm going." She walked through the house to his bedroom. In the growing dusk he was lying on his bed with his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling.

"Hi," Dick said.

"How do you feel?"

"O.K., mom."

"I thought you'd be asleep."

"This is the state championship. I'm swimming my race."

"In your head? You'd do better to try and rest, wouldn't you?"

"Unh-unh. I'm going to flip all my turns, every damn one."

As a concession to the occasion she allowed him the "damn" without rebuke, and said, "It's after seven-thirty. You can get ready any time."

"O.K., thanks, mom."

She went back into the living room.

"He asleep?" Joe said.

"No. He's swimming his race, he said."

"Sure. This is the state junior championship."

"I was afraid he might still be worrying—oh, about that Peggy business."

"At dinner, yes, but not now. He wouldn't worry about any girl at a time like this."

She looked at her husband thoughtfully a moment, and then said, "That's what you've always got, you males, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"The career."

Joe was grateful that his son came in just then. He was wearing a dark-blue sweat suit, a towel tucked around his neck, and his feet were in wool socks and wooden clogs.

"All set?" his father asked.

"Let's go."

In the car on the way to the pool, in deference to the boy's excitement, they let him do the talking, and it wasn't much. He sat between them with his hands in his lap, flexing them. Once he said, "Jack Fletcher's going to be there tonight."

"He is?" Joe said.

"Head timekeeper," and as if there were some connection, he said, "I'm going to flip all my turns."

"If you can, you'll win it," Joe said.

"That's what I figure," the boy said, and that was all he said until they reached the pool.

When they got out in the car park, with what she thought great tact, Dorothy kissed her son in the half privacy beside the car. Joe shook hands and patted him on the back, and they both wished him luck. He responded, yawning with nervousness. Then he went off alone to sit with the other swimmers until his race was called. Dorothy could never understand why he couldn't sit with her at meets until he was ready to swim, but he had looked shocked, three years before, when she had suggested it.

As soon as she and Joe had settled into their seats, she began to feel the customary worry. The floodlights made the heaving water look black and ominous, and the pool seemed to be a sea into which her little boy was to be flung to struggle. She knew it was silly, but she always felt it every time. She saw him sitting beside the pool in a row of swimmers. He was not really little at all, of course. It was just that he was so young. And all this screaming hullabaloo was a fair sample of the world he was going into so innocently, perhaps to drown. *I'm an idiot*, she said to herself to stifle her feelings, and she turned to Joe and asked, "Who's this Jack Fletcher?"

"Coach at the university. Pretty big guy in swimming. He was Olympic coach last time."

"What does it mean to 'flip' his turns? Is that where he does the somersault just before he gets to the end of the pool?"

"Yes. It's faster, but it takes a lot out of you. He's never tried to flip them all before."

"So he's going to flip his turns to look good in front of this Fletcher."

"To win the race. Then he'll look good."

Her eyes went back to her son again, and she felt apologetic that she had had to ask about these things that were so important to him. She should have gone to the pool every day to watch him work out, but it was so dull to watch that she had neglected it.

Suddenly she saw Peggy Hofmeyr, still in her shorts, sitting behind him in the next row. The boy didn't seem to know she was there. They were both intent on the first race, a fifty-yard sprint, and they stood up with the crowd to see the finish. Then they sat down again, still apparently oblivious of each other. Watching them, Dorothy Halsted thought, *Maybe he doesn't even know she's there*, and then, immediately, *Oh, how trivial. I can't hate her as much as I think I do. After all, she's just a kid, as Joe says.* But childish, immature as it was, she knew she did hate her. The girl was a thief. It was she who, if she wasn't stopped, would steal the last summer of all.

The races went on below them. Dorothy watched them perfunctorily, warily keeping her eye on the enemy. Once she gasped and nearly clutched her husband's arm. She had (*Continued on Page 60*)

The Perfect Squelch

The special newsmen's plane, crammed with notables of the press, radio and television, was returning from an assignment. A young radio commentator with a brash, strident voice seized the opportunity to revel in his own importance. He boasted to the veteran newswriters and cameramen of his "vast audience" and, above all, of how quickly he could put across his news.

"Now you fellows couldn't do this, but I can ——" he began time and again, following with some glowing account of his fast exclusive broadcasts.

When the plane alighted, he invited several newspaper reporters to "come along to my station and I'll treat you to a new experience—I can run you through our latest broadcasting setup."

"Thanks," one of the reporters said crisply. "Come along to our newspaper office and we'll gladly give you a new experience—we can run you through our press."

Lester B. Colby

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Harold O'Sullivan attempted to walk
a tightrope across Niagara Falls,
balancing a pack of Five Flavor Life Savers
on his nose.

Unfortunately, soon after he started out,
Mr. O'Sullivan lost his nerve.
He retreated to the Niagara side
—and ate the Life Savers.*

*Harold is now living in Biloxi, Mississippi.

The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 58*) been looking at some back-stroke race, and, as if her head were on a swivel, she looked back toward the boy again. He had stopped using his towel as a scarf and had laid it across his knees, and the girl was massaging the back of his neck and his shoulder muscles. They were both watching the race, and the girl was doing it as casually, as familiarly as she herself would have rubbed Joe's. It suggested a hideous intimacy. How far had they gone? How serious were they?

Just then the loud-speaker started to bray: "Quarter-mile race for junior men! This is the state championship! Seventeen and three-quarters lengths of the pool! The present record is five minutes, sixteen seconds, held by Rodney Williamson, Saxon High School! First call!"

She saw Dick jump up and peel off his sweat suit. He did not look up at her. He went to the end of the pool and dived in to warm up. She really knew very little about swimming, but through the warm-up, the start and the race, she kept him in her eye like a light, tense, excited, praying for him to win, hardly hearing Joe's shouts. She did notice that he flipped his turns expertly, and when she saw him win by five yards, she slumped against her husband for a second and then began to cheer. The boy looked exhausted. He hung over the end of the pool with his head in the slop trough, panting. She started to go to him, but her husband caught her arm.

"Wait, Dorothy." He was very serious.

"But he looks sick."

"He's just bushed, that's all. The next few minutes are his. Let him have them."

She sat down reluctantly and they watched. One by one, the boys he had beaten swam over to him, clapped him on the back and shook hands. When he had got his breath and heaved himself out of the pool, other people, perfect strangers, pounded him on the back and shook hands.

The loud-speaker ground out: "Your attention, please! The winner of the state quarter-mile junior championship, Richard Halsted! Time, five minutes and twelve seconds! This is a new record! I repeat, this is a new record!"

Peggy Hofmeyr threw her arms around his neck and kissed him right there in front of everyone. Then a tanned, white-haired man in white ducks handed his stop watch to another man and went over to Dick. He pumped Dick's hand up and down and slapped him on the back for twenty seconds. Then he took Dick's arm, drew him aside and talked very earnestly to him. All at once the boy gave a whoop and jumped straight up into the air like an Indian. He and the white-haired man started coming up the steps toward them, and Dorothy watched them with dread.

Dick's eyes were bright and he was grinning as hard as he could. "Hey, dad, I'm going to camp!"

"What do you mean? What camp?"

"Mom, this is Coach Fletcher. . . . Coach, this is my dad. . . . Why, he's just asked me ——"

Then the coach took over. "You've got a wonderful boy there, Mrs. Halsted;

Nowadays the children's hour comes when father finally trades in the old family bus for a new convertible.

MONT HURST

---

wonderful! Got guts! Yes-sirree, all the guts in the world! A kid fifteen can't flip all the turns in a quarter-mile race without 'em. And this new record! You must be mighty proud of him. You should be. You've got every right to be."

"Oh, I am, terribly proud, but what's this about ——"

"A boy can't put on a performance like this, Mrs. Halsted, unless you've given him the right food, the right care, the right attitude of mind. Why, he tells me he had polio once."

"Yes. When he was nine. We started him swimming to ——"

"Imagine that! Just imagine! A wonderful thing! Swimming is the best thing in the world for him, and you were very wise to see it, Mrs. Halsted."

"Thank you, but what's this Dick was saying about going to a camp, Mr. Fletcher?" she said, her hands cold with fear.

"Mrs. Halsted, I think Dick has a very good chance of becoming a national champion." He waited to let this sink in. "I'd like to help him. Now, I have a summer camp for boys and girls in Northern Ontario on a beautiful lake up in the piney woods. The fee is a thousand dollars for the summer, but it won't cost Dick a cent but his fare up there. He'll be one of my counselors."

"And he'll work with me every day, he says," Dick broke in, his face one big, breathless grin.

"Twice a day, son. You do your mile in the morning, your sprint work in the afternoon. . . . If you, sir, and Mrs. Halsted will give Dick permission to come ——"

As if it were already a settled thing, Joe Halsted said, "When does camp start?"

Dorothy Halsted let the talk drift away from her. She knew she was beaten. She was not going to have the one last summer, after all. How silly, how futile it had been to think the girl was the enemy. Enemies were everywhere, coming at her from all directions, tearing her son away from her. In a nightmare of despair, she felt her eyes filling with tears, but she knew she did not dare use a handkerchief. She sat staring and winking at the dark trees against the darkness beyond the swimming pool, feeling old.

Snatches of male talk reached her: ". . . and if you're willing to get right down on it, we can take twenty seconds off your quarter-mile time this summer," the coach was saying.

"Wow, man!" she heard Dick say, and she looked toward him.

They were already a group, shutting her out. Her husband said, "Think you can do that, boy?"

The end of something never comes up with a sign on it. We are not necessarily exploded into the future. Something trivial—a tap, a door squeak or a word—will nullify the past just as well, and it was one word that gave Dorothy Halsted the utter, final conviction that she had lost her son. The word was "Certainly," and the boy said it in answer to his father, and he said it confidently. To her, it was chillingly new because what he would ordinarily have said was, "I think I can." When he was a little boy sitting on her lap, she had read him the story of The Little Engine That Could and before he learned to read, he could point on the page to the words "I think I can—I think I can" that the little engine said as it puffed up the hill. As he grew he had used the sentence habitually, unconsciously, whenever there was occasion for it. He had said it only three days before. But now he said "Certainly," and he said it like a man. As a mother, she was through and she knew it.

She looked at his strong, intent young face, and suddenly it was all right. He had won his race. She had been a fool and she had known it all along, only she could not feel it. Now she felt it. The girl was not an enemy, the coach was not an enemy. They were simply characters in Dick's life, and it was a life she could barely guide and only partly share from now on, but, the useless struggle over, she felt an abrupt, tremendous pride.

"I think this is a wonderful chance for you, Dick," she said, cutting into the men's talk.

"I'll give you my medal when I win the nationals," he said, winking at her.

Three days later, after Dick had gone to camp, Joe Halsted went down to the cabinet in the recreation room where he kept his modest cellar to get a bottle of sherry, so he and Dorothy could have a drink before dinner. Near one of the north windows where it would get the best light stood a small high table it took him a second or two to recognize. On the table was a lump of something covered with a damp rag. Joe Halsted got the sherry, went upstairs and said nothing. When he went down four days later to get another bottle of sherry, the table, the lump of whatever it was, and the rag were still there. He touched the rag. It was freshly dampened.

The next night Dorothy met him at the door when he came home. Her eyes were bright; her cheeks were flushed. She was tense and excited the way people are who have a secret to tell. "Come on downstairs, Joe. There's something I want to show you."

They went downstairs together. On the small high table stood a new clay head. It was Dick, a remarkable likeness, except that he looked a little more mature, as if he were already nineteen or twenty.

"How is it, Joe? What do you think? It's been such a long time."

He didn't answer at first. He walked all around it, studying it front, back and sides. At last he said, "It's good—as good as you ever did. You've made a man out of him."

She said, "No, I haven't. But things will if I just let him alone."

So I Went to Jump School (Continued from Page 25)

had enrolled in the airborne course too—at age thirty-five. He kindly offered to drive me to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in his car, leaving the Pentagon on the afternoon of May 12, 1955. We were welcomed hospitably at the XVIII Airborne Corps Headquarters, and told to report to 82d Airborne Division headquarters at 0800 the following day for a briefing.

The next morning we met our classmates, 500 eighteen-year-old trainees, bursting with muscles and good health. They wore fatigue uniforms, steel helmets and packs with horseshoe rolls. Nipping at their flanks were other men wearing dark blue caps. The capped ones occasionally singled out one of my classmates with a curt command, whereupon he jumped out of formation and started doing push-ups, still wearing pack and steel helmet. I began to feel a little self-conscious in my gabardines. *Surely they'll consider my age and take it easy on the push-ups.*

Captain Traupane, in charge of basic airborne training, grabbed a microphone and welcomed the class to the "upper area." He informed us that in moving about the upper area we would "move like gazelles." This, I assumed, meant that we would double-time everywhere we went. I was right.

Traupane went on to tell us about the culmination of our training—jump week. "On your first jump from an aircraft you will wear only your main 'chute on your back and your reserve on your chest. You'll come down Hollywood style, not a care in the world, smoking a cigarette in a long holder—the jump will be from twelve hundred feet. But on the next four jumps I'll load everything but the kitchen sink on you, and we'll jump from a thousand feet."

At the end of his orientation briefing, Traupane told the class how to line up for numbering. We were to spring to our feet and "move like gazelles." The senior officers (Rex and I) were to go first, and we were to holler, "Airborne! Airborne! Airborne!" as we ran. On Traupane's command, we took off. But shouting "Airborne!" made Rex and me feel a little silly, so we didn't holler loud enough.

Traupane asked our classmates, "Was that good enough?" and they let us down.

"No!"

"Well, what should they do?"

"Push-ups."

"How many?"

"Twenty."

"O.K.," Traupane directed. "Everyone count them out loud."

Our first twenty push-ups were done to the accompaniment of 500 eager voices exultantly counting, "One . . . two . . . three. . . ." After this indoctrination, we were assigned to a platoon under Sergeant Todd and took off "like gazelles" for the post theater, to be addressed by the division commander, Maj. Gen. Francis W. Farrell. Rex and I settled gratefully into our seats and crossed our legs. Our error was soon pointed out by a horrified lieutenant, and we took the parachutist's seated position, knees and feet tight together and hands on knees.

General Farrell made a brief talk in which he pointed out that a parachutist needs know-how, physical hardness and courage. The school could give us the first two, and the courage was up to us.

So much for indoctrination. After inspection the next morning, we stripped to the waist and double-timed to the calisthenics area. This turned out to be more strenuous than Rex and I had counted on. Since we'd never seen the exercises before, we made a few false moves. Every mistake cost us ten push-ups, and by the time the period was over I figured I'd given the Government fifty push-ups free of charge.

Immediately after calisthenics we started a scenic tour of the 82d Division area, double-timing all the way. My jump boots felt like flatirons. We ran seven minutes under a broiling May sun and then came down to a walk for what seemed like fifteen seconds. Then we picked up our "gazelle-like" motion again, and this time we chanted and sang—loud! One number was the Airborne Boogie. Others were mildly obscene songs denouncing the marines and the artillery—to which I belong.

This opened the curtain on a week during which we jumped out of a mock airplane on (*Continued on Page 62*)

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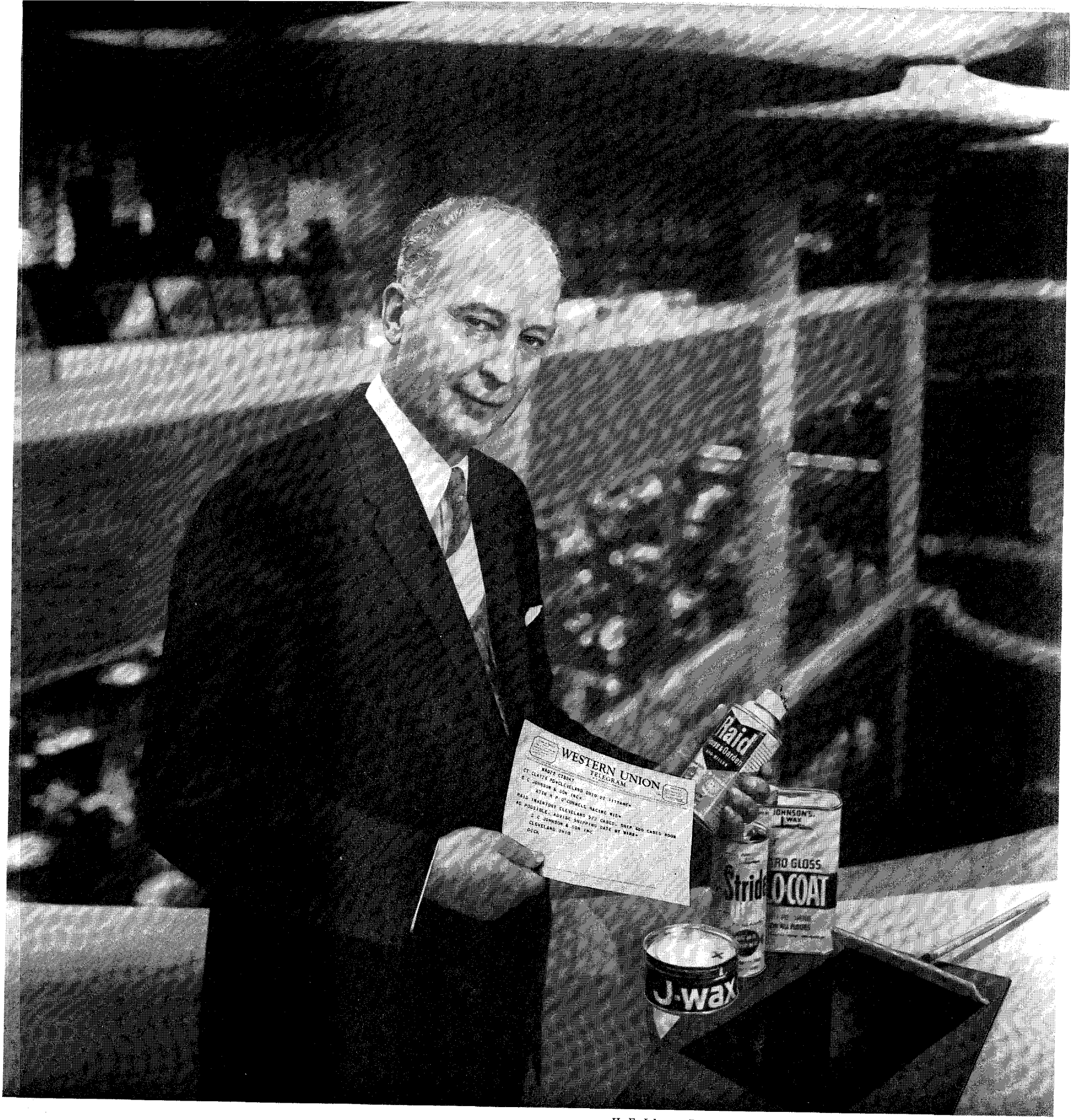

H. F. Johnson, President, S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., as photographed by Sarra

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(*Continued from Page 60*) the ground, did parachute-landing falls off a four-foot platform and jumped out of the thirty-four-foot tower. The biggest hazing formation was the "mock door." We wore parachutes for this entire period, during which we entered a mock airplane, hooked our static lines, and learned to make vigorous "exits" up and out of the mock door into a tanbark pit. Once I banged my helmet on the top of the door and nearly broke my neck. This is known as learning by doing.

We jumped out of the thirty-four-foot tower on Wednesday after lunch. The advance propaganda said that here was where they weeded out the class. Sergeant Brown, in charge of tower training, lined us up under the tower while we watched one of the crack instructors jump.

The instructor's parachute harness was attached to a sling suspended from a trolley which ran along a sloping cable, and when he jumped he fell about sixteen feet before the sling caught him. Then his sling rolled him rapidly along the cable until he reached a mound seventy-five yards away, where a couple of his fellow instructors unhooked him.

As I was being hooked onto the sling, I looked down and saw the ground at least 500 feet below me. Sergeant Pastula slapped my thigh. I was off balance and flew out with feet apart, knees bent and head up, holding my reserve 'chute like a box of laundry and shrilling, "One thousand . . . two thousand!" in a squeaky soprano. When the sling snapped me up short, I got my knees together, reached up on the risers and swung lazily back and forth. Classmates who unsnapped me asked how it was, and I lied manfully, "Great! Real sensation!"

One after another, we all came out of the tower, except for a few who couldn't bring themselves to jump. They left the division and Fort Bragg that night.

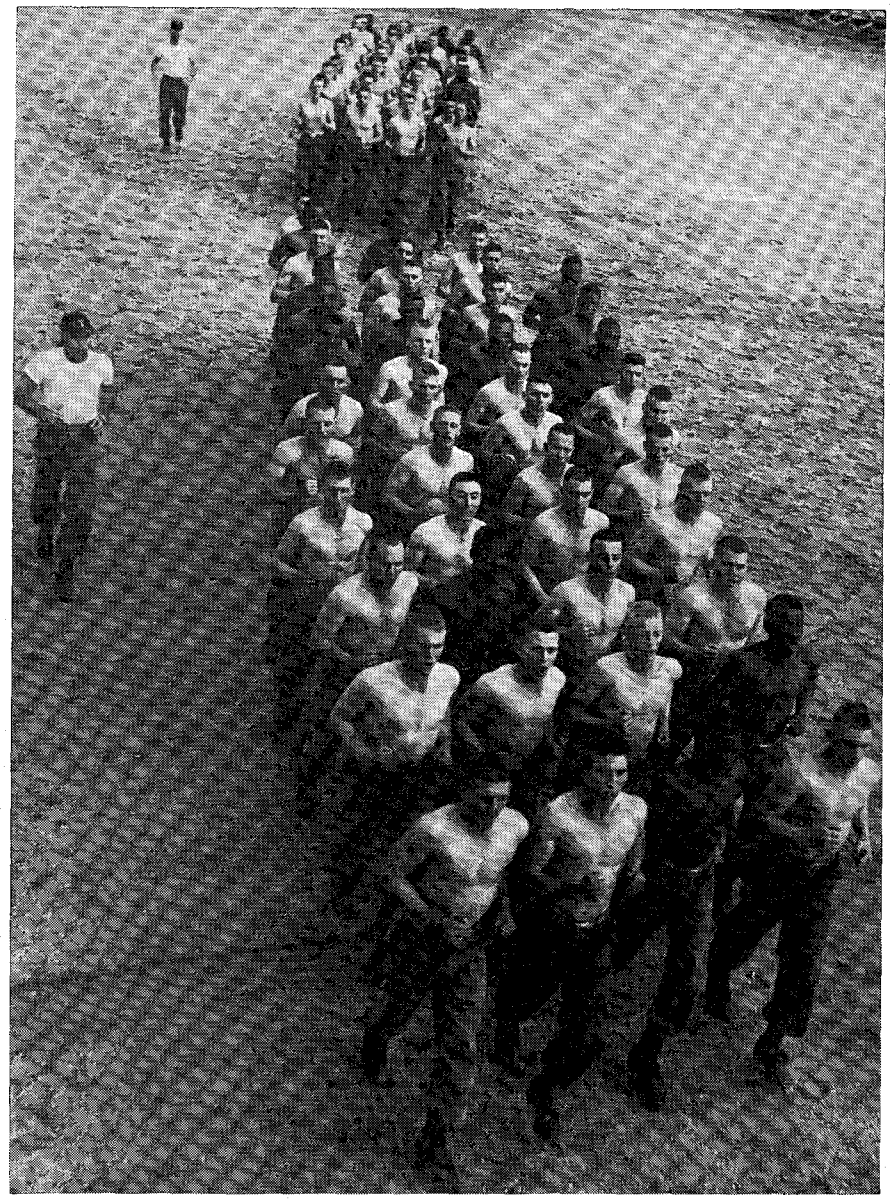
The second week began with lessons in "recovery from drag." This exercise is something like having a horse drag you at a good brisk trot, except that a parachute can't kick you in the head. To propel us, the school rigged up two huge fans, each designed to throw out a fifteen-knot wind.

First we were given a demonstration. "When your parachute starts to drag you, roll over on your back and then decide whether you want to get up to the right or to the left. If you want to get up to the right, reach both hands as far up on the right riser as you can. Pull your hands violently down into your chest and simultaneously throw your legs and feet over your right shoulder, pulling yourself up onto your feet. Then sprint to one side, circling around behind your 'chute and collapsing it."

I tried this business, and "simultaneously" fell on my knees, elbows, shoulders and part of my face, and ripped my fatigues in three places.

At the end of the second week we were ready for our first jump. Our platoon was to jump as the first "stick," and Pastula and Sergeant Gelber were our jumpmasters. We did some practice jumps into a tanbark pit and were given a quick briefing. We would jump on Drop Zone Normandy—all the drop zones were named for combat jumps which the 82nd had made. The jump would be from 1200 feet, and the wind was steady at four knots. We helped each other into 'chutes. The leg straps were pulled so tight that we couldn't stand quite erect.

A C-119 taxied up to the ready line and we walked out to it in single file. From remarks made as we were getting in, I gathered that more than half of my fellow jumpers had never been in an airplane before. After we were all seated, General Farrell entered and sat by the rear door.



"Move like gazelles!" Would-be paratroopers chant "Airborne! Airborne!" while they double-time everywhere at the Fort Bragg jump school.

Within minutes we were rolling down the runway.

At 1200 feet, the plane leveled off and we released our safety belts. Many of my classmates fell sound asleep, and many more were yawning. I learned later that this is a nervous reaction.

Pastula and Gelber woke them periodically with shouts: "Anybody scared?"

"No, sergeant!"

"Everybody happy?"

"Yes, sergeant!"

"Are you gonna jump?"

"Yes, sergeant!"

"What are you?"

"Straight-legs."

"What are you gonna be Thursday?"

"Airborne, sergeant!"

The red light went on by the door, and General Farrell got up to jump. He was to drop as "wind dummy," which meant that if he jumped when the pilot turned on the green light, he should land on a cloth-panel T at one end of the drop zone. The T was marked by smoke to indicate wind direction. The wind dummies jump first to see if the pilot's navigation is accurate. Then the pilot makes another pass and drops the whole load.

General Farrell left the plane so fast and so quietly that there was nothing dramatic about it.

We circled around, and while we were flying back for the next pass, Pastula asked me if I'd like to come stand in the doorway and look at the lovely North Carolina scenery. As I stood up I thought, *This is a rather unusual thing to be doing, Dibble. How did you get yourself into this box?*

I stood in the door, hoping that the flapping of my knees wasn't noticeable. Then the red light went on. I stomped nervously into the doorway, and before I could see the green light I felt a sharp smack on my thigh and heard Pastula yell, "Go!"

I went as far up and out as my legs would carry me into the damnedest noise and rush of air that I've ever experienced. Jumping through the prop blast has been described as being something like jumping through a strong screen door. Then there was complete silence. Not a sound. My parachute was wide open. The suspension lines and risers were twisted, and I was spinning as they unwound. This was pleasant, for about fifteen seconds; then I had to start worrying about how I was going to land.

We'd been told to keep our eyes on the horizon, feet and knees together, and relax. I did all this just in time to feel myself hit the ground. General Farrell walked over to congratulate me on being in one piece, and after he went off to talk to the rest of the jumpers, I loaded my kit bag on my shoulder and started for the point where I'd seen the trucks which were to take us back to Fort Bragg. Lugging fifty pounds of parachute across 1000 yards of hot sand can make you pant, if you run, and we did. Otherwise the first jump wasn't bad.

That afternoon, each of us carried a horseshoe pack roll and a weapons container. This made us feel twice as heavy. We got off the ground at four o'clock. Nine minutes later we were out the door. I swung back and forth under the 'chute, and hit the ground with a tooth-rattling crash. It took me a few seconds to collect myself and start to my feet—too late. Caught by the wind, my open 'chute started pulling me across the drop zone, gaining speed every second. I reached up on my right riser, pulled it into my chest and tried to throw my feet over my right shoulder. No dice. I tried to collapse the 'chute by pulling in the suspension lines, but a gust snapped the lines out of my hands and entwined the risers around my neck. I managed to roll on my back and untwist the risers, but I had given up hope of getting up until Rios, another jumper, collapsed my 'chute for me. During the jog back to the truck park, I spat dirt out of my mouth every time I breathed. Dripping sweat from every pore, I understood now the difference between a "Hollywood" jump and a working jump.

Our third and fourth jumps on Wednesday were uneventful, except that I got a hole in my parachute on the third jump, and, as I have said, Willis' main 'chute had failed on one of his jumps. It was the first complete parachute failure we had seen, and it impressed us. Would we have reacted as quickly as Willis did? Maybe we'd find out.

There was a slight breeze at seven o'clock on Thursday morning. We knew the last qualifying jump had to be good. Our concentration was intense, and as our C-119 rose off the field the chatter started with a new tone.

"What's this?"

"Our last jump, sergeant."

"What are you?"

"Airborne!"

"The hell you are. You're still a bunch of 'legs', even if you are already starting to tell jump stories."

We went around the drop zone twice and I stepped into the door with confidence—except that nobody had told my knees. I stomped my feet, but the knees still shook. I was glad to get out. I could see the smoke blowing across the T and could tell that the wind was up—worse than the second jump. I came into a rear landing—hard! Then my legs flew over my left shoulder, I dug in my heels and the 'chute pulled me right onto my feet.

By the time I reached the truck park I felt nine feet tall. I had an idiotic urge to go up and jump again. I went to visit a friend on the post that night, smoked my first cigarette in six months, and nearly got sick on it.

Next day I shined my boots five times for the graduation parade. Rex and I bought new "go-to-hell" caps with big round parachute devices on them. We laid carefully starched khakis on our beds, shined our brass, went for a swim and had lunch. Stiffly creased, we reached the flagpole in front of division headquarters at one o'clock. The mothers, fathers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of our classmates were taking chairs on a terrace facing the flagpole.

At one-thirty, ruffles and flourishes were sounded. I presented the class to General Farrell, and he and his staff pinned silver parachute wings on our chests. Then General Farrell addressed us, the band struck up the division march and we passed in review. After I had passed the reviewing stand, I pulled in to the right of the reviewing party and watched the class go by.

Every line was straight; every man was in step. Heads were high, and through my mind ran the pay-off line of a conversation I'd heard the day before, after our graduation jump. We were waiting at the truck park for the tail end of the "stick" to join us, and Pvt. Robert Sanders remarked to Sergeant de Silva, "Now, sergeant, I'm airborne at last. You can't call me a 'leg' any more."

De Silva grunted. "You haven't got back to the post yet. Your truck might crack up, and you'd be dead."

"Well," said Sanders, "that doesn't change a damn thing. Even when I'm dead I'll be a paratrooper." THE END

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The G.O.P. Must Reform (Continued from Page 31)

half of the voters normally consider themselves Democrats, whereas only about a third consider themselves Republicans. The handicap may be somewhat less than this—it could hardly be heavier—but in any case every sensible and experienced Republican leader agrees that the handicap exists. Worse still, most Republicans have now resigned themselves to their party's minority status in almost the same feckless way that Mr. Micawber resigned himself to his status as a chronic bankrupt.

They merely hope that "something will turn up" to save them in the future, as Eisenhower has just saved them. And they pray, naturally, that this something will be a successor to Eisenhower who shares the President's peculiar personal magic.

In the opinion of these reporters, this is nothing more nor less than nonsensical. The Republicans should not need an Eisenhower to save them, any more than the Democrats needed a Roosevelt in 1948. If our politics made just a little more sense, the Republican Party ought now to command a dependable national majority in its own right. In the next four years, with Dwight Eisenhower to help them, the Republicans can again become America's majority party. That is the golden opportunity that now confronts them.

Such is the thesis of this report. It is not intended as the kind of detailed analysis of the election returns which others like Samuel Lubell are better qualified to make. But enough must be said about the returns to show how intensely personal the Eisenhower victory really was. And it is even more needful to sketch the extent of the Republican failure which Eisenhower's personal victory largely masked.

The President himself won by the magnificent majority of more than 9,500,000. This was within shooting distance of Franklin Roosevelt's all-time record twenty years earlier. Eisenhower's party, meanwhile, had already received a severe drubbing in the 1954 voting, when the Republicans lost both House and Senate and no fewer than eight governorships, among them the key governorships of New York and Pennsylvania. But this time, by every rule of American politics, the Republicans ought to have done much better than two years ago. In 1952, with a far smaller national majority, Eisenhower's victory also carried his party to victory, giving the Republicans comfortable control of the House, somewhat more precarious control of the Senate and a gain of five state governorships. More than a century has passed since any American political party elected a President, even by a narrow margin, without also taking control of at least one chamber of Congress as a rock-bottom minimum.

All the long-established precedents were broken, nonetheless, in the 1956 election. Far from rebuilding their majority in the House of Representatives, the Republicans suffered a net loss of two more seats there. Gains and losses of Senate seats balanced exactly, so the Republicans did not achieve a Senate majority either. They also suffered a net loss of one more governorship. Superficially, these setbacks may seem slight. But against the background of the President's own glittering victory, and after the heavy losses of 1954, even these slight setbacks plainly amounted to a humiliating and ominous defeat for the President's party.

As has been remarked already, the thesis of this report is that the Republicans can do and ought to do much better than they have been doing. Their only problem is to recapture the position they formerly occupied, from the first election of Abraham Lincoln to the final defeat of Herbert Hoover. None but the historically minded remember it any longer, but throughout those seventy-two years the Republicans were America's established majority party, while the Democrats were the recognized minority. In this period, to be sure, two Democrats, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, were elected to the Presidency. But they won only because of some special and temporary circumstance, such as the Bull Moose-Taftite split which permitted a decided minority of the total popular vote to send Wilson to the White House in 1913. And during all this long period it was always assumed that any Democratic administration was a mere interlude, after which the Republicans would automatically resume their accustomed task of running the country.

If the Republicans today wish to restore these happy conditions of the past, they cannot do better than study the performance of the man who created the conditions of present-day American politics. They will not enjoy it, to be sure, since the man in question is Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Yet they will learn a very great deal.

In 1933, in brief, Roosevelt looked like another Democratic President who had won the White House because of a special and temporary circumstance. In his case, the special circumstance was, of course, the great depression that gave him his initial majority over Hoover. Once in the White House, however, Roosevelt soon proved to be a national leader capable of winning the support and even the love of countless millions of voters—millions more of the voters, notably, than had sent him to the White House in the first place. In this respect, Roosevelt's performance markedly resembled the later performance of Eisenhower. But Roosevelt also did something that Eisenhower has not yet done. He set out quite consciously and rather craftily to exploit his immense personal popularity for a large and enduring political end, going far beyond the short-range end of his own re-election.

Above all, he used the authority that his popularity conferred on him to remake his party, pretty well from top to bottom. When he took office in 1933, remember, the Democratic Party was no more than a loose alliance between the solid South and the big-city machines in the North. These were the Democratic Party, you might say. Organizationally at least, other Democrats hardly counted at all. But Roosevelt, that great master of the political art, had no intention of allowing his own actions to be limited by the narrow and provincial limitations of the traditional Democracy.

He had to make many pay-offs for pre-convention support in his first Cabinet. It contained several figures like the Virginian Secretary of the Navy, old Claude Swanson, who is chiefly remembered for his classic political maxim: "When the water reaches the upper deck, follow the rats!" Yet even in his first Cabinet, Roosevelt also included a surprisingly high proportion of appointees of a new breed, like the Secretary of Labor, Frances Perkins; the Secretary of the Interior, angry, able Harold Ickes; the Secretary of the Treasury, wispy William Woodin; and the Secretary of Agriculture, the great woolgatherer on all subjects but farm problems, Henry A. Wallace. These people had nothing whatever to do with the South or the old big-city machines. Instead they foreshadowed the Rooseveltian Democratic Party of the future. So did the ready-made, previously tested, New Deal-flavored staff that Roosevelt brought with him into the White House.

Neither the Southerners nor the big-city bosses liked the Rooseveltians in the Cabinet or the New Dealers on the White House staff. They liked it even less when Roosevelt began to unveil the New Deal itself in the long succession of measures sent to Congress in his first term. The more rigidly conservative Southerners, like the two Virginia senators, Carter Glass and Harry Byrd, went into open opposition at a very early date. Among the big-city organizations of the North, Tammany, particularly, was also in a perpetual state of grumbling rebellion all through the Roosevelt years; and this rebellion was expressed in Congress by men like the Tammany senator, Royal Copeland. It is no coincidence, it may be added, that the Roosevelt years also became the LaGuardia years in New York City.

Yet Roosevelt knew his own strength and enjoyed a fight. Hence he paid little attention to the discontent among his party's traditional grandees. At the 1936 Democratic convention, he broke the South's veto power in the party by ramming through a vote against the hoary old Democratic rule requiring two thirds of the delegates to approve a nomination. From first to last, while freezing out the urban bosses who would not change their ways, he also showered lavish favors on those like Big Jim Kelly in Chicago, who were willing to give their organizations the desired New Dealish tinge.

There was a great deal of incidental strife. There were some bad mistakes too. After the incredible electoral sweep of 1936, when the Republican representation in the Senate was reduced to a corporal's guard of seventeen members, Roosevelt briefly succumbed to a delusion of omnipotence. But all the while, despite the strife and the mistakes, Roosevelt was actively building a strong new national coalition, in which the traditional Democratic grandees were progressively swamped. The coalition comprised almost all the working class and poorer urban voters, almost all the Negro voters, a large sector of the farmers and white-collar voters, and, of course, the habitually Democratic voters of the South. Some of the episodes in the construction of this new national coalition are among the most memorable of our political history. But there is no space here to enter into further detail, even about such an extraordinary special operation as the famous Democratic capture of the Negroes effected by Mrs. Roosevelt and James A. Farley.

The point that has to be grasped is plain enough. By all the means described and by other means as well, Roosevelt cemented and strengthened his new coalition. Thus he finally transformed his own enormous following into something far more solid and long lasting. He transformed his personal following into nothing less, in fact, than a brand-new Democratic Party commanding a decisive national majority. For Roosevelt, countless old voters changed their registrations, and new voters registered outside the family party. In this manner Roosevelt broke the older American political pattern, in which the Republicans were the majority party. He set the new pattern that is still with us in which the Democrats remain the majority party despite all the changes in the nation in the intervening years.

The justification for this long excursion lies in a single fact, simple yet grandiose and glowing with promise for every sensible Republican. The fact is that it should now be possible for Dwight D. Eisenhower to turn the same trick for the Republicans that Franklin D. Roosevelt turned for the Democrats in the 1930's. The passage of two decades has at last created every necessary condition for another reversal of our basic political pattern, performed in the same manner as the Rooseveltian reversal, but with the opposite purpose.

On the one hand, the strength of the Democrats continues to rest, in the final analysis, on the same foundations that Roosevelt laid; and these foundations have long been crumbling at many points and in a most obvious manner. In the South, for instance, Eisenhower has made startling inroads. Again, Eisenhower has made still more startling and significant

"This coffee could be a few shades darker."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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inroads in the big cities of the North. Even a year ago, one would as soon have expected to see the Rock of Gibraltar quietly sinking beneath the waves as to see Jersey City giving a majority to a Republican presidential candidate. Yet Jersey City was only one among many cities that went for Eisenhower.

On the other hand, and even more important, these local crumblings of the Democratic structure are mere by-products of a broad national trend. In the thirties, when Roosevelt formed his Democratic coalition, the nation's trend was to the Left. That was why the center of gravity of Roosevelt's reconstructed Democratic Party had to be located a little to the left of the political center of the country as a whole. But even then, it should have been foreseen that the trend Roosevelt was riding was temporary and uncharacteristic. After all, this is a fundamentally conservative country. As early as 1940 there were signs that our conservatism was beginning to reassert itself.

Since the war, furthermore, America's natural conservatism has been powerfully strengthened by a series of novel and massive social, economic and political developments. There is the nationwide movement from city to suburb. There is the marvelous rise in home ownership. There is the desertion of the Democrats by the more prosperous Irish, Italian and other Catholic voting groups—which had a lot to do with the recent vote in Jersey City. Above all, there is the extraordinary American leveling upward, which is making all of us except the very richest and the very poorest into members of one all-embracing, outwardly undifferentiated middle class.

Because of these developments, all the raw materials now exist for the formation of a new Eisenhower-Republican coalition as dominant as the old Roosevelt-Democratic coalition in its highest period, and perhaps even more dependably cohesive. Before such a coalition can actually be formed, to be sure, some hard choices are going to have to be made. For example, the President will have to choose sooner or later between continuing the Republican drive into the South or seeking to encourage the recent swing of the Northern Negro voters back into Republican ranks. He can hardly tolerate indefinite nullification of the law. So it seems likely that he will end by having to sacrifice his party's Southern prospects for the time being. Yet the South was always solidly Democratic in the period when the Republicans were the unchallenged majority party, and a setback in the South will not be fatal.

There are other policy choices to be made as well, such as a rather major choice concerning farm policy, before any Eisenhower-Republican coalition can be finally cemented. Yet surely in this case the game is altogether worth the candle. For consider what will be the power of a remade Republican Party comprising the business class and other hard-core Republican groups, plus the new suburbanites and homeowners, the better paid and more highly skilled industrial workers and all those others who have been leveled upward into the new middle class, plus the largest possible sector of the farmers, plus a fair share of the formerly Democratic Catholic voting groups, plus a considerable number of the Negro voters in the Northern cities. This kind of coalition, generally able to command the loyalties of all these diverse, easily attachable groups, would possess a national majority so great that it would be almost embarrassing.

The germ of just this kind of new, majority-commanding Republican Party was clearly visible in the vote for Eisenhower himself at the last election. Broadly speaking, the groups above listed all joined in the nationwide shout of "We Like Ike." The trouble arose when a good many of these same Eisenhower voters came to make their secondary choices—for congressman, senator, governor, and so on. They trusted the President, but most emphatically, a lot of them did not trust his party as it is now constituted.

The reason for this, in these reporters' opinion, is the President's rather conspicuous failure to remake his own party in the Rooseveltian manner during his first term in office. The President's first-term failure was both understandable and pardonable, if only because Eisenhower had no political training, no serious preparation of any kind, when he was catapulted into the race for the Presidency in 1952. His basic reason for consenting to run was negative—"to keep Bob Taft from getting the nomination," was the way he put it at the time. He had no ready-made and expert political staff either. From Sherman Adams down, the persons who later came to compose the Eisenhower staff were no more than accidents of the preconvention maneuvering and the long, grueling weeks on the campaign train.

Worst of all, the President at first seems to have conceived of the Republican Party as a somewhat unruly army he had been appointed to command. The army, so to speak, was there already. In time, perhaps, he might find it necessary to change this or that divisional commander. But it was no part of his job to rewrite the tactical manuals, invent wholly new strategic concepts and recruit and train additional divisions on the spot. Rather he must do the best he could with what had been given him, as he had done in North Africa and Europe. Even when lesser Republicans were fractious and troublesome, he must try to get the best out of them as long as he could, as he had done with Gen. George Patton.

The initial result of this quite natural approach of the President's was a rather strong tendency for the Republicans to remake Eisenhower, instead of Eisenhower's remaking his party. The process began in the campaign itself, with the famous concordat with Senator Taft and the subsequent sorry scene with Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy in Wisconsin. It continued, in an even more important way, into the crucial period of Cabinet making.

Only a single really convinced Eisenhower-style Republican, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., was accorded Cabinet rank, and he was relegated to the peripheral job of head of the United States delegation to the U.N. The most powerful individual in the new Cabinet was a big businessman, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, and Humphrey was supported by one or two more business leaders of comparable standing, such as Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. Thomas E. Dewey was necessarily rewarded for his preconvention support of Eisenhower by the choice of Herbert Brownell as Attorney General, which no doubt pleased Dewey, but hardly reassured anyone who hoped for a renovated Republican Party. Even the choice for Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, a long-time Deweyite, actually represented a desire to keep Senator Taft happy. The President originally wanted his friend, John J. McCloy, for this key job, but he was advised by his chief Cabinet carpenter, Gen. Lucius D. Clay, that Taft "wouldn't stand for McCloy, but would take Dulles."

The result, as these reporters were the first to point out, was a Cabinet of "nine millionaires and a plumber." The lonely plumber was also a former Democrat, and the appointment of Secretary of Labor Martin Durkin caused a roar of outrage from Senator Taft. But this was unjust. Over all, the Cabinet represented just that alliance of big business and Republican orthodoxy which ought to have given Senator Taft perfect satisfaction. After the inauguration, too, the White House went so far to "co-operate" with the Ohio senator and his allies in Congress, that it was almost doubtful whether Taft or Eisenhower was wielding the real presidential authority, until Taft finally and tragically fell ill in the spring of 1953. In addition, submissiveness to Senator McCarthy was carried almost equally far, at least in the special field of government-security procedures, until the Wisconsin senator became so swollen with his own importance that he deliberately forced a finish fight on the White House in the spring of 1954.

All this plainly made the President exceedingly uncomfortable. We now know, indeed, that he even talked seriously of founding a third party, as the best riposte to orthodox Republican intransigence. But in this early period Eisenhower clearly had not learned enough about politics or gained sufficient understanding of his own power to find any practical escape from his dilemma. He was, in fact, rescued against his will. The first stage of the rescue was the finish fight with McCarthy, which the White House staff did everything possible to avoid. The second and even more important stage was the election of a Democratic Congress in 1954. Again the White House staff greeted the event as a calamity. But after the 1954 voting, with his own party chastened and with the Democrats co-operative, Eisenhower could at last cast off his political hobbles. Then, and only then, he came before the country as the glowing, reassuring, triumphantly vote-getting personality who won so brilliantly in 1956.

This was in truth the vital stage of Eisenhower's political development. He not only mastered the art of projecting an ideal public image of himself, he also became an extremely shrewd and adroit practical politician. This was so ably demonstrated last spring, when the President either stole or neutralized almost every major campaign issue that the Democrats had hungrily hoped to use against him.

On top of this, and most significant of all, the last two years of his first term plainly gave Dwight Eisenhower a due sense of his (*Continued on Page 68*)

NEXT WEEK
What's Happened to the Magic of Childhood?
Our Children Miss Those Wonderful, Aimless Days
The Terrible Land of Fire
Last Lap on a Jeep Tour of South America
The Second Mrs. Thorpe
By Viña Delmar
Ambush at Blanco Canyon
The Girl From the Mimosa Club
IN COLOR
Caboose
Riding Herd on a Freight Train
ALAN LADD
Hollywood's Unlikely Hero
Report From the Mideast:
How the Israelis Blitzed Nasser's Army

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The Picture of Health for February

by MAXINE DAVIS

If you are one of the millions of us who can't even dream of a February holiday you slog along, low in spirits, low in energy, burdened with overshoes and heavy coats, and all the worries of the bottom of winter.

It's not the gloomy weather alone that gets you down. You don't get outdoors much. You eat too many starches and desserts and not enough really fresh vegetables and fruits.

SO—I'll tell you something I've discovered: you can get a vacation feeling of bounce and well-being with vitamins. Good multi-vitamins won't give you an out-of-season tan but if you need them and add them to your foods, they can make you wake up each morning thinking, "What a *lovely* day!"

BEXEL vitamin-mineral capsules are the best I've found because they supply the nutritional elements that make the difference between feeling just so-so, and feeling really well.

BEXEL is a first-class ticket to sunshine in the household if you provide it for the entire family as part of breakfast. Thirteen-year-old Pete can have a grown-up capsule just like his Dad's. The twins can have gay red ones, child-sized, therefore lower-priced; or else have it in a pleasant-tasting syrup which they can take any way they like—in their milk or even spread on their toast. The baby gets hers in her formula.

With BEXEL watching over the family's health it's much easier to deal with transient troubles. For instance:—

Teen-agers are tense about mid-term examinations. They also indulge more than usual in those super-colossal concoctions of ice cream on bananas covered with an ominous fall-out of nuts, chocolate goo, and what not! Result:—their skins break out with pimples or acne, and their morale breaks down.

There is no one treatment for acne but if you can do something constructive about it, that helps its victims stop worrying. That's one reason why UTOL gets results. It's an ointment, primarily antiseptic and antibiotic (tyrothricin). Equally important, it helps relieve minor irritation and itching. As it's a cream, I suggest UTOL as a foundation for make-up for girls; they can do their faces, look pretty, and stop brooding. Boys can apply it, and forget it. Then the whole condition improves.

We face other difficulties that come with snow and sleet:— Your husband has a rough irritated throat on the very morning he's to have a conference for which he's been preparing for weeks. "I'm coming down with something. I won't get out three words," he croaks morosely. "The whole program will fall through."

While he's still regarding his tie as if it were a bunch of lilies on his chest, you bring him his orange juice and a container of NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges.

You can tell he's not sick. If you suspected something serious such as a strep throat you'd call the doctor. Under pressure he always sits, as he did last night, chain-smoking in his stuffy den, rechecking details until the small hours, and then opens both bedroom windows wide to let in the clear—and damp bitter—air. His resulting hoarse throat is no surprise.

It's a common complaint due to these or similar causes. NEO-AQUA-DRIN's soothing local anesthetic action takes care of it, and its additional antibiotic guards against secondary infection. Thanks to NEO-AQUA-DRIN he'll be OK.

You know everything was a success because he bursts in that evening and gives newly arrived Aunt Amy—not his favorite relative—an exuberant hug.

She moans, pulls away. She's driven with the car window open and now she's suffering agony from her arthritic shoulder.

"I've got just the thing for you," your husband offers confidently. "It's SURIN. You put a moist warm towel where your shoulder aches and then when the area is warm massage the ointment in. It's not a cure for your arthritis; there isn't any. But SURIN gets right to the spot and alleviates the pain."

You keep it on hand because it provides hospital-tested relief for the misery of such afflictions as rheumatism, arthritis, or sore aching muscles. You get it for Aunt Amy while your husband is saying:

"Try it, and then doll up. This is a big night. With SURIN you'll be able to enjoy the celebration."

McKesson offers a new Beauty Plan . . . *The Kessamin Plan* . . . designed to help you lose 5 to 15 pounds, pleasantly, safely!

Spring clothes won't hide your winter-time weight—so plan NOW to have a new beauty figure. Here is a plan designed not only to help you reduce, safely, easily, pleasantly—but to *keep* your figure attractive and slender. It is called the Kessamin Plan.

It is based on the findings of a physician and nutritional expert. It is safe for your health — and it really does work.

The Kessamin Plan helps you shed unwanted weight—without hunger pangs, without the nerves or fatigue that often go with losing weight—without dangerous drug side-effects.

With the Kessamin Plan, healthful, enjoyable menus are supplemented by the almost magic formula, Kessamin #14. These little tablets contain essential nutritional vitamins and iron to keep you feeling well, plus a neutral food additive that makes smaller food helpings—seem quite enough. Thus, the Kessamin Plan helps you *change over* to better eating—painlessly—so you can easily *prevent* the return of excess weight.

It's guaranteed! If you are not pleased, and happy with what the Kessamin Plan and Kessamin #14, do for you—if you don't gain a beauty figure for spring — if you don't lose weight, and feel better—your money back!

Ask your physician about reducing. Consult your druggist about the Kessamin Plan. Your druggist will tell you it is based on natural, normal, healthful processes. Your druggist will trust your confidence in wanting to lose weight. Along with your doctor, he is the man most concerned with your, and your family's health. As with other fine McKesson products, Kessamin is one more example of how McKesson "makes it better —so it's better for you."

KESSAMIN Better . . . by McKesson

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(*Continued from Page 66*) own power as chieftain of his party. One wonders whether this sense was not actually implanted in him by the sad accident of his illness and the sheer, anguished desperation of the ensuing Republican pleas that he run again. At any rate, the greatness of his own potential authority at last became clear to the President when he was making up his mind to be a candidate to succeed himself. He then began to talk boldly about using this great authority for a great purpose. He announced a "modernized" Republican Party as his objective. And he declared that he was running again only in order to "finish the job" of making his party over.

The job, it must be said, has hardly been begun. The present Eisenhower Cabinet is very far from being designed to sum up and represent all the diverse elements of an Eisenhower-Republican coalition of the nation's conservatives and moderates. Yet Eisenhower will need this kind of more broadly representative Cabinet in the end. Again, the Republican representation in Congress is still almost wholly controlled by men of the older Republican stamp, like Senators Knowland and Bridges and House leader Joe Martin. As one of the few true-blue Eisenhower men in the Senate has remarked sadly, "There aren't very many 'modern Republicans' on Capitol Hill; they aren't very effective; and they aren't going to produce very much legislation at this session." Yet Eisenhower must also give a new direction to his party in Congress, and this will confront him with a particularly ticklish decision two years from now, when William Jenner, Joe McCarthy and the other Republican senators of the famous "class of 1946" once more come up for re-election. Then again, almost none of the Republican state organizations from the Alleghenies westward have been perceptibly "modernized" in the sense meant by Eisenhower. Yet Eisenhower cannot neglect the grass roots of his party, any more than he can neglect its more public aspects in Congress and in the executive branch.

With only four years remaining to him, the President is certainly going to have to work very hard, and on occasion he may have to fight pretty hard, in order to attain the grand objective he has set himself. But although this is his last term, his strength is now almost overwhelming. If he wishes to do so, he can dispose rather quickly of that curious breed of old-line Republicans who want to keep the party as a sort of private club with a neat sign on the door, "No entry allowed to the mass of voters."

The President cannot quickly dispose of the great world problems, however, which are now pressing in upon him with remorseless force. If these reporters are not now really contented Republicans, as we remarked at the outset, it is because we are personally convinced that the administration's foreign and defense policies are not clear enough and forceful enough to solve these world problems. Still speaking quite personally, it seems to us highly unconservative to sacrifice foreign and defense policy making to other considerations, such as the obvious desirability of a balanced budget and lower taxes. History has repeatedly proved, after all, that a serious failure in the foreign and defense fields is the one thing that is always both automatically and absolutely fatal to any conservative party. And even if our apprehensions are unjustified, as we earnestly pray they are, there is still the practical difficulty that the President must now divide his time and energy between a vast world crisis, on the one hand, and an enormous political task at home, on the other.

Yet this task at home that Eisenhower has set himself, though enormous in extent, is simple in essence. Anyone who has attempted the fascinating experiment of election-time polling, going to the voters themselves and asking their opinions face to face, has a pretty good idea of the essentials of this job Eisenhower has undertaken. The great surprise that you receive when you make this experiment is the discovery of the depth of class feeling in America. An astonishingly high proportion of small merchants and farmers, white-collar workers and highly skilled laborers quite consciously think of themselves and quite frankly speak of themselves as "little guys" or "working-class people." By the same token, they fear and dislike the "big guys," and they almost always characterize the Republican Party as "the party of the big guys." These attitudes are Franklin Roosevelt's enduring political monument, and Dwight Eisenhower will build himself an even more enduring monument if he can change these attitudes.

It is by no means an impossible thing to do. In instincts and outlook, the vast majority of these self-denominated "little guys" are now solidly conservative by any sensible standard. They are not hankering for any extension of public power, although in the Tennessee Valley and the Northwest they want the existing state of affairs to be left undisturbed. They are not shouting for big government, or a planned economy, or closer public controls on business, or anything else that can reasonably be called unconservative. Their only real desires are for decent schools, decent housing, a stable dollar, steady jobs and a lasting peace. In short, their outlook is as comfortably middle class as the manner of their lives. They voted in droves for Eisenhower, and in droves they turned around and voted against most other Republican candidates. "We like Ike," they would often tell a poller, "but we just don't like his party." But surely this sort of voter, who used to form the backbone of Republican strength in the days of the party's real glory, should not be hard to bring back into the party during the next four years.

In some states, in truth, great numbers of this class of voter have already been brought back into the Republican fold. In the East, particularly, the Republican Party has already become a coalition party, including both the ultra-conservative orthodox hard core and the broad, moderate mass of middle-class voters. And in the Eastern states—with the exception of Pennsylvania, where the party remains unreconstructed—the Republicans did very well indeed in the recent voting. It remains for Eisenhower only to extend this pattern all over the country. He has the skill for the task. He has the will for the task. He has the great personal following that is needed to give him both the authority and the means for the task. And for all these reasons, we are convinced that the Republican Party can again become the country's recognized majority party, if Dwight D. Eisenhower gets just a little help from a few other Republicans of stature during the crucial four years that now lie ahead.

Husbands Can't Live in Captivity

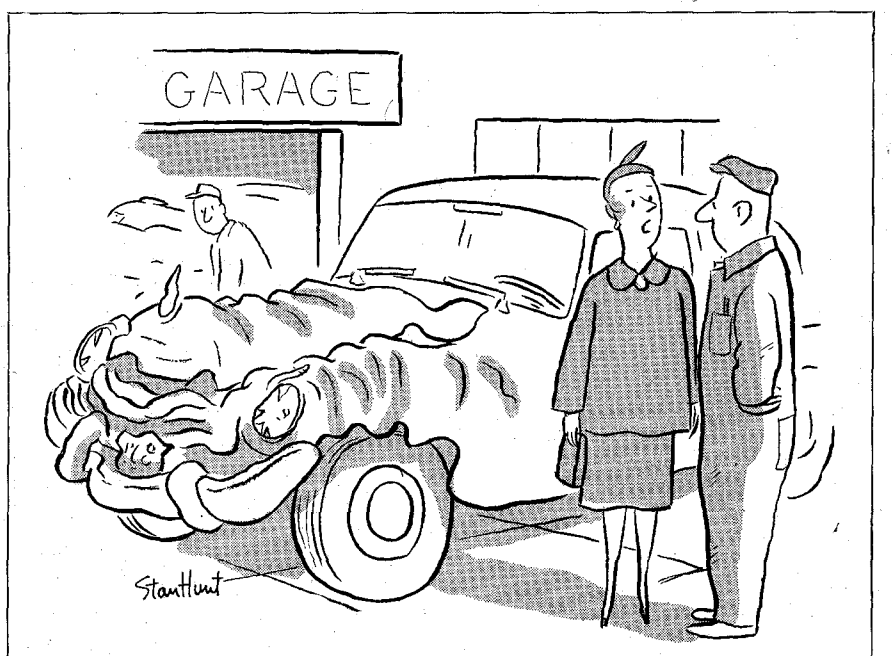
(Continued from Page 33)

happier husbands too. Lots of husbands have such a good time with their wives that they would rather go anywhere with them than without them, which is obviously the nicest possible way for a husband to feel, but it's a good bet that the wives of these ever-loving husbands are not possessive women. It's a good bet that, once at the convention, these husbands feel free to have a drink with their friends or dance with the wives of their associates. They are not like Dagwood, who has to ask Blondie's permission to play poker, knowing that, more than likely, she'll say, "No." Why doesn't Dagwood just go play poker anyway? I often wonder. The fact that he doesn't worries me.

That song everybody was singing a few years ago, Don't Fence Me In, wasn't so popular just because it had a good tune. Men atrophy if they feel fenced in. They need to know that if they want to go play poker with the boys or spend Saturday golfing or go fishing over a weekend, it is quite all right with their wives. Quite often the freer they feel to do man-things, the less they will want to. But they all need to *feel* free and most of them need occasional jaunts that are exclusively male. It is easy to give them this if we know they need it so as to feel free, not just to get away from us.

A great many women who are quite comfortable and understanding about their husbands' needs to get off with men friends still fall completely to pieces if the poor men show the slightest interest in any other women. These wives, I suspect, may be the ones responsible for that dreary contemporary phenomenon, the sexually segregated dinner party. Every evening, in suburban circles all over the country, husbands and wives get dressed and go out to dinner with other husbands and wives. The wives take great pains to look as pretty as possible. They urge their husbands to look as well groomed and as dashing as possible. Then, once at the party, the wives talk to the wives and the husbands talk to the husbands all evening. Why do they do it? Parties are certainly not planned to be an extension of the office and the shopping expedition to the chain store. Yet, over and over again, that is the way they turn out.

It seems possible to me that men have got in the habit of talking to other men at parties not so much because they really prefer men talk as because they are afraid to talk to the women. They are afraid that if they seem to be having fun with any other woman, their wives will be jealous and give them a bad time after they get home. And this dreary situation becomes a vicious circle because all the women who would like to talk to men at parties are also afraid of the jealous possessive wives. The minute they find themselves enjoying someone else's husband they begin to feel nervous. So everyone plays safe and is bored and uncomfortable because of that great looming shadow of possessiveness, and everyone might as well have stayed home, for all the change and relaxation anyone gets.



"And the lighter doesn't work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I know of a wife who one evening watched her husband get deep in conversation with an attractive girl he had just met. After a short time, unable to bear it, she went over and joined them, and began telling the girl all about their children, which, not surprisingly, broke up the conversation. On the way home, later, she said to her husband, "That girl—was she awfully interesting?"

He shrugged. "Nothing special; she was fun."

"But there isn't really any other woman you'd rather talk to than me, is there?" she persisted.

At which point, her long-suffering husband had had it, and answered, "Frankly, my dear, hundreds."

It is a sad little story, for most likely that particular possessive wife simply sulked and decided her husband didn't love her, and most likely that particular husband was a little slower to talk to an attractive girl at the next party. Yet the most fascinating woman in the world must realize, if she stops to think, that her conversation can be fascinating to her husband only if he has something to compare it with. What are parties for if not to charge your batteries so that each of you will bring something new home to the other?

I ran into a lovely example of this when we stopped at a roadside restaurant one Sunday morning on a trip. The girl who waited on us was so radiant that we couldn't help commenting on it.

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"I'll tell you what's happened to the little girl you once knew! Nothing! Absolutely nothing!"

"We really lived it up last night," she said. "We danced, a whole gang of us, till three in the morning. My husband and I," she grinned, "hardly danced together all evening after the first dance. There was one fellow who did a terrific samba, and all the girls were after him."

"What did your husband do while you were sambaing?" I asked, and she looked at me as if I'd said something stupid. "He was dancing with all the other girls," she said. "He was having a real ball."

"What time did you have to come to work this morning?" I asked.

"Oh, nine," she shrugged, "but, you know, you just live from Saturday night to Saturday night. You don't feel tired if you've been having a good time."

I wish that wise young waitress weren't so unusual as she probably is. What makes other attractive women so frightening to the average wife? Their charm doesn't make the wife any less charming, and if a husband appreciates charm wherever he finds it, he is only showing he has good taste. A wife can't seriously think her husband may leave her just because he talks to another woman. Marriages are not broken up that easily. I am even inclined to think that the myth of the home wrecker is just exactly that—a myth. I don't believe any woman can break up a home that is really happy. When a marriage breaks up—even if another woman is involved—the other woman was a result, not a cause. The marriage really broke up because the husband and wife didn't understand each other and love each other enough. And one of the very best ways to keep on loving each other is to feel free to have a good time with other people.

I know a woman whose husband is a born flirt. At every party he can be seen bending admiringly over some other woman.

"How do you stand it?" a well-meaning friend asked the wife. "Doesn't it make you jealous?"

"Why?" she smiled. "He always goes home with me."

If a husband and wife each come home from a party feeling attractive, they are bound to bring home a heightened awareness of how lucky they are to live in a world where men and women can have fun together and transfer this awareness directly to each other.

It may sound somewhat extreme to say that flirting at parties can strengthen the bonds of marriage, but it can indeed, and very often does. Husbands and wives need to see, now and then, how they look to other people. What a man says to you at a party or what a woman says to your husband helps each of you to find out your good points. It not only helps you feel attractive, it actually helps you be more attractive.

Marriage too often is a cage, and the more we love our husbands the more danger there is that we may make the cage smaller and smaller in our efforts to be close to them. There is a good deal of inevitable routine to marriage. We often feel, after a few years, that our husbands have come to live with us out of nothing but habit. Well, husbands are just as likely to feel that their wives live with them out of habit. Every man needs to feel like a dominant, conquering, attractive man, and his wife ought to feel grateful to every woman who makes him feel that way.

Every year a man grows older, what is more, he needs more acutely to be reassured about his charm. Women often get so wrapped up in their own fear of growing old that it never occurs to them their husbands may have the same fear. Men in their forties and fifties especially are apt to be literally haunted by the fear that any day now they may be finished as males. Yet even more than with women, the changes in them at this time are as much psychological as hormonal. So anything which makes a man feel young and vital will actually tend to make him be young and vital. A woman who finds her forty- or fifty-year-old husband jitterbugging with a twenty-year-old, instead of saying acidly, "Don't be an old fool," ought to say—and feel too—"Now there's a kid who knows a man when she sees one."

Men vary as much in their need for freedom and conquest as they do in everything else, but just about all men want feminine attention, even if they are too shy to go out and demand it. I have known a woman to say to a charming friend right before her husband, "Tom is all tired out tonight and needs your soothing feminine influence." And Tom beamed and the friend preened her feathers and sat right down and began to entertain Tom. Other husbands will have more

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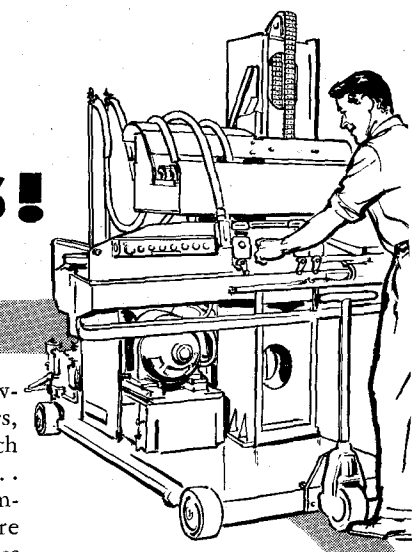

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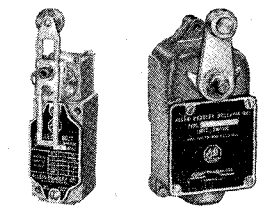

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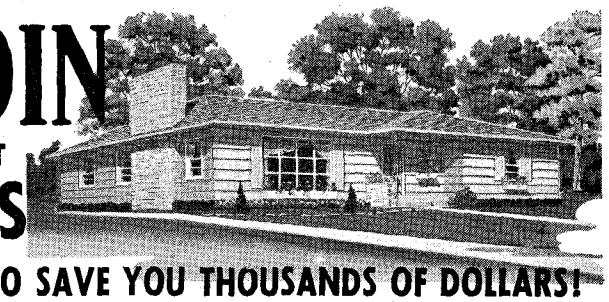

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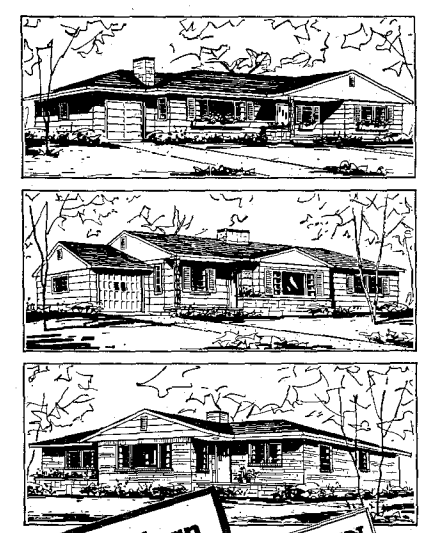

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barnyard rooster in them. They'll have to feel dominant and conquering, like that man who was always bending over some pretty woman, yet whose wife could say comfortably, "He always goes home with me." And some husbands—let's face it—have a good deal of tomcat in them. I am afraid we have to recognize that men differ in this way. It does no good to say of a man with tomcat tendencies: He shouldn't be that way, it's wrong. The fact is he is that way. He probably can't help it. It may be a neurotic drive to prove himself, and you may be able to help him feel fascinating enough without looking for more reassurance in other women than is good for your marriage. You may be able to talk it out with him gently. But the chances are you won't be able to change him much. If you can believe that he loves you in spite of this, and accept him with understanding, you may give him the security he needs to live with you to a happy old age. You may even, in the long run, get more happiness from him because he is the way he is than you ever could if you tried to make him over.

A very wise, tender woman I know has been married for a long time to an equally tender, if perhaps not so wise, man. He is a passionate and intense person, with an almost insatiable need to reach out and prove himself in work, in play and, as it turned out, in love too. Soon after they were married, she found he was going to fall for other women from time to time. At first she thought she couldn't stand it, and told him so frankly. Frankness, especially in this sort of thing, doesn't always work, but it worked spectacularly for these two. He was just as frank. "You're my real true love," he said. "You always will be, but—and I can't explain it—these other wonderful girls give me something else I just have to have to live. Don't try to take it away from me. It isn't, I promise you, ever going to take anything away from you."

It is a curious contrast to the all-too-common, work-dominated husbands who are not able to give their wives or anybody else anything. This man gave his wife more than most men ever do, but he could do it only by giving part of himself to other women. When someone once asked his wife how she put up with him, she smiled a warm and loving and oddly contented smile. "I suppose he's a heel," she said wonderingly, "but he's such a magnificent heel. I couldn't clip his wings. I think it would kill him."

To say this extreme of letting a man be himself wouldn't work for most people is putting it mildly. Few marriages could survive such a pattern. Few wives could be this accepting of their husbands' unconventional—and possibly neurotic—emotional needs. Many would say no wife should be this accepting. Yet this particular marriage, which would have withered and ended in divorce if that wife had clipped her husband's wings, incredibly throve and grew stronger every year on the warmth and understanding and freedom they gave each other.

During the last war, while the husband was away, the wife, not surprisingly, fell in love with another man and was prepared to get a divorce. But when she wrote and told her husband, he fought like a tiger to get leave to come home and see her.

"You can't leave me," he said indignantly. "We're married for better or worse."

"There have always been other women in your life," she reminded him.

"Ah, but I never thought of leaving you," he argued. "I have never in my life told another woman I loved her." An absurd but somehow charming distinction which actually does have in it some of the basic stuff good marriages are made of.

Fortunately for American wives, most husbands do not beat their wings as hard as all this. Most men are like the one I met at a party recently who, deep in telling one of the women how fascinating he found her, smiled and said, "Don't worry. I know by now you can't have your cake and eat it too." Most men are going to be content with acceptable social wing-beating, but we must give them that freedom if we want them to grow mellow and healthy as the years go on.

If our husbands like to make a fuss over other women at parties and we have decided it is good for them, what are we going to do at those parties? It all depends on the sort of women we are. We may have just as much need to feel fascinating as they have, and we certainly have just as much right to it. But it isn't essential to any marriage that a wife be a *femme fatale* and try to compete with the prettiest girl in the room just to show she's still got it. Offhand, I can think of at least five solid marriages where the wives make no effort to be glamorous themselves, though the husbands have an obvious weakness for the seductive approach. All these wives are charming and warm and loving. They are amused and relaxed at their husbands' love of glamour. Maybe their husbands wish they would dress up more and turn on more charm—I don't know—but most women want to look fascinating and sexy because it makes them feel fascinating and sexy, and I suspect these women are so sure of themselves and their husbands' love they have no need for overt glamour. I suspect these women do their ministering on a hundred different levels which make glamour unnecessary, and giving their husbands freedom to enjoy glamour where they find it is just one more facet of the ministering. Are they ever jealous? I don't know. If they are, they handle it, for it never shows.

How can the rest of us handle our jealousy? Well, first of all, we can accept it as normal, but stop priding ourselves on it. It is normal, but that doesn't mean it is good. Jealousy is never a sign of love; it is frankly a sign of hate. You hate the other woman—or it may be a man your husband is talking to, or a dog he is making a fuss over. You hate whatever you are jealous of because it makes you feel deprived and inadequate. Women can be just as jealous of their husbands' hobbies as of another woman. I know one wife who had taken a good look at all the things she was jealous of and admitted once, with a wry smile, that she was most jealous of her husband's pipe.

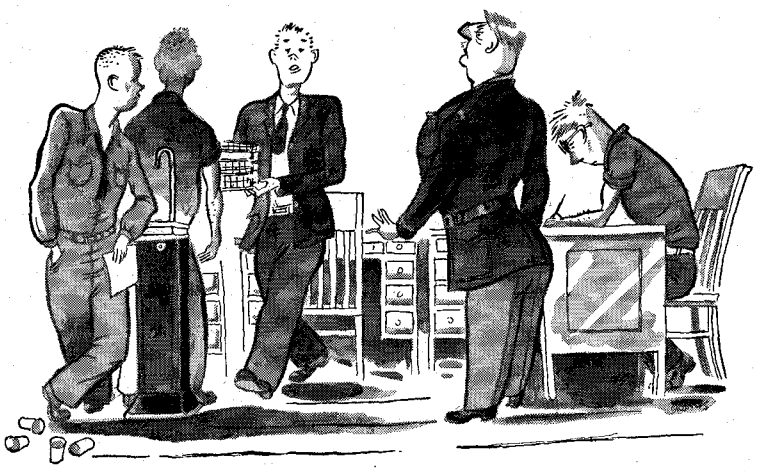
Real jealousy, however, like possessiveness, simply means you don't trust yourself, and just taking that good look at it can often make it go away. Ask yourself, *What am I jealous of? Do I really think he likes that woman, or man, or dog, or hobby, or pipe better than he likes me?* If this doesn't make you laugh, as it probably ought to, you may have to say to yourself, *So I'm jealous. I don't have to show it. I can simply live with it, like a headache, till it goes away.* If you are deeply, agonizingly jealous—and many of us quite often are, whether we have cause or not—you may have to fight a real battle with yourself. You may have to grit your teeth and say to yourself, *I can be better than this, and I have to be. Jealousy will destroy a lot more than my husband and my marriage. It will destroy my very integrity as a human being. I am a human being, with a choice of what I will do. Jealousy is too stupid and too humiliating to live with, and I reject it.* Jealousy can be so strong while you are feeling it that it seems invincible. But jealousy is, in fact, a very vulnerable ghost. If you can just say "boo" loud enough and fiercely enough, it will almost always disappear.

There is a reverse to this, of course. Men can be jealous too. Even men who love talking to other women often see red if they find their wives absorbed in other men. And jealousy is as bad for a man's health as it is for his marriage. It can raise his blood pressure. It can upset his digestion and be a strain on his heart. So what should a wife do who has a jealous possessive husband? Should she take great pains never to smile at another man, in hopes of keeping her husband happy? Well, almost certainly not, for almost certainly it won't keep him happy, since jealousy, once started, can feed on imaginary food. A really jealous husband will imagine his wife is smiling at other men even if she isn't.

Probably the first step toward helping a jealous husband be more relaxed is to learn to understand his jealousy just as you might learn to understand your own. Realize he is jealous because he feels insecure. He needs to be more sure of your love and his ability to inspire love. There are better ways to build up a husband's self-esteem than never speaking to another man, than always dressing like Aunt Hattie, and spending your time at every party talking to other wives about what Johnny said to teacher in school last Wednesday. Making more fuss over a jealous husband will do him far more good than never making a fuss over any other man. If that doesn't seem to help, talk about it. "It bothered you to see me dancing with Jim Zilch, didn't it? But why, darling? Men like me and I like them, and you love me because I'm that sort of girl. But after all I chose you. I'm yours." Coping with jealousy in yourself or your husband takes time. It isn't easy, but the effort pays off in a freedom which paradoxically can only bring you closer together.

Some women may actually have to fight for their right to be themselves at parties, and if they do have to, they should fight for this right as much for their husbands' sakes as for their own. Trying to placate a possessive husband is just a form of slavish submissiveness which is almost bound to make a woman hostile inside and may also end by tying her possessive husband up in a web of anxiety and guilt. But we all have to be careful that we are genuinely being ourselves and not even unconsciously trying to make our husbands jealous. A wife who plays this little game may tell herself she is just trying to show him how she feels when he makes her jealous, but the chances are she is really testing to find out how much he loves her. It isn't a very good or reliable test, and it can be a very destructive one, as any deliberate cruelty is always destructive. A husband and his happiness ought to be far too important to play any sort of game with. We're trying to help our husbands relax, so they'll live longer. Let's not throw up any new hurdles they have to jump. We want our husbands to feel free. We don't want to trap them ourselves, but it is just as important to help them not to be trapped by their own anxieties.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles by Hannah Lees.



The Perfect Squelch

Major Brown, a spit-and-polish officer with a high opinion of his own military perfection, was loudly airing his pet peeve. This was his claim that the enlisted men in the wartime office he commanded were completely unmilitary.

"They don't work like soldiers," he complained to his young civilian secretary. "They don't look like soldiers or act like soldiers."

When the secretary pointed out that the men were mostly recent inductees, trained as infantry replacements rather than desk workers, the major just gave an irritated grunt.

"Nonsense!" he snapped. "Just look at them." He pointed out the office window to a group leaving the building. "No snap. They don't even walk like military men." He paused; then finished with his usual caustic comment, "Who ever told them they were soldiers?"

Turning from the window, the secretary said quietly, "Their draft boards, sir."

Charles R. Petrie, Jr.

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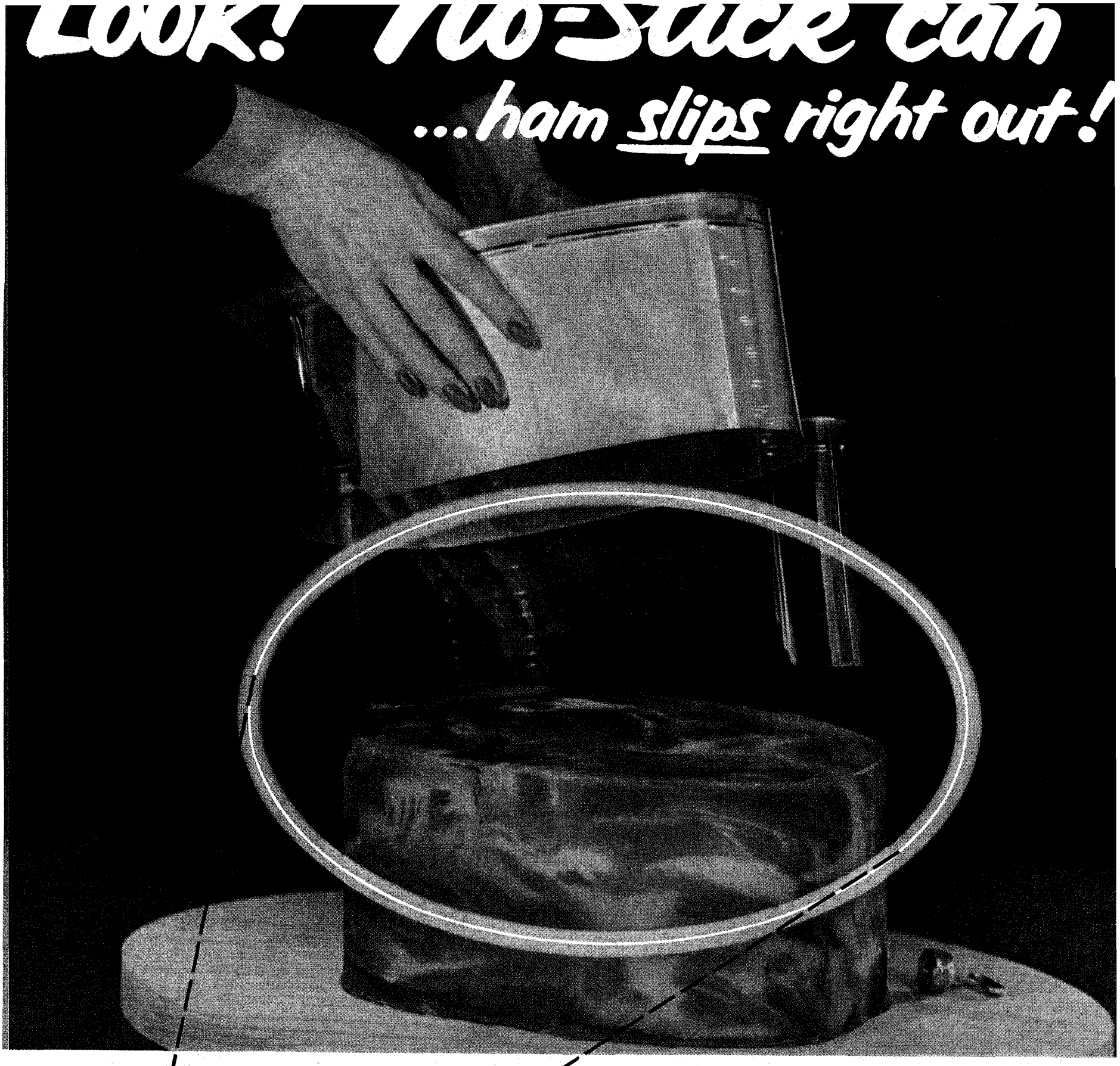

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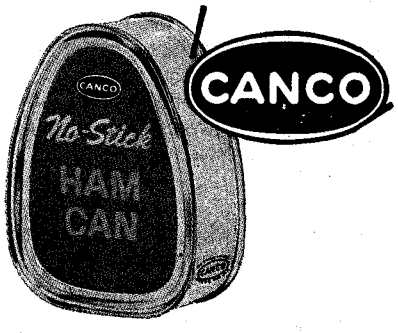

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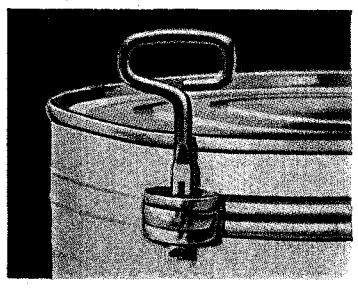

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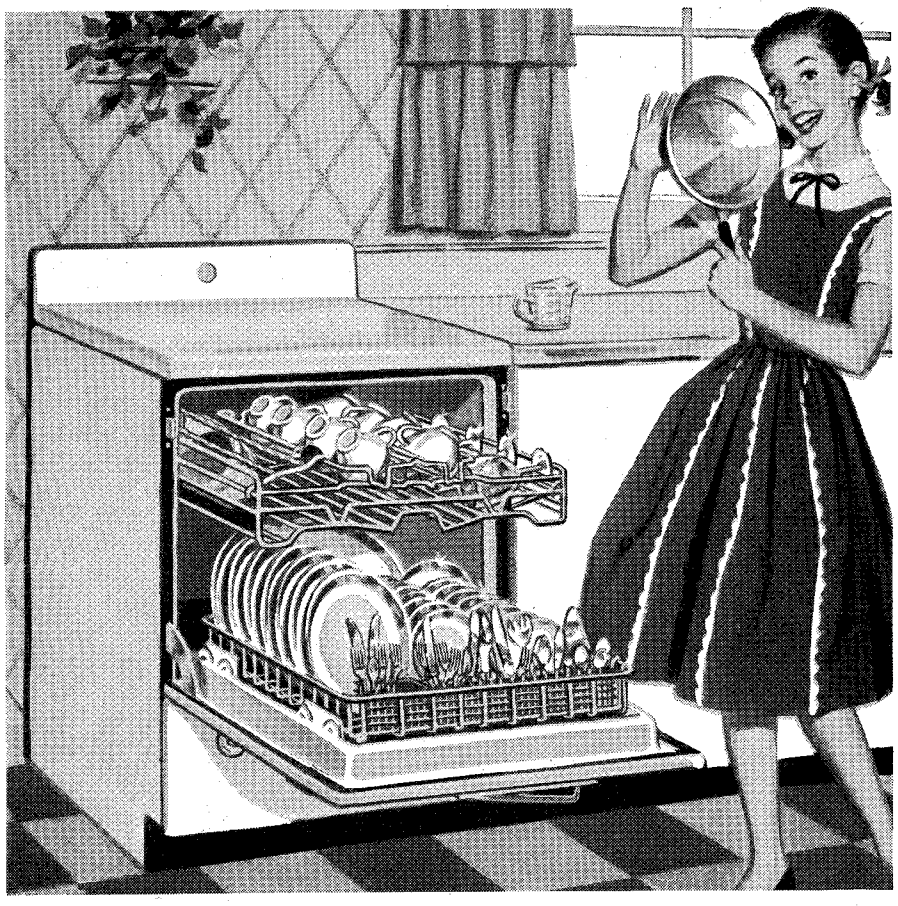

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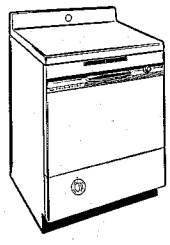

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Mickey Mantle, Incorporated

(Continued from Page 21)

into Mickey's off-field associations, and learned about the agent's contract. Mickey agreed to deliver a copy to the Yankees' attorneys, and they found that it contained the $50,000 guarantee Mickey had talked about. But they also found a big condition. Mantle's "guarantee" was to come out of the first $100,000 he earned in fees from endorsements, personal appearances, and the like.

Investigation disclosed that Mantle actually had signed two contracts. The first one tied Mickey up with a firm that called itself Hollywood Enterprises. That was the 50 per cent deal. Savitt later brought Mickey a document which he said superseded the first, and which called for only a 10 per cent cut for Savitt.

The Yankee lawyers told Mantle that they doubted either contract could be enforced. They pointed out that Mantle, only nineteen at the time, was a minor. Mantle then made himself unavailable to Savitt, but meanwhile accepted some testimonial bookings from Murray Kaufman, who acted as his agent without benefit of a contract.

When Savitt brought suit against Mantle, Kaufman and the Yankees, a counter claim of $100,000 against Savitt was made by Arthur I. Winard, counsel for Kaufman. Winard charged Savitt with slander and libel that had cost his client the loss of other valuable accounts.

A team of Chicago attorneys—J. Arthur Friedlund, Abraham L. Bienstock and Elmer M. Leesman—is representing the Yankees in the case. They claim the club had the right, under agreement with its ballplayers, to approve all documents of the type Mantle had signed. The New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett represented Mantle at the preliminary hearings, which began in June, 1953, and have not yet been completed.

All of Mantle's would-be agents had reason to believe in 1951 that they had overrated him as a fee earner. In June the Yankees sent him down to Kansas City for more experience. He came back later in the season to stay. Mickey remained highly unspectacular, however, as late as 1953, when he finally signed a contract with Frank Scott.

By then Scott was representing a slew of Yankee players, including Yogi Berra, Whitey Ford, Gil McDougald, Vic Raschi, Allie Reynolds and Hank Bauer. Scott gave Mantle the typical player-agent deal, in which Scott's obligation was to line up sponsors, get the biggest fees the traffic would bear, deduct his 10 per cent and mail checks for the balance to the athlete.

The Yankees' front office, represented by Weiss, was now taking a hard look at Scott. When Weiss got a fix on him as the too-eager road secretary he had got rid of, Scott came out a bit fuzzy. When Weiss contemplated Scott in his new role as the friend and business agent of the ballplayers, however, the fellow took on a certain positive value to the Yankees. As a man who had been around in baseball, Scott knew an agent's place. He was too smart to meddle in the players' salary debates with the ball club. He knew, too, that there had to be rigid respect for the rule that the players' first obligation was to the ball club.

Scott also could and does serve as a buffer protecting Weiss from annoyance by promoters and publicity-seeking organizations that want to make use of Yankee stars. All Weiss has to say now is, "That's Frank Scott's department. We'll give you his telephone number."

When Mantle came into the Scott fold in 1953 there was still a clinging doubt that Mickey was a solid big leaguer, despite his .311 batting average the year before and his occasional tape-measure home runs. There was no great demand for his services by the advertising agencies either in 1953 or 1954, and the shy Mantle didn't seem to care much.

In 1955, though, when Mantle was on his way to a league-leading total of thirty-seven home runs, things began to change. In Scott's earlier efforts to peddle Mantle, the Madison Avenue set had put him on a don't-call-us-we'll-call-you basis. Toward the end of 1955, they began calling frequently. In May of 1956, however, when Mickey hit sixteen homers during the first full month of the season, they began calling madly.

Scott did make one notable score for Mantle back in the hard days in 1953. He ingeniously exploited what began as one of Mickey's most embarrassing episodes. In an inspired moment, an Associated Press photographer at Yankee Stadium had swung his long-range camera toward center field between pitches, and caught center fielder Mantle blowing himself a monster bubble-gum balloon. The picture, wire-photoed from coast to coast, must have been the most published shot of the baseball season. Mantle was the butt of caption writers, who offered this as new evidence of Mickey's immaturity.

Scott's reaction was to grab a phone and contact the Bowman Bubble Gum Company. Bowman could have Mickey's endorsement of their brand for a consideration, Scott said, but it must not be the electric clock or wrist watch or $100 worth of merchandise the ballplayers customarily got for such a testimonial. They eventually agreed on a fee of $1500.

It wasn't until last spring, though, that Mickey Mantle and Frank Scott really had it made. As the Mantle bat boomed those home runs, there was a corresponding boom in the fees Scott could get for Mickey. Out of all this, Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc., was born. Mickey has 90 per cent control of the corporation's 200 shares. Scott owns the twenty other shares. Mickey signs all the checks and makes all the deposits.

One of the first deals made by Scott for the new corporation was with a pancake-batter manufacturer who wanted a tie-in with Mantle on a new product called Batter Up. The manufacturer offered $5000 worth of stock in the firm for each year's use of Mickey's testimonials in his advertising, with a contract for two years and an option of a third.

Scott checked on the company with a friend, Edward T. McCormick, president of the American Stock Exchange. When McCormick gave an excellent rating to the head of the firm, who is Walter Mack, a titan of finance and former president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, Scott signed.

... ...

Here I Am!

Their stares of stark
astonishment
Have told me, to my sorrow,
When people say, "Drop in
sometime,"
They seldom mean
tomorrow.

By Loyd Rosenfield

... ...

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With Mantle now endorsing a pancake mix, it was equivalent to the start of a double play. Pancakes called for sirup, of course. And it wasn't long before Karo Syrup contracted for a Mantle endorsement that could be used in all phases of a big 1957 advertising campaign.

In mid-season of 1956 Mantle zoomed eight days ahead of Ruth's record homer pace, then twelve days in front, then seventeen.

In August, President Eisenhower, reacting to the excitement, made an unscheduled visit to a Yankee game at Griffith Stadium, and invited Mickey to the White House box for a chat before play began. Baseball fan Eisenhower told the blushing Mantle, "Hit one for me tonight." It took Mickey seven innings to fill that request, but he did it in his last turn at bat.

Meanwhile, at 400 Madison Avenue, Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc., kept raking in the clients—Wheaties ($2000 for a year); Ainsbrooke Pajamas ($750 for limited use of his name); Viceroy Cigarettes ($2500 account). Phillies Cigars kicked off its national television series, Meet the Champion, by paying Mantle a $1000 fee to be interviewed by Jack Lescoulie for fifteen minutes.

Lifebuoy Soap, among others, was also quick to get into the act, and it is now one of the Mantle corporation's biggest accounts. Lifebuoy has call on Mickey for appearances in every advertising medium and is enthusiastic over a big magazine campaign featuring Mickey and Mrs. Mantle and their two small sons.

"If we had gone knocking on doors looking for a typical young American family which had been clean-scrubbed and was handsome to boot, we couldn't have turned up a finer one than the Mantles," says Stephen Blaschke, the Lifebuoy account man for the S.S.C. & B. agency, which is the Madison Avenue term for Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell and Bayles.

Mickey works for Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc., only on days when there is no ball game. That is an assurance Scott was smart enough to give the Yankees without being asked for it. Scott naturally wants no accusations that he is a distracting influence upon the ballplayer. Keeping in the good graces of the Yankees is always prime in his thinking.

On days when there is outside work, Mantle waits at his summer home in River Edge, New Jersey, for the tooting horn of Scott at nine-thirty in the morning. Scott lives in nearby Hillsdale. Together they go to the radio, television or photographic studios where Mickey is wanted.

No longer is Mickey a reluctant performer. "He likes to fondle those checks he's stacking up to take to the bank," Scott says. "He never used to ask how much we were getting for a show. Now he likes to make those big scores."

Mantle has outlived his reputation as a shy sort. He now reads and memorizes lines well. On film shows, producers are amazed at the small need for retakes. As he acquired experience, Mickey's naturalness surfaced and took on special charm.

On the Perry Como show last summer—a $1000 one-shot appearance—Como's producer kept insisting that Scott send the script in advance to Mickey, who was then in the West with the Yankees. Scott refused. He wasn't risking any crackdown by Weiss if Mantle were to be caught studying television scripts at a time when the Yankees might be losing ball games.

"I told the Como people Mickey didn't need a script, that he could do all right with a teleprompter," Scott relates. "They doubted he could follow a teleprompter. I told the Como people I'd gamble, and that if Mickey muffed a line, we wouldn't take a fee."

Mickey delivered in this clutch situation. "He can't miss," Como himself declared after the show. "Everything he says, he says with a smile, and I'd say his smile is fifty per cent blush. That makes the audience a pushover."

Scott has been picking clients carefully. He protects Mickey from high-pressure promoters, sponging producers and racket advertisers, as well as from undignified performances. Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc., says no quickly to the endorsement of pills, salves, deodorants and medications of all kinds, including liniments. Beer testimonials, too, are out.

Scott remembers all too clearly the early days of testimonial-taking by fast-talking sharpies, whose tactics sickened him when he was traveling secretary of the Yankees. He watched them sucker the ballplayers into going on commercial programs for no pay, or, at best, a cheap sample of the sponsor's merchandise.

The wrist watch Scott now wears is a gift from Mrs. Yogi Berra, who noticed Scott was (*Continued on Page 75*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's the meat inspector."

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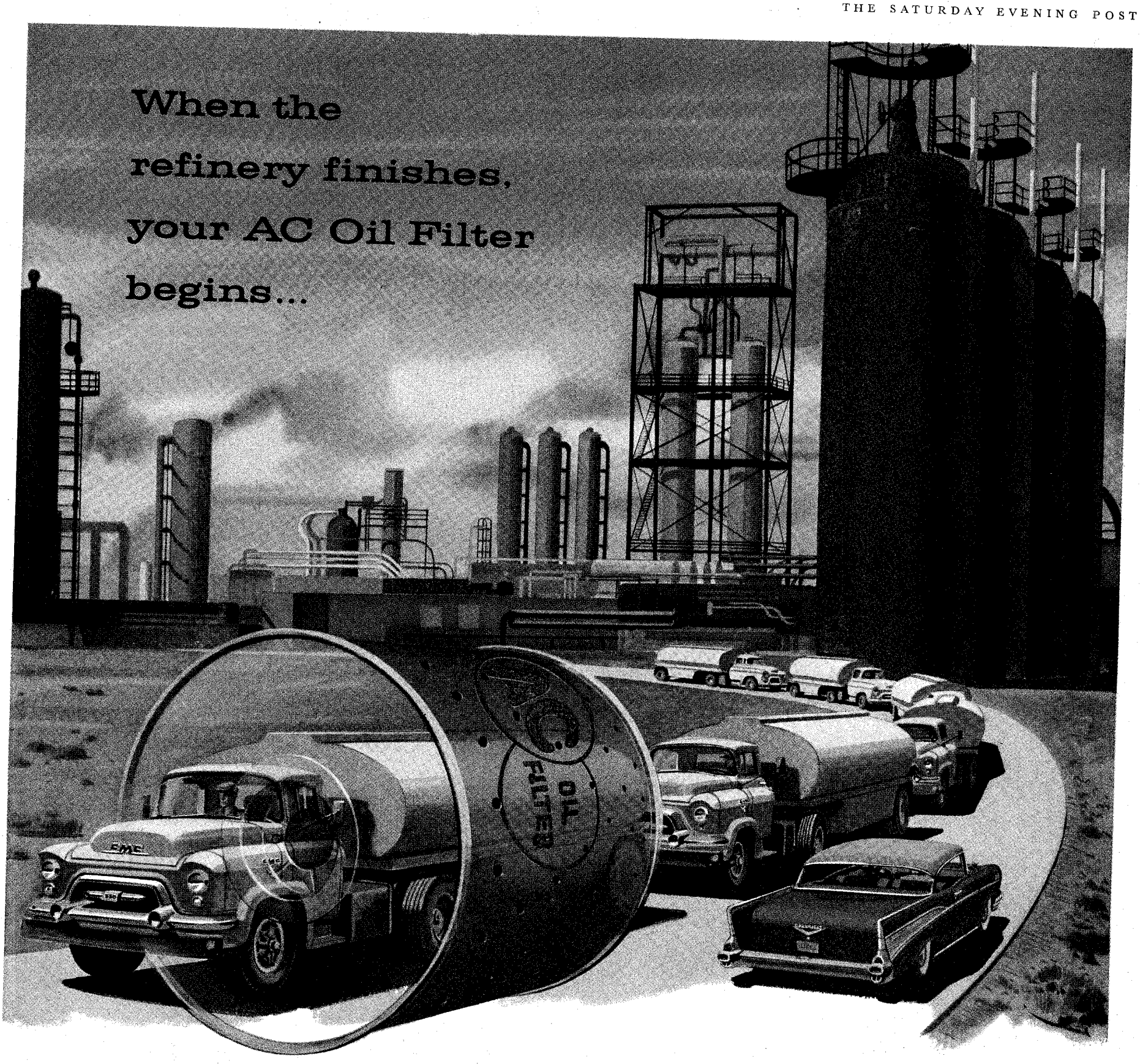
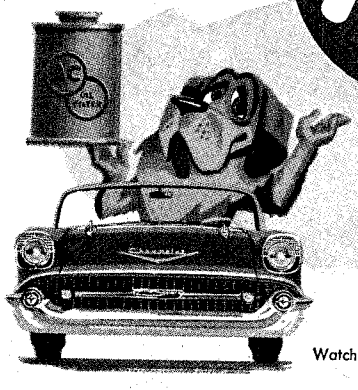


Change your **AC** **OIL FILTER** every **5,000 miles**



Watch WIDE WIDE WORLD—NBC-TV

...cleaning 36,000 gallons of oil every 5,000 miles!

An almost unbelievable volume of oil recirculates through your AC Full-Flow Oil Filter in 5,000 miles of driving—as much as 36,000 gallons.

Your oil filter is faced with the job of cleaning that vast quantity of oil in six months or less of average driving . . . a full six quarts for every 30 seconds at normal speeds.

That's why it's so important for you to change your AC Oil Filter regularly. A fresh AC Filter takes out dirt and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000 of an inch. It keeps your oil clean and on the job . . . protects the vital engine parts in your car from the damage dirt can do.

When you change your oil, check the mileage since your last filter change. For your engine's sake, change to a new AC Oil Filter at least every six months or every 5,000 miles your car is driven.

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 73*) wearing no timepiece on a visit to the Berra home a couple of years ago. Scott recalls, "She excused herself and reappeared with a whole trayful of wrist watches, at least twenty, and told me to take my pick. That's how those scoundrels had been paying off Yogi for personal appearances. He didn't know any better. We didn't know any better. It's different now."

Scott says that he does no gouging, but insists on a fair wage for his athletes. He learned long ago how to handle the producer who wants to cadge some talent for nothing, and who usually begins by saying, "This show we're doing is low-budget right now, and we can't afford fees, but it will get a high rating, and we can get your man Mantle, or Berra, or Snider, a lot of good publicity out of it, and we're glad to help them, and ——"

At this point it is Scott's habit to break in with, "Well, that's dandy, and if you're dedicated to helping some of these guys get good publicity, I've got a couple of fellows who really need it. They're only hitting .217 and can't get into the regular line-up."

There are other "personal representatives" specializing in ballplayer accounts, but Scott is the General Motors of the business. In addition to virtually all of the Yankees, his clients include Ted Kluszewski, of the Reds; Harvey Kuenn, of the Tigers; Carl Erskine, Duke Snider, Gil Hodges and Pee Wee Reese, of the Dodgers; Billy Pierce, Nellie Fox and Larry Doby, of the White Sox; Bob Lemon, of Cleveland; Robin Roberts, of the Phillies; and Jimmy Piersall and Jackie Jensen, of the Red Sox.

Scott says that of the last ten players voted Rookie of the Year in the major leagues, eight have placed themselves under his tender care in the endorsements-and-appearances field. In his stable, also, are four managers—Fred Hutchinson, of the Cardinals; Birdie Tebbetts, of the Reds; Walt Alston, of the Dodgers; and Bill Rigney, of the Giants.

Early last season, when two of the newer Cincinnati players—Ed Bailey and Frank Robinson—were sensations, Manager Tebbetts called Scott by telephone. "Put these two guys of mine under contract quick," Tebbetts said. "Promoters and people are beginning to bother them, and I don't want them worrying themselves out of my line-up."

When Frank Lane moved from the White Sox to the St. Louis Cardinals as general manager in 1956, he advised his players in a clubhouse speech to put their testimonial affairs in the hands of Scott.

Mantle is Scott's prize package—the only one who has become big enough to incorporate—but Scott is alert to opportunities for all his other players. When Joe Adcock, of the Milwaukee Braves, pulled a classic boner on the night of July thirty-first last season against the Dodgers, attempting to score from second while the ball was in the catcher's hands, Scott turned it to instant account. From his New Jersey home where he was watching on television, Scott visualized the headlines Adcock's rock would make. He called the Greenwich, Connecticut, home of the Garroway morning show's producer, outlined the episode and the impact it would have, and booked Adcock for a fast $250 appearance fee, minus the usual 10 per cent.

Eager beaver Scott maintains a watchful sentry duty at the television and radio sets during the baseball season. It was on May twelfth last season that Scott was alerted to a double windfall. His TV set showed that Carl Erskine was en route to a no-hitter against the Giants, and then Scott heard Vince Scully, the Dodgers' announcer, comment that, "Rookie Don Ferrarese, of the Orioles, is pitching the same kind of a game against the Yankees in Baltimore."

Scully was carefully avoiding the hex of mentioning a prospective no-hitter for Ferrarese, in the tradition of TV-radio men, but Scott got the message. He flicked on the radio broadcast of the final innings of the Yankees' game.

Now Scott was sweating out a fascinating tale of two cities, because both Erskine and Ferrarese were his clients, and he was envisioning big fees if both could bring it off. Erskine made it, but young Ferrarese just missed out, being nicked for a hit by Andy Carey on the first pitch in the ninth.

Before the finish of either game, however, Scott was already in action with the telephone, alerting TV producers to what he could offer. Erskine received bids to appear on three TV shows in New York that night, for fees totaling $1500. Erskine was able to accept only one of the offers. He and Dodger Manager Walt Alston appeared together on Perry Como's show, receiving $500 apiece for the stint. Ferrarese was on the Ed Sullivan Show on Sunday, although a prospective $1000 fee for a no-hitter melted to $250.

When Dale Long, of Pittsburgh, hit home runs in eight consecutive games last May for a new major-league record, the reported $2500 salary raise he immediately received from the grateful Pirates was not his biggest reward. As a Scott client, Long got $3100 worth of TV, magazine and appearance fees before his fame suddenly cooled, along with his home-run bat.

On October 8, 1956, the incredible happened, and a comparatively obscure ballplayer achieved unparalleled fame in the space of two hours. In Yankee Stadium, Don Larsen pitched a no-hit, no-run, no-man-reached-base game in a World Series. Nothing like it had ever happened before.

There was a rush to exploit Larsen, but no opening for "personal representatives," because the big, oddly behaving Yankee right-hander was already under Scott's wing. It wasn't a case of Scott's seizing on baseball's newest celebrity. Two years before, Paul Richards, of the Orioles, had tipped off Scott to sign three Baltimore players who might be on their way to fame—pitcher Bob Turley, shortstop Billy Hunter and Larsen, all of whom were traded after the 1954 season to the Yankees.

The World Series exploit was pure gold for Scott, to say nothing of Larsen. Scott's target with Larsen was a quick clean-up, because the big pitcher had none of the reliability of Mantle, for whom Scott has only to quote the time and place of engagements. When Larsen did show, and he always managed to, he was invariably a hit with his easy, modest manner, bordering on a pleasant sort of insouciance. The fees piled up. In the first month after his perfect game, the pitcher to whom the Yankees had paid a $12,000 salary for the season accumulated $22,000 from television and assorted other special appearances.

The Larsen bonanza has been exciting, but Don offers no serious challenge to Mantle as Scott's No. 1 breadwinner. Scott peddled Mickey into a $15,000 deal with the Kraft Foods Company, for example, selling them the Mickey Mantle Story for television. This price represented a new sports high for the sale of TV rights to biographical material.

Scott reserved the movie rights in hopes of an even bigger deal sometime later. Kraft was limited to the sentimental-journey phase of Mantle's progress to the big leagues from the back yards of Commerce, Oklahoma, where his daddy had groomed him—almost from infancy—to be a major leaguer.

There was little for Kraft's script men to create, because the true story was made to order for their purposes. There was the intense nature of the father's baseball ambition for his son, with touches such as Daddy Mantle pitching to young Mickey and deliberately training him to hit from both sides of the plate. Nor was there need to embroider on the pathos of the proud father's death in 1952, when his boy was just on the threshold of achieving the baseball fame they had dreamed of.

Scott burdens Mantle with none of the preliminaries of their deals. It isn't often that anything goes wrong, but complications did develop in one deal they had last summer.

The client was the Charles Antell Company, makers of a hair conditioner. With his full blond locks, Mickey was a natural as a pitchman for their product, and they set a date in late June to take films of Mantle showing how to use the tonic. But Mickey's mind wasn't on this when he sat down in a Cleveland barber's chair shortly before filling the engagement. He showed up at the studio with a crew cut that bordered on a scalping. They had to set back the shooting date six weeks to allow Mickey's hair to grow out.

The sporting-goods company which owns Mantle's autograph on its gloves and shoes usually pays off ballplayers by giving them free gloves (twenty-five dollars each) and free shoes (thirty-five dollars a pair) in exchange for their endorsements. But under Scott's management, Mickey holds still for no such barter arrangement. Mantle's name on its products cost the same company better than $4000 in royalties last year.

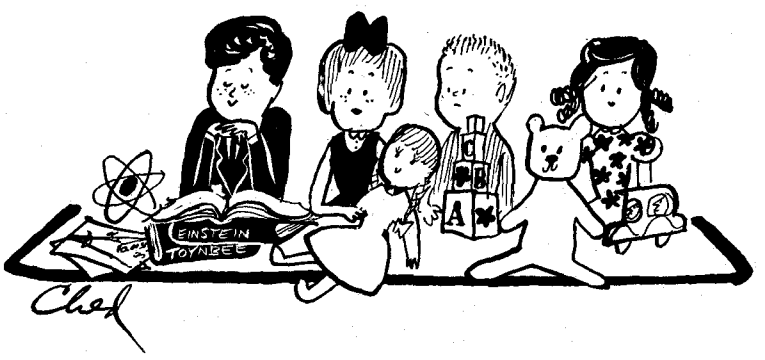
Another intriguing deal for Mantle last season was with Coral Records, which teamed him with songstress Teresa Brewer in a number labeled I Love Mickey. Mantle got a $2000 advance, with the chance of making much more in additional royalties if sales of the record went high enough. Final returns aren't in, but it is unlikely that Mickey is going to prove much of a threat to Elvis Presley.

Toward the end of last season, Scott engineered a slowdown because Mickey Mantle Enterprises, Inc., was entering new and delightfully intolerable tax brackets. He weakened slightly to grab off that $15,000 plum from Kraft, but other potential deals he projected into the new tax year of 1957.

Scott reasoned logically that there was small chance that Mantle would become a forgotten figure during the winter. In the accepted style for entertainment big shots, he booked Mickey into an appearance on a Dallas golf course for the Cerebral Palsy Fund drive, and sent him along to Alaska with Bob Hope to entertain the soldiers in a Christmas show.

Meanwhile the midwinter releases of the official American League statistics were forcibly reminding the American public that Mickey had virtually swept the boards in hitting in 1956, with leadership in six departments—batting average, home runs, runs batted in, runs scored, total bases and slugging percentage.

Anyway, with Mickey having wound up eight home runs short in his 1956 assault on Babe Ruth's record, Scott preferred to gamble on even bigger fees in 1957, when the Madison Avenue Mauler will have a bright new shot at the mark. It could all turn out to be an exceedingly well-calculated risk. THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mr. and Mrs. Guppy dotingly believed that their five-year-old son Cuthbert combined the best traits of Apollo, Leonardo da Vinci and Einstein. So they proudly requested the principal of the nearby public school to enroll Cuthbert in the first grade rather than in kindergarten. When he refused, they went to court.

"State law provides that 'any person five years old or more is entitled to go to public school,'" the Guppys argued. "As first grade is the beginning of a real public schooling, Cuthbert is entitled to start there rather than to waste his time and talent in kindergarten."

"Not so," the school lawyer replied. "In this school, kindergarten is the start of the educational process. Cuthbert and all others must begin there. If he makes good, then he is promoted to first grade."

If you were the judge, would you order Cuthbert admitted to first grade?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

It's kindergarten for Cuthbert. The court ruled that parents do not have the right to insist that their children be admitted to any specific grade or class in public school. Where the starting point is kindergarten, the court said, there they start.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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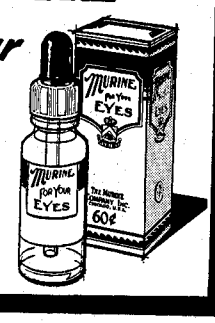
"How we use Murine to rest our eyes"

MRS. GENE WOODLING

and daughter Kim, family of baseball star Gene Woodling

"Kim and I both like the cool and refreshed feeling that Murine gives our eyes. And I know Murine is as safe as nature's own tears," says Mrs. Gene Woodling. You and your children of any age can enjoy this pleasant way to rest your eyes. Murine gently floats away that tired, gritty feeling. Just 2 drops and your eyes feel clean and good again. New *unbreakable* eye dropper.

MURINE for your eyes*



The Murine Co., Inc.
Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg.
U.S. Pat. Off.

Ambush at Blanco Canyon

(Continued from Page 23)

then all the occupants of the hotel lobby—if the dingy room could be so called—became elaborately unconcerned with the newcomer. McKay set his bags down by the door and walked over to the desk. A large woman wearing a checked gingham dress and an apron was behind the desk.

He said, "I wonder if you could tell me how to get to the Terrill place. I think it's called the Ladder Ranch."

"Ladder's quite a piece out of town, young man. They expecting you?"

"Well," he said dryly, "I thought they were, but I see no sign of it."

The woman looked at him for a moment in an appraising manner. "I reckon you'll be the young feller's going to marry Miss Pat Terrill."

"If she hasn't changed her mind."

"McKay's the name, then? Well, you just sit yourself down and wait, Mr. McKay. There's a little trouble here in town at the moment; that's why Ladder hasn't anybody here to meet you. But don't you go taking off across the plains all by yourself, hear? It's a mighty big country, Mr. McKay, and easy to get lost in."

"Thank you," McKay said politely.

He hesitated, but instinct warned him that to ask questions about the nature of the local disturbance would merely brand him as an inquisitive tenderfoot, and he turned away, found a chair and busied himself lighting a short pipe with a well-bitten stem. Presently one of the men on the nearby sofa rose and went to the front door; he looked out cautiously first, then stepped outside, closing the door behind him. After a while he returned.

"They're still in the cantina," he reported, sitting down again. "Young Mike and Shorty are getting pretty drunk. I've got five says it's Mike makes his play first; he's young and reckless."

"Shorty ain't so very even-tempered," the other man on the sofa said. "He ain't going to stand for being pushed too far."

"He'd better stand it," said a man who was looking out the window, without turning his head. "Either of those boys makes a play in there and they'll both come out feet first. That's just what Hannesey's bunch is working for. Old Rufus wants a fight, but he don't want the blame for starting it. If one of those Ladder hands goes off half-cocked ——" He stopped and drew the curtain back to look up the street. "Well, here comes Steve Leech and the rest of the Ladder crew," he said. "This ought to be a right lively afternoon."

McKay smoked his pipe, listening in silence. Some of the references were not quite clear to him, but he decided that a number of men in the employ of a person known as Hannesey, or "Old Rufus," had two employees of the Ladder ranch cornered in a cantina—obviously a local drinking place of some kind—and were plying them with liquor and trying to devil them into "making a play"—apparently a local term for starting a fight. Already there was the sound of many horses in the street. Then footsteps crossed the veranda and the door opened.

The man who came in was younger than McKay by several years. He was taller by a head, narrowly built; and he had a long, bronzed face, sandy hair and blue eyes. Except for the eyes, that had a pale, calculating look, he was a picturesque and handsome figure. He wore a fine pair of boots, a big hat, and a revolver in a holster the bottom of which was secured to his thigh by a leather thong, and he carried a repeating rifle in the crook of his right arm. His glance swept the room briefly, paused on McKay, and went on to find the woman at the desk.

"What happened, ma?" he asked.

"They waited for the stage a while after you pulled out this morning. It didn't come. Miss Pat went back to visit with the schoolteacher a while longer. They were to tell her when the coach was in sight. The boys decided they had time for a quick one up the street. Half a dozen of Hannesey's riders came in and started setting up drinks for them. It would have been an insult to refuse. I sent the boy to tell Miss Pat; and I ain't no ma of yours, Steve Leech, thank the Lord for small blessings and large ones."

"How many are there now?"

"No more. Six or seven."

"Is young Hannesey with them?"

"Buck? No, haven't seen either the boy or his pa in town."

"Then it's a cinch. Thanks, ma." He swung around abruptly to look at McKay. "If your name's McKay, there's a buckboard outside for you. The broncs've had some of the steam run out of them, so I reckon you can handle them. Go back up the street, take the second turn to the right and stop at the only house that's got a fence and a gate. Miss Terrill's waiting for you there. Make it quick; there's like to be a little lead flying in a couple of minutes."

McKay nodded, rose and started toward the door.

Steve Leech's voice said drawlingly, "That's a hell of a hat to bring to this country, friend. You don't watch out, some drunk cowboy's going to shoot it off your head just in fun, like."

McKay looked over his shoulder. Leech's voice had been light enough, and there was even an attempt at a pleasant grin on his face, but there was no mistaking the dislike in the blue eyes.

McKay said gravely, "I thank you for the warning." Then, since the offer seemed to be indicated, he said, "If you need any help, and somebody is willing to lend me a weapon, preferably a rifle ——"

The taller man laughed. "Don't be a hero, Mr. McKay. This is no place for greenhorns. Run along."

McKay shrugged his shoulders, picked up the two bags by the door, and went out to the light wagon. He drove away without looking back, and swung into the side street that had been described to him. The fence and the gate were easy to locate, being painted white. A tall girl with thick fair hair came running from the house as he pulled up in front.

Although he liked to consider himself an unemotional man, and one strongly opposed to public displays of affection, McKay found himself vaulting from the seat of the wagon like a boy and striking the white gate out of his path with a violence that threatened the hinges; then he had her in his arms. It was some time before he became aware that they were embracing practically on a public thoroughfare in broad daylight. He released her with some embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said. "I didn't mean to compromise you before the neighbors."

She laughed delightedly at this, and took his hand and led him into the house, where she turned quickly to face him again; and they repeated the kiss at greater length and leisure.

"Oh, darling, darling!" she breathed at last. "It's been so long! You don't know how long it's been!"

"Don't I?"

"If I'd known how I was going to miss you, I'd never have let you send me home!" she said. "How could you do it?"

"It's something I've wondered myself," he said.

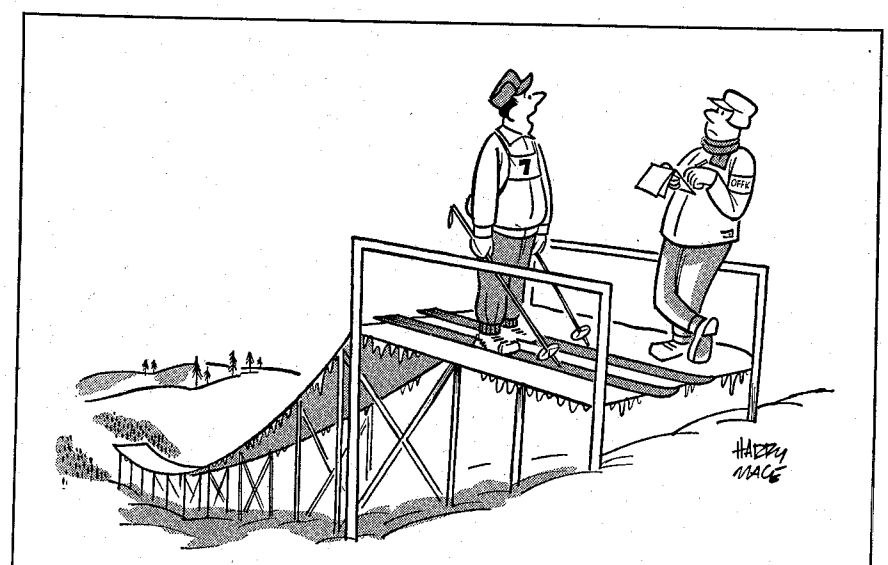
"There have been times I was positive you weren't actually coming, in spite of your letters," she confessed. "Times when I—thought you'd taken this way to—to get rid of me."

He grinned. "There have been times I wasn't sure you'd still have me when I did come." He stepped back to look at her. "Six months haven't changed your mind, Patricia?"

"Do I act as if they had, Jim?"

She smiled at him, lifting her hands to her slightly disordered hair. He watched her tuck the vagrant strands away. She was quite as tall as he, a slender and imperious figure with that crown of fair hair. It had startled him to discover that the same girl could look so remote and lovely at one moment, and be so warm and impulsive the next. During the year she had spent there, she had scandalized all of Baltimore with her unconventional behavior; he had heard of the willful beauty from Texas long before he met her; and he had not expected to like her, being a fairly restrained and conservative person himself. Which showed, he reflected, how little faith a man could put in premonitions.

"Oh, don't study me so critically, darling!" she protested, laughing. "I look perfectly awful, I know. Here I came into town early last night, just so I could have a good night's sleep and be fresh and beautiful for you this morning. And then the stage was late and a couple of fool cowboys went and got themselves in



"I think I'll just chicken out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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trouble and I had to jump in the buckboard and drive like a crazy woman to bring back the rest of the crew."

"I know," he said. "I heard about it at the hotel."

She glanced in that direction. "Do you know what happened? If that bunch of saloon hard cases of the Hanneseys' has hurt any of our boys, I declare I'll get my rifle out of the wagon and go shoot them up myself!"

"I don't know what happened," McKay said. "I didn't stay around to find out." After a moment, the girl looked at him quickly and, he thought, a little oddly, as if struck by a sudden doubt. "I offered my services, my dear," he said. "A gentleman named Leech allowed as how he needed no help from greenhorns."

Patricia flushed minutely. "I'm sorry, Jim. I should have known. Steve didn't mean any harm, I'm sure." The mood of the reunion had been marred by that little flicker of doubt, and both of them knew it. Patricia laughed quickly. "Well, Julie Maragon's hiding in the bedroom to give us privacy. I think we can let her out now, don't you? You'll like her; she's a real sweet person. All the school children adore her. . . . Julie," she called, "you can come out now! I've finished kissing him, for the moment!"

There was a stir in the next room; presently the door opened and a young woman of medium height came out. She had dark hair put up in a rather plain and uncompromising way, and she wore a wool skirt and a white shirtwaist. McKay noticed that there were freckles on her face; otherwise the face was in no way remarkable.

Patricia said, with playful formality, "Miss Maragon, allow me to present Mr. McKay. Julie, this is Jim. I want you to entertain him while I finish packing my things; if we don't get started soon, we won't get to the ranch until practically midnight." She glanced toward the door. "I do wish Steve would come and let us know everything's all right. I won't be a minute, darling."

She disappeared into the bedroom, leaving them standing there. The smaller girl laughed softly. "She's wonderful, isn't she? You're a very lucky man, Mr. McKay. Please sit down."

He sat down on the small, unyielding sofa and watched Julie Maragon seat herself in a chair facing him. He was aware that he made a somewhat stiff and ridiculous figure sitting there with the bowler hat on his knees, but there was always a kind of awkwardness between a single woman and a man who, committed elsewhere, could have no serious interest in her. Nevertheless, she was Patricia's friend, and he made an effort to be agreeable.

"Is this your home, Miss Maragon?" he asked. "It seems like a very pleasant place."

"It'll do," the girl said.

"Do you come from this part of the country?"

She smiled. "My grandfather was the first man to run cattle this far north in Texas, Mr. McKay. He had a ranch here when the Comanches were still a serious problem—in fact, they caught my parents away from the house when I was a baby and killed them both. Gramps went after the Indians with a bunch of men and came back with seven scalps." After a moment, she said, "It was a fierce country in those days, Mr. McKay."

He said dryly, "It's not exactly peaceful right now, I gather. Maybe you can tell me what's behind this trouble."

"Why," she said, "the situation is very simple. When Gramps settled here, naturally he picked the best spot for grass and water at the junction of Big Muddy Creek and the Rio Puerco. That's about forty miles west of here. Later, Major Terrill moved in to the north along the river, and still later the Hanneseys started running cattle along the edge of the broken country to the south—there was some question as to whose cattle, but the question was never answered. Both of the new ranches were actually on range Gramps had been using, but it was free range then and he was getting old and losing interest in the cattle business, so he didn't object as long as they left him alone on Big Muddy, which they did. But when he died, three years ago, I could see what was coming, and I knew that a woman had no business in the middle of a mess like that, so I sold off what little stock we had left and paid off our few remaining hands and moved into town to teach school—the county gave me the job out of respect for Gramps' memory. So now Ladder and the Hannesey outfit are fighting for the use of Big Muddy, and it's been a standoff for three years."

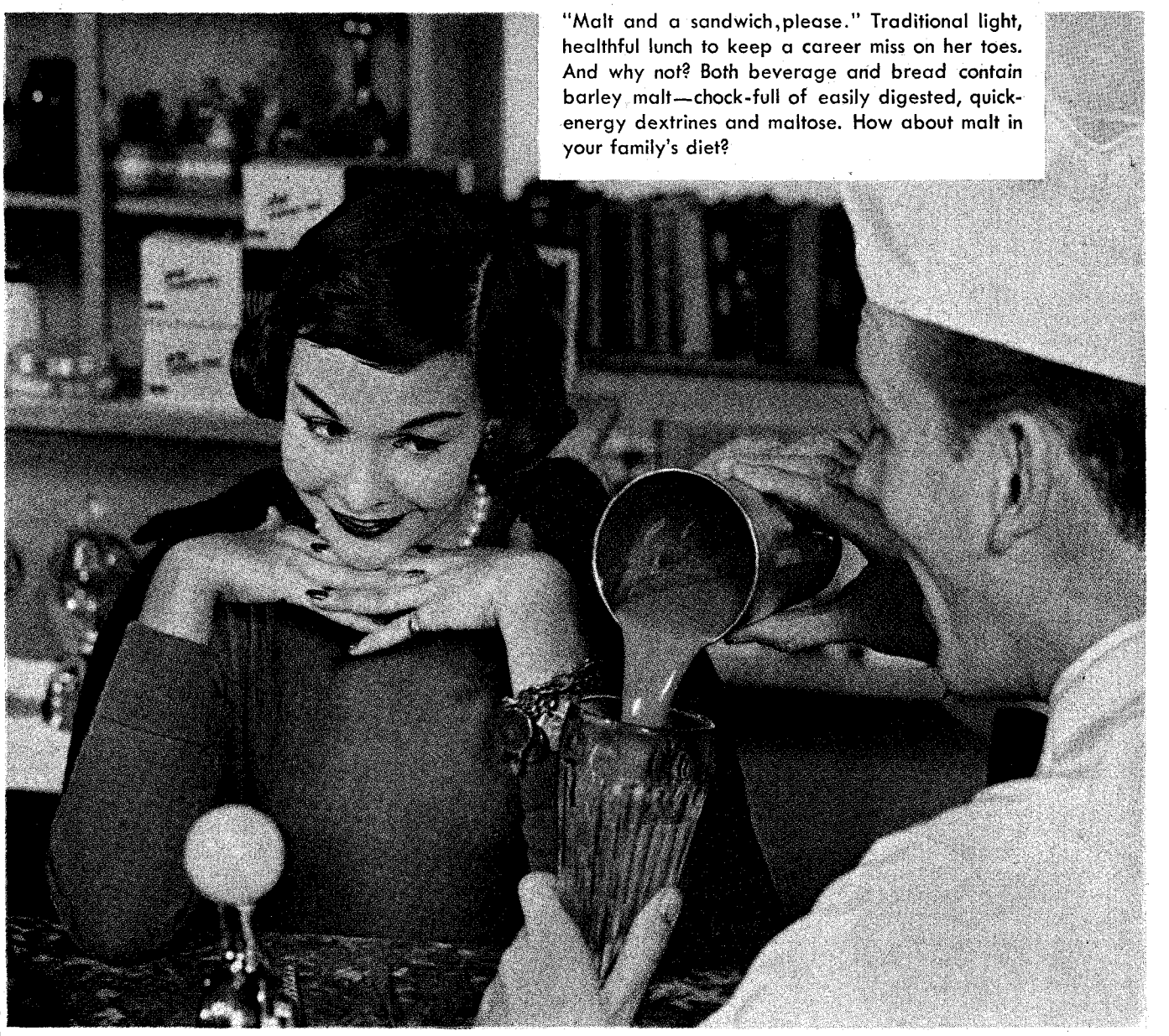
McKay frowned. "I don't quite understand the legal position, Miss Maragon. This land under dispute used to belong to your grandfather. To whom does it belong now?"

The girl laughed. "Out here, land and water—don't forget the water; nobody in Texas does—belongs to whoever can take and hold it."

He said, a little impatiently, "But certainly before a man like your grandfather put up houses and barns he assured himself of some kind of title to the land he was building on, at least."

"Well, as a matter of fact, he did. And as Clem Maragon's legal heir, I'm the

Making a hit with a Miss



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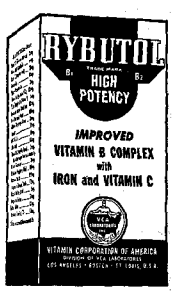

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proud possessor of an impressive stack of legal documents entitling me to all kinds of rights and perquisites, which various people have offered to buy. Buck Hannesey is even willing to marry them—although I flatter myself his interest goes a little beyond the papers. It's a very intriguing situation, Mr. McKay."

"Has Major Terrill made you an offer?"

"Yes, of course." The girl glanced at the closed bedroom door. "It's created quite a strain on my friendship with Pat. She can't understand why I don't sell to the major and settle the whole business. She doesn't seem to realize that the Hanneseys have no intention of remaining penned up in the area south of Big Muddy, no matter who gets the legal title. Rufus Hannesey waited a long time for Gramps to die; he was smart enough not to tackle Gramps, who was an old wolf when he wanted to be, and who was known and respected throughout the state. The old robber's willing to wait a little longer, to see if he can't get what he wants legally. As long as he doesn't know which way I'm going to jump, as long as Buck reports that he's making headway and Big Muddy's practically in the family, he'll hold off. The minute I sell to Ladder, he'll strike. No, Mr. McKay, I'm not going to sell to Pat's father even if she is my best friend; if I sell to anybody, I'll sell to the Hanneseys."

"That seems like a strange conclusion," McKay said.

The girl shook her head. "No. Because if the Hanneseys should get legal title to Big Muddy, Major Terrill's law-abiding enough that he won't try to drive them out. So we'll have a few more years of peace until Hannesey is ready for his next move, and who knows what may happen in the meantime? He may die or this country may become so thickly settled that no big ranches will survive." Julie Maragon leaned forward in her chair. "Don't you see, Mr. McKay? It's my decision. It would be very easy to sell it to my friends and watch them have to fight a bloody range war to hold it. Maybe—maybe, if I get tired enough, that's what I'll do, after all. But I keep hoping there's another solution. Besides ——"

"What?" he asked as she hesitated.

"Besides," she said with a quick smile, "it's such a pretty place, I just kind of hate to sell it and lose all hope of ever going back there to live. I ride out there every so often ——" Her voice trailed off. Presently she looked up abruptly. "You're a comfortable person to talk to, Mr. McKay. I've said too much. I hope you'll keep it in confidence." She caught the direction of his glance. "Oh, not from Pat; I don't ask that! She thinks the Terrills can take care of themselves." Julie Maragon smiled and looked at McKay directly. "People who think that always have to be taken care of by other people, don't they?"

He frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Why didn't you marry her back East? You have my respect, Mr. McKay; a lesser man would have taken advantage of her loneliness and recklessness, and married her at once."

He said, rather stiffly, "You give me too much credit. It's merely that I consider marriage a pretty serious business, and I want to do it properly, since I only expect to do it once."

"Perhaps," she said. "Nevertheless ——"

The sound of hoofbeats in the street outside interrupted her. They rose, and the bedroom door flew open as Patricia came running out to join them.

"It's Steve!" she cried. "I'll go see how he made out!"

She gathered up her skirts and ran out of the house. McKay and Julie Maragon followed more slowly, reaching the gate in time to hear the tall rider in the street say, ". . . when they saw they was outnumbered, there was no fight in them. Well, I'll be bringing Mike and Shorty home as soon as the boys get them sobered up enough to ride." He hesitated, and his glance touched McKay and moved back to the girl standing below him. "You might as well start out as soon as you're ready, ma'am; we'll be only a couple of miles behind you, and I reckon you'd as soon travel alone."

"All right, Steve," Patricia said. "And thanks! I was worried for a while."

"Nothing to worry about, ma'am."

He reined his horse around and set off at a sudden gallop, making, McKay decided, more of a spectacle of his departure than was entirely necessary. McKay glanced at the girl beside him and found her watching him. He grinned, but her face was serious.

"You've picked yourself a hard furrow to plow, Mr. McKay," she said quietly. "I wish you luck. And—there are very few gentlemen on the range. Watch your step."

Patricia came back to them; and McKay held the gate for her to enter. She said, "Well, I'm glad that's finished! I really was worried, but I should have known Steve would handle it all right. I don't know what dad would do without him. . . . And don't you make any remarks, Julie Maragon!" she added with a laugh; explaining to McKay: "Julie thinks Steve takes himself too seriously. Well, he is a good man, and he knows it."

"He's a handsome one, to be sure, and he knows that too," Julie said dryly. "Well, if you've got your things packed, Pat, maybe you'd better get started. . . . Wait a minute! Has this traveler of yours had anything to eat all day?"

Patricia looked at McKay, startled, and saw the answer on his face. "Heavens!" she cried. "Why didn't you say something, darling? Well, we'll fix you something quickly while you're changing your clothes; it won't take a minute. . . . What's the matter?"

McKay asked deliberately, "Precisely what's wrong with the clothes I'm wearing, Patricia?"

She said impatiently, "Well, you're certainly not going to the ranch in that ridiculous hat!"

There was a moment of silence, while McKay removed the offending headgear, examined it, brushed it with his sleeve and replaced it calmly on his head.

"My dear," he said, "if you think I am going to appear before your father in a sombrero a yard wide, boots with three-inch heels, and a revolver with a barrel a foot long, you are sadly mistaken."

There was a quick, choked sound of laughter from where the smaller girl was standing. Patricia flushed. "But I just ——"

McKay said, "Just what?"

She wailed, "But I just don't want them to laugh at you, darling!"

He grinned. "You'd better resign yourself right now to the fact that no matter what kind of clothes I have on when I get to your ranch, I'm going to look just like a tenderfoot. So let's get out there and give the boys their laugh. If I can stand it, surely you can."

Half an hour later the town was behind them and they were driving westward toward the sun that was already beginning to sink through the intensely blue sky to the incredibly distant horizon ahead.

"I keep thinking," McKay said presently, "that it's kind of like being at sea."

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"It's a big country, darling," Patricia said. Her momentary anger had faded. She reached out to put her hand on his arm. "I do hope you're going to like it here."

He glanced at her. "Well enough to stay, you mean?"

She hesitated and, after a moment, nodded quickly. "Yes. Of course, I'll go back East with you if that's what you decide; I'd have stayed there if you'd let me last fall. But this is my country and I love it, Jim." She pressed his arm eagerly. "You wrote that there was a possibility. Is that really true?"

He said, "Before I commit myself, let me talk to your father and look around a bit. Which reminds me; dad had a pair of cased dueling pistols—he was kind of an old-fashioned gentleman. He believed in sailing ships and in affairs of honor; as a matter of fact, he fought a number of them. Anyway, the pistols are obsolete, of course, and they're rather pretty pieces, and I thought your father might like to have them."

"I'm sure he would; it was nice of you to think of it."

"And there's a brooch that my mother used to wear that I brought along for you, kind of a family trinket. It's in the top of my valise, if you care to look for it. I don't trust these Western broncos of yours enough to turn my back on them."

Patricia rose to kneel on the seat, reaching for the luggage in the bed of the wagon behind them. McKay checked the ponies slightly, so the jolting would not throw her off balance. He glanced around casually, his eyes sweeping the horizon in a practiced manner; this country might have its drawbacks, but it gave you the same feeling as the ocean. Then something caught his glance along the road ahead.

He said easily, "I don't suppose there's much danger from Indians any more."

Patricia laughed. "Indians! Darling, don't act any more like a greenhorn than you have to. Whatever made you say that?"

"That little gully ahead," he said. "There's somebody in it. Several somebodies, in fact. They seem to be waiting for us."

She straightened up quickly to glance at him; then she looked where he pointed. He had pulled the team to a halt. As she looked, a group of horsemen rode out of the high brush that bordered the road where it passed through the wash ahead. There were six or seven of them. They swung into the road and started toward the motionless buckboard. They were obviously not Indians.

McKay studied them for a moment. "Hannesey's men, I suppose."

"Yes, I think so. That looks like Buck Hannesey on the bay. How did you ——"

"It seemed logical. They were routed by superior numbers in town, so they decided to lie in wait along the road. I don't suppose we can outrun them."

"I wouldn't run from that bunch of saddle tramps, anyway!" Patricia was on her knees again, reaching behind the seat; she settled back with a short-barreled carbine in her lap. "Go on. If they start anything, I'll take care of them!" She glanced at him impatiently. "Drive ahead, Jim!"

He looked at the approaching riders thoughtfully, weighing the various elements of the situation. Of them all, one was, of course, supreme: the safety of the girl beside him. Second came the consideration that, tenderfoot or no, he could hardly hide behind a woman's skirts—or rifle.

He said, "They aren't likely to do you any harm, are they?"

She laughed scornfully. "Even the Hanneseys would hardly touch a woman; the whole county would help string them up. But ——"

"That's what I wanted to know," he said. Before she realized what he was about, he had taken the carbine from her hands. "In that case," he said, "we'll dispense with the firearms, my dear." He tossed the weapon into the back of the wagon. A moment later the riders were all around them.

The man on the bay horse rode up close on McKay's side. He was young, and although it was difficult to judge his height in the saddle, he gave an impression of rawboned tallness. He had dark red hair that needed cutting; it grew in long sideburns down his jaw, and he had a bushy red mustache as well. His eyes were small, deep-set, and mean in his bony face.

"Pleasant day, Miss Terrill," he said. "The boys tell me there was a little trouble in town. If I'd been there, it might have turned out different. Steve Leech don't scare me the way he does some people." He looked down at McKay, as if discovering his presence for the first time. "This the fellow you're going to marry, Miss Terrill? Mighty handsome little man, all dressed up in a fancy suit. And I sure do admire that hat he's wearing."

Suddenly he spurred his horse forward, snatched the bowler hat from McKay's head and, with a snapping motion of the wrist, sent it flying; with a continuation of the same movement, he whipped out the big revolving pistol he carried at his hip in a carved holster, and fired. In an instant all the men were yelling wildly and firing at the hat as it soared high, rising on the wind. At last it lost its forward motion and settled lightly to the ground and the shooting stopped.

"Mighty pretty little man," the rider on the bay horse said. "Too dang pretty for a Texas girl. . . . Get him, boys!"

There was a whispering sound in the air; a rope settled about McKay's shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides, and snatched him from the seat of the buckboard. He heard Patricia cry out as he fell; then the impact drove the breath out of him. He was dragged a way along the ground. The motion stopped.

"Get up," said the voice of the red-haired man.

He got clumsily to his feet. Another loop came from nowhere; the two ropes grew tight, holding him motionless in the middle of the road. The red-haired young man had dismounted. There was a wicked look of pleasure on his face as he walked forward and hit McKay hard in the pit of the stomach with the left hand; then, as he doubled up, clubbed him across the head with the pistol still held in the right. . . .

McKay came back to full consciousness with Patricia kneeling beside him. He looked around and saw that they were alone on this stretch of road, and he thought, with relief, *Well, that's over.* When he tried to get up, agony pounded through his head, but he made it nevertheless, and walked away from the girl. When he returned, he had the hard hat in his hands. He dusted it off and showed it to her.

"I don't think much of their marksmanship," he said. "They didn't hit it once. Come on, let's get out of here."

Julie Maragon watched the two figures in the buckboard until the vehicle turned out of sight on Main Street; then she straightened abruptly and closed the gate and made sure the latch was caught. She turned and walked quickly into the house and busied herself tidying the bedroom, reflecting that Pat Terrill needed only five minutes in a room to make it look like the wake of a tornado. She found herself wondering how that would set with Mr. McKay, who looked like an orderly sort of man. . . .

After dinner, she was reading in her favorite chair by the window—she was developing a fine set of spinsterish habits, it occurred to her—when Buck Hannesey's footsteps crossed the porch and his knock shook the door. There was never any mistaking those boots or that fist, and she sat quite still in the chair, gripping the book, until the quick panic the man always aroused in her was fully under control. Then she laid the book carefully aside, after marking her place. Hannesey rapped on the door again.

"Just a minute, Mr. Hannesey," she called, and walked deliberately into the bedroom and stood before the mirror for a minute or two, smoothing her hair, which didn't need it. The panic was gone now, and she noted that her eyes were brighter than they had been. *Why, you little coquette,* she scolded herself, but knew that she was not being fair to herself. The cold excitement she felt was that of the huntress, not the flirt; she had a dangerous beast at bay. She walked quickly back into the other room and pulled the door open, stepping back to admit the man who stood outside.

"Come in, Mr. Hannesey," she said. "I didn't know you were in town. This is a pleasant surprise."

He came in, ducking his head to avoid the low doorjamb. "Just riding through, ma'am," he said, holding his hat in both hands awkwardly, but there was never any awkwardness about those small, deep-set eyes. "Just dropped by to see if you was all right here," he said.

"'Were,' Mr. Hannesey," she said, smiling. (*Continued on Page 81*)

Winter Traffic

By Elijah L. Jacobs

Valley, meadow and hill lie
frigid and white,
Frozen, sterile—quiescent or
seeming so.
Yet under the fence-row
bushes, vaulted with snow,
Are seeds to glean and
chambers with room for
flight
Of the little birds. The rabbits
have scuttled by night
Out of their hummocky brush
heaps to come and go,
Printing their triple tracks.
The weasels know,
And the minks and foxes,
passages out of sight
From creek-bank jungle to
caverns in shelving rock.
Even the air has traffic
enough—bunting,
Chickadee, jay; a sleek hawk
coursing, hunting;
A flapping crow pariah lost
from his flock.
And deep in the hillside
thicket a horned owl waits;
His silent prowling begins
when the light abates.

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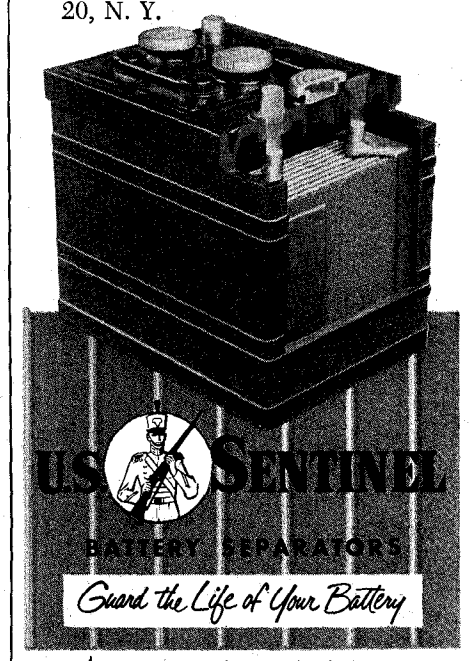

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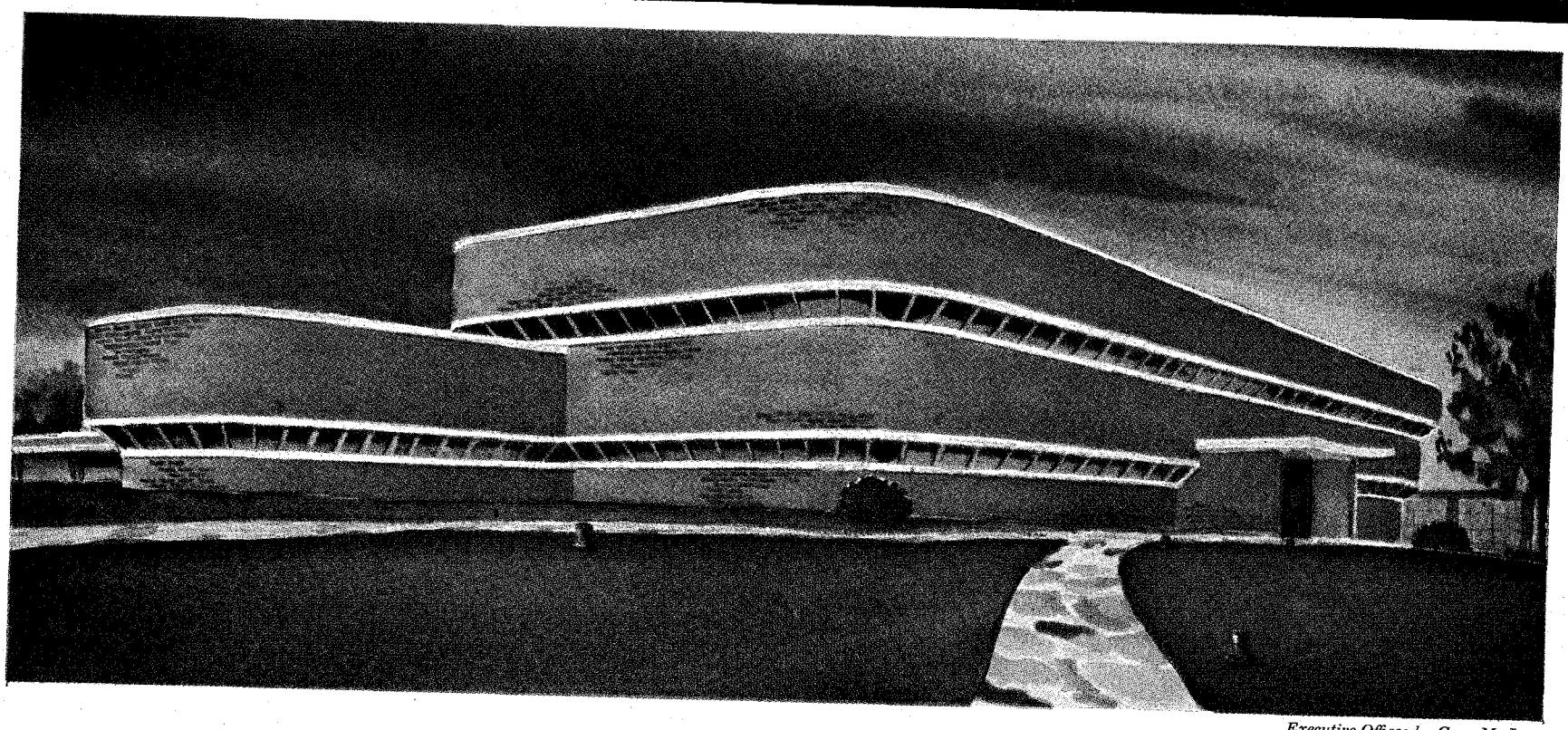
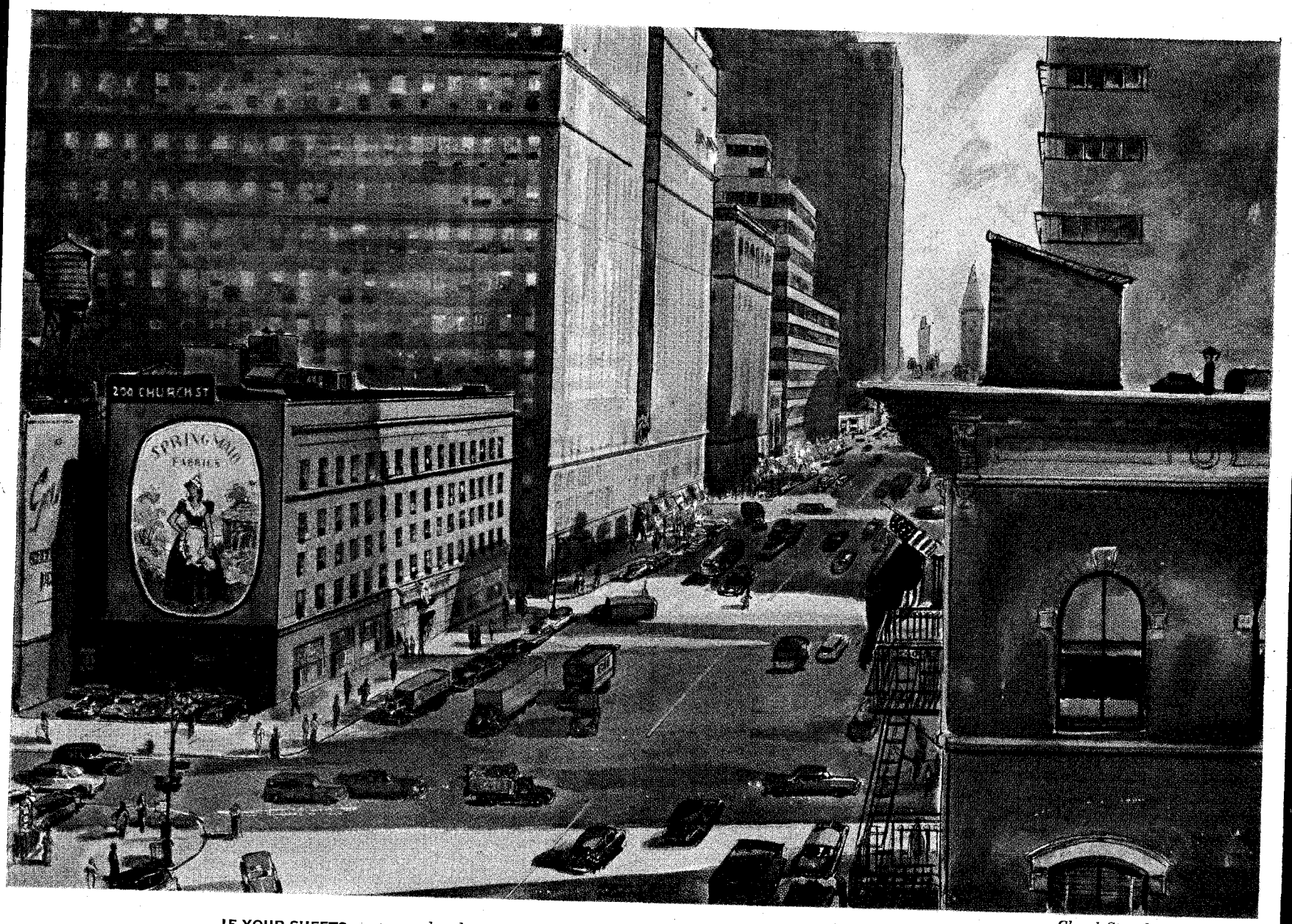


Executive Offices by Gene M. Love

THIS IS THE OFFICE THAT MAKES THE MILLS that make the sheets that make the beds that lay in the house that Jack built.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT MAKES THE SALES THAT MAKE THE OFFICE THAT MAKES THE MILLS
that make the sheets that make the beds that lay in the house that Jack built.



Church Street by Clayton Knight

IF YOUR SHEETS are tattered and torn,
And making beds leaves you all forlorn,
Make haste to the store, as fast as you're able,
Make a purchase of sheets with the Springmaid label,
They're whiter than white, will never wilt,
And will outlast the house that your Jack built.

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(*Continued from Page 79*) "'To see if you were all right,' is the correct form."

He chuckled. "You tell me, ma'am. I never had much schooling."

This was part of the game, his mock humbleness before her superior knowledge, but it meant nothing. She asked, "Why on earth wouldn't I be all right here?"

"Why, ma'am, a pretty woman living alone is kind of a temptation in a land of men."

She looked up into the gaunt, red-mustached young face and reminded herself never to forget that this man was not stupid. He could threaten subtly while apparently turning a compliment; he never let her forget that she was completely at his mercy, being weak and alone, if he should ever decide to pay the price of taking her by force; she had even in a large measure forfeited the protection of the community by keeping him dangling so long.

She smiled. "There's flattery in that speech, I'm sure. You've got a long ride if you're heading back to the ranch tonight; perhaps you'd like a cup of coffee."

He shook his head. "No, ma'am, thank you just the same. Just stopped in for a moment, like I said." He looked around the room. "That high-and-mighty friend of yours from Ladder was here, wasn't she?"

"Pat Terrill stayed overnight, yes. Why do you ask?"

"The Terrills ain't friends of ours. I've mentioned it before. You're going to have to make the choice sometime, ma'am. When is it to be?"

"And I've told you, Mr. Hannesey, that I'll select my own friends."

He shook his head. "It won't do. In this country you're on one side or the other; you can't have it both ways. There's talk you've been playing me for a fool, ma'am. I wouldn't like to think that was true." He did not give her time to respond, but went on, "I just stopped to pass the time of day with your friend and her intended, outside of town. He's kind of a dude, ain't he? We had a little fun with the dude, but not much. He didn't put up much of a fight. Is that the kind of man you want, ma'am, with a starched collar and a fancy hat and too little nerve to hold a gun? Wouldn't even let the girl use it. Maybe you ought to go East and fetch a tame one like that for yourself, since you don't seem to care for the kind of men that grow in this country."

She could smell him now, the rank odors of tobacco and sweat and horses and whisky. She said, "You're drunk, Mr. Hannesey. I must ask you to leave."

He said, "You're scared of me, ain't you?" He studied her shrewdly. "You're mad too. What makes you mad, ma'am? Don't you like my roughing up your friend's dude? You thinking of getting a pretty one like that for yourself, ma'am? Well, it wouldn't be smart, because he wouldn't last long. Not any man who looks at you twice. Good night, ma'am." And he was gone.

It was dark outside now. She heard him swing into the saddle and ride away. She wanted to throw herself down on the bed fully dressed and bury her face in the pillow, but she forced herself first to take care of the little nighttime chores that were left to be done around the house, and get into her night clothes. Then the bed received her gratefully, but it was a long time before she fell asleep, and her slumbers were not sound.

McKay awoke with a large lump behind the left ear, but no pain worth mentioning, which was a relief after the blinding headache with which he had gone to bed. Because of it, he had no clear memory of his arrival at the Ladder ranch or his meeting with Patricia's father; dizzy with the throbbing of his head, he had excused himself immediately after dinner on the ground of weariness and sought refuge in his room.

Major Terrill was in the living room when he entered. The older man rose to greet him, saying approvingly, "You're up early. I'd given instructions to let you sleep, after your long journey; but since you're here, we can have our breakfast together." He smiled. "My daughter, as you'll discover, is not an early riser. This way, Mr. McKay. Perhaps I may call you Jim?"

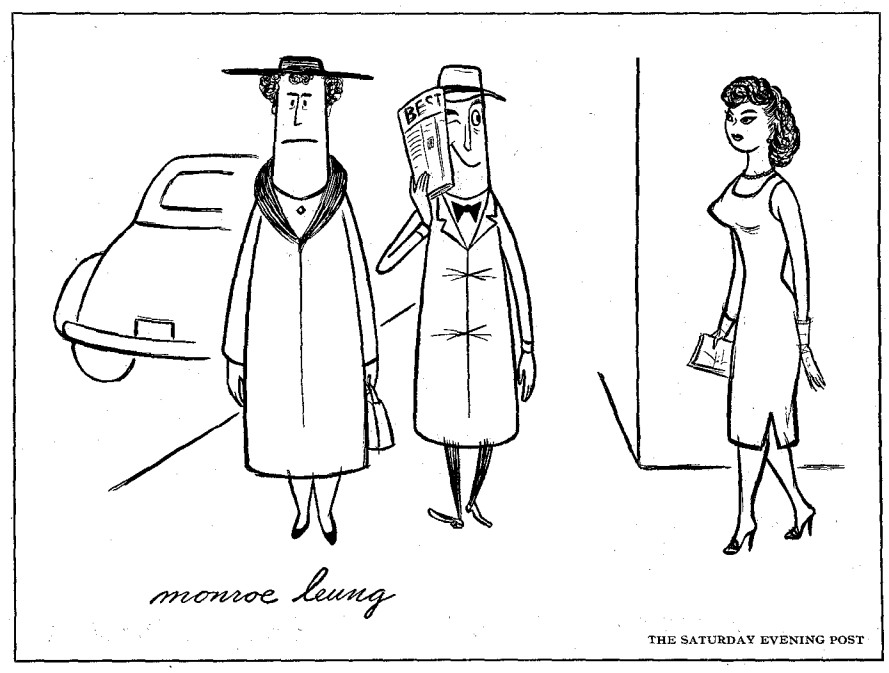
"I'd be pleased if you would, sir," McKay said, following the other into the dining room, noting that the furnishings of the great, sprawling ranch house would not have looked out of place in a fine house in Baltimore; nor would their owner, a tall, slender gentleman who showed no sign of age beyond his white hair and sweeping white mustache. Something about the whole picture he was seeing—refreshed by sleep and with daylight to help him—disturbed McKay this morning, where he had only been impressed by it the night before. He could not help thinking that the sweat-smelling, red-haired young ruffian who had clubbed him down in the road was probably closer to the realities of this rough land than was the erect, immaculate old gentleman before him.

"You have a beautiful place here, sir," McKay said as they sat down at the table.

"I take no credit for it," the older man said. "Patricia's mother is largely responsible; it's a pity she didn't live to see it completed. I'm glad to have this opportunity to talk to you alone, Jim. First of all, I want to say that I'm extremely grateful for the considerate way you've behaved. I know it's not in Patricia's nature to wait six months for anything. I believe, therefore, that I owe it to you that I'll have the pleasure of seeing my daughter married from this house, and I thank you."

McKay said, "It's my marriage, too, sir; and I saw no reason not to do it properly."

The major laughed. "Well, we'll certainly try to oblige you. The bishop will be here early next week—he was delayed by illness or he'd have been here tomorrow. I'd like for you to see the ranch and some of the surrounding country; it's a big country, sir, a country with a future. We've made a start here at Ladder, but it's only a start. I see an empire in the making, Jim; a cattle empire. Of course, there are obstacles ——"



McKay rubbed the back of his head ruefully. "I believe I met one of those obstacles yesterday evening. Who are the Hanneseys, anyway?"

"Scum," the major said. "There's no other word for them. The Hanneseys are trash, sir. Tennessee trash, I believe."

"How many of them are there?"

"It's hard to say. Such people are as prolific as animals. At present there's the titular head of the family, Old Lafe, who's well over a hundred; they have to feed and dress and wash him like a baby—I doubt they spend much time at the washing. Then there are his two sons—Jacob, who's a little weak in the head; and Rufus, who has a certain cunning. Jake has a wife and several children, mostly half-witted; Rufus has had over a dozen children by three different wives, I'm told. Seven or eight survive. The oldest male is young Rufus, known as Buck, whom you met. There are several daughters, all married. They are all busy producing more little Hanneseys under various names. They all live together like a pack of wild dogs up in Blanco Canyon. That any decent white woman would ever consider having business dealings with them, let alone marrying into that barbaric ménage, is more than I can understand. Clem Maragon was a rough and outspoken individual with few social graces, but I considered him my friend, and I must say that I'm deeply hurt by his daughter's attitude. I understand you talked to her yesterday. I can only tell myself that they must have frightened her in some way, but if so, why didn't she come to me for protection? Well, I didn't mean to bore you with our problem, Jim. Tell me of your own plans."

"They're a little vague at the moment, sir," McKay said. "Steam is changing the whole shipping industry; McKay Brothers is merging with several of its former competitors. We've been working out the details of the transaction all winter. The way it looks now, I can take out my father's share in cash or I can take an interest in the new firm. A position goes with it. I have a month or so longer to decide."

"Patricia said you were considering coming out here to live. Naturally, as her parent, I approve of the idea heartily."

McKay said, "Well, it's just a possibility and maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it yet. The romance of the sea is pretty much a thing of the past, sir."

"Well, if it's romance you want, my boy, you can find it here. And as for the practical aspects, this country is growing and a young man with money to invest could grow with it. In fact, Ladder would welcome new blood, and this place, as you can see, is big enough for us all."

McKay said, "That's more than generous of you, sir, and I certainly appreciate the offer. Will you give me a little time to think about it?"

"I won't hurry you, Jim," the major said. He smiled, rising. "Naturally, I realize that you'd like to strike out for yourself, and it's natural for a young man to want to get his wife out from under the parental roof to a home of her own. But think it over, boy."

"I certainly will," McKay said. "If you'll excuse me for just a minute, I'd like to get something from my room. I'll be right back."

Walking quickly through the house, he took out a handkerchief and patted his forehead lightly, feeling like a man who had just endured a lengthy formal ceremony—which, of course, it had been, and there were more to come. Returning, he found the major in the living room, lighting a cigar. He placed the mahogany pistol case on the table beside the older man.

"These belonged to my father, sir," he said. "They're French dueling pistols and quite accurate. I thought you might like to have them."

Major Terrill glanced at him. "Why, that's very kind of you, Jim!" He laid the cigar aside and examined the case respectfully; then opened it carefully to inspect the engraved weapons inside, making a sound of appreciation. "These have seen use," he said presently.

"Yes," McKay said. "When I was a boy, we used to go down to the shore and shoot them, practicing. My father said a gentleman ought to know how to defend his honor, if the occasion should arise."

The older man gave him a sideways look. "You seem to have a somewhat different attitude. Patricia said you refused to defend yourself on the road last night. She was a little upset about it."

McKay said, "Perhaps I did not feel that my honor was involved, sir."

"Well, yours may not be, but mine is!" Major Terrill said with sudden anger. "When a guest can't come to my house without being set upon by a band of armed ruffians, it's time that steps were taken; and I've sent Steve out to round up the men. We're going to teach the Hanneseys a small lesson. Would you care to come along?"

McKay hesitated. "If it's all the same to you, major, I'd prefer not to be the cause of a lot of trouble. In fact, that's precisely what I was trying to avoid yesterday afternoon. You'll be doing me a favor if you simply forget it."

"Forget it!" The older man's white mustache seemed to bristle with indignation. "I must say, Jim, that I find your attitude hard to understand!"

"What attitude?" It was Patricia's voice from the doorway, lightly questioning. "What about him do you find hard to understand, dad?"

They turned to face her as she came forward, tall and lovely in a flowered blue dress.

"Why," said her father—"why, I asked Jim if he wanted to accompany us to teach the Hanneseys a little lesson, but he seems reluctant."

McKay saw Patricia turn to look at him quickly, with the same startled question that had been in her eyes the day before, now more clearly defined. He met her glance levelly, and her eyes turned away. It was not a pleasant moment.

He said, "I did not say that, sir. I merely hoped you'd reconsider the expedition. If you're riding, of course I'll go with you."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 43)

late, she'd drive up to Mt. Vernon Place after she got off. He'd meet her, drive home with her to put her car in the alley garage, wait till he saw her lights go on and walk back home through the silent streets. It was always his Kerry, not Miss Reeves. She had a bottle of flower mist and cotton in the glove compartment, so the make-up was gone, her hair combed back down to its glossy close-fitting cap again.

It was also in the glove compartment that he found her gun one day. It was a Saturday toward the end of April. They were out in the valley, eating a picnic lunch in a field under an oak tree and he'd opened the compartment to find some cigarettes. Her heart sank as he came back with it in his hand, his jaw hard.

"Kerry, what's this?"

"That? Why, that's a gun, Johnny." She kept her voice light, determined not to lose her own temper.

"Do you know how to use it?"

She took it and released the safety. "See that splotch of fungus on the oak? The top one in the center?"

The gun cracked and the gray-green dust splattered.

He looked at her oddly. "Where'd you learn to shoot, pardner?"

"My father and brothers. Tin cans on stumps. Then at school." She didn't say the school was the Police Academy.

"My mother's the only other gal I know that could have hit that bull's-eye that neat."

I've got to be more careful. It was excitement that made her forget to take it out of the compartment the night before. For the last two weeks she'd been working with Sergeant Burns, of the New York Racket Squad, Dave Trumper behind the scenes, at a place called the Hay Ride Club, tipped off that a character badly wanted in New York and elsewhere was holed in there. Last night she'd caught the first sign that the tip might be right. There was always excitement, mounting tension, among all of them when it seemed likely they were closing in on any job. And it was that that made her neglect to look through the one-way disk, three days later, before she opened her door.

That was a Tuesday. Johnny had been and gone, and she was hurrying to get dressed and do her make-up before Sergeant Burns came to pick her up. They had bracketed their man by a simple thing—his habit of eating sour rye bread sprinkled with caraway seeds and his addiction to a brand of expensive Scotch whisky far different from that dispensed to its regular clients by the Hay Ride Club. All they had to find out was who the midnight snack was taken to.

She put on some extra rouge, tightening the screw of one dime-store earring as she heard the rap at the door. She ran out, putting on the other earring as she went, dropped it as she got to the door, and stooped down to retrieve it with one hand as she opened the door with the other.

"You're early ——"

As she caught the fragrance of Parma violets she stopped short and looked up quickly. A woman's feet, elegantly shod, were what she saw first. It was a lifetime, her heart still as a stone, before she got herself unsteadily erect to see the handsome figure in a gray suit and silver-blue mink stole with the violets held by a diamond cluster, the blue-white hair under a small, close-fitting hat of blue silk violets, the determined jaw, patrician nose and the sharp old eyes, cold gray as a shark's, that were fixed on her.

"Miss O'Keefe? I'm Mrs. John Summerfield. You know my grandson, I believe. I wonder if you'd allow me to come in a few moments. Unless it will make you late for your work, of course."

There are moments too awful to do anything but rise to them, face to face.

"Please come in, Mrs. Summerfield." Where her voice came from and how it managed to sound as steady as it did, she never knew. "Sit down, won't you?"

She saw the old eyes take complete inventory of the room without an apparent movement of the regal head, and return to her, moving very deliberately, beginning at her gold sandals, up the tawdry cheapness of the beaded evening dress, reaching her face, ending on the single dime-store earring dangling against her jaw.

"I've been anxious to meet you, Miss O'Keefe. I've had such conflicting reports about you. Originally you were a—a blonde."

Mrs. Summerfield sat down, majestically erect, the soft fragrance of the violets

... ...

Aging Process

Although, of course, I know
quite well
How true it is that "Time
will tell,"
I always tend to hope, a
little,
It may be sort of
noncommittal.

R. H. Grenville

... ...

stirring the air as she moved. Kerry was aware of her eyes doing another detailed appraisal of the room.

"You rent your apartment furnished, I presume."

"No," Kerry said. "Everything's mine. Including the paint."

"Then perhaps I've been misled, Miss O'Keefe. Perhaps it's your present ——"

"Getup, I believe, is the word, Mrs. Summerfield."

"Thank you. I see now that we understand each other, Miss O'Keefe. So I'm sure you'll understand why I felt it necessary to have a private investigator supply me with some information about you."

For the first time, Kerry's eyes wavered. If they'd found out she was a policewoman, it could wreck the Hay Ride job.

"During the time you were employed at the Coral Seas Club," Mrs. Summerfield added. "And what concerns me is what possible interest you can have in my grandson. You don't by any chance think he can ——" She moved her gloved hand, not sure how to say it. "—— raise your standard of living, let's say? Because I can assure you, my dear child, that that's a forlorn hope. It'll be a good many years before he can feed and clothe himself. And you must realize how far apart your worlds are. I should imagine it must cause you as much embarrassment as it does him, not to be able to invite you into his home, to meet his family and his friends. If he's ashamed of you now, Miss O'Keefe, when he's apparently fascinated by you, it's hardly likely he won't suffer far more acutely at a later date. I'm thinking of your happiness as well as his."

"Thank you, Mrs. Summerfield." Kerry had relaxed again. Either the private detective hadn't found out she was a policewoman or had kept his mouth shut so as not to jeopardize his relations with Headquarters.

"You've never been abroad, have you, Miss O'Keefe?" Mrs. Summerfield was quite pleasant.

"No, I never have."

"From the pictures on your walls, I'd judge you might find a few years in France and Italy very interesting. If it were arranged so you could live in reasonable comfort—even in luxury, Miss O'Keefe—I'm sure you ——"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Summerfield." Kerry rose abruptly.

"It's a little absurd to pretend you're sensitive, Miss O'Keefe," Mrs. Summerfield said easily. "And if you should prefer something more bizarre than a trip abroad, as you easily may, considering your present choice of occupation, it can be arranged. Life in Baltimore is not that, I'm afraid."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Summerfield," Kerry said, "I think it's exceedingly bizarre. Like your being here now, for example. And I hope you'll forgive me if I find it offensive as well as bizarre. So, if you'll excuse me ——" She went to the door.

There were few times in Mrs. Summerfield's life when she was speechless. And then not for long.

"The truth's frequently offensive, my dear." She rose and followed Kerry and stopped in the doorway. "But I'm not trying to offend you. I'm merely asking you to consult your own interest as well as my grandson's. It's purely a business proposition. My number's in the phone book. I shall be at home until five o'clock tomorrow evening. I shall expect to hear from you before then. I shall be most reluctant to take any further step."

Kerry closed the door and stood for an instant. *How horrible. How horrible she must think I am. How could she help it. But it would have been the same thing if she'd known I was a policewoman. I ought to tell him,* she thought.

But when Johnny came for a few minutes around five-thirty the next night, she didn't tell him or tell him that Mrs. Summerfield had given her till five to make up her mind.

So Johnny Brayton went whistling up the brownstone steps at five minutes past six without warning.

"Hi, Johnny dear." Camilla Anne greeted him gaily from the front parlor. She was holding one end of a rope covered with laurel leaves, Horace holding the other, fixing it across the open double doors of the gold-and-white room.

He stopped. "Hi. What goes on?"

"Pilgrimage, darling. You know, House and Garden Tour. Annual event. I promised mother if she'd open again I'd do the work and be hostess in chief. I expected Lolly's help, but she's scooted off again. And grandmother's upstairs. You'd better take her a spot of bourbon. There's no admittance here."

He took the steps three at a time before she could decide she needed more help.

"Hi, gran." He met her at the top of the staircase. "What about a quick snort with me on the third floor?"

She looked at him, not offering her cheek, not smiling. "No, thank you, Johnny." She pulled on her gloves. "I'm taking Camilla Anne home for dinner now. Your mother's in her room. She'd like to see you, I believe."

He waited till she was safely down the stairs, turned blithely to his mother's door then and opened it. "Hi, ma." He took a buoyant step into her sitting room and stopped, his feet frozen into the pile of the eggshell carpet. "Mother!"

She was sitting erect by the table in front of the window, her body rigid, her eyes with deep circles under them, wells of agony in the deadly pallor of her face.

He sprang across the rug toward her, his heart curdled with fear. "Ma, what's the matter? For heaven's sake, what is it?"

When he was almost to her, she rose quickly, her body taut, her eyes on him, compelling him to stop. She moved her hand, flicking it back to the table, to the white square of paper lying there. She flicked it forward at him.

"Is this true, Johnny? Is this the girl you go to see? Is this the girl you've fallen in love with?" Her voice, not raised, was coming quietly from the depths of hell.

He stared at her, his hand moving in a slow-motion arc to take the glossy print she held, face up, in her hand. It was Kerry. Kerry coming out of the Coral Seas Club, the name spangled over the cutout, by the door just behind her, of a larger-than-life-size, almost-nude stripper, holding a filmy black petticoat in one hand and a glass of champagne bubbling in the other. And Kerry —— He closed his eyes, sicker than he'd ever been.

"Is it true or isn't it, Johnny?"

"It—is and it isn't, mother. This isn't what she's ——"

"Please, Johnny." She put her hand up quickly. "Please don't. Are you—are you living with her?"

"No! I'm not living with her! I'm going to ——"

"You are going to marry her?"

"Yes. I am."

"That's all, Johnny. There's only one other thing. Never bring her here. Never let me see her. Go now. That's all."

"But, mother ——"

"I said 'go,' Johnny." Her voice was beginning to break as he moved backwards. "Oh, I could kill him! I could kill him!" She stumbled back into her chair, her head on her arms on the table, her body shaking.

"Mother ——" He started back, but she flashed up, her eyes blazing.

"'Go,' I said! Go, Johnny! Leave me alone! And take that thing!"

She thrust her hand out at the picture fallen face up on the floor.

He bent down and picked it up, crushing it in his hand. "Please, mother ——"

"No, Johnny." She'd drawn herself together again, her voice serene, her face still ghastly. "Go now. And close the door if you will, please. Tell Horace I won't be down for dinner. I'm not at home if anybody calls. Thank you, love."

He closed the door and stood in the empty hall. He saw Horace trudging up the back stairs with his Aunt Elizabeth Brayton's supper tray.

He trudged on up himself and met the old man in the third-floor hall.

"I won't be home for dinner," he said. "You'd better send my mother a tray—a little later, not right now. Is my father home?"

"No, he gone out. The Texas lady, she back again, I'm 'fraid." He peered at Johnny through his gold-rimmed spectacles. "You in trouble of some sort, Johnny?"

"No."

"Well, don' mind. It's jus' your grandmother. I knew she was up to somethin', the way she high-horsed it in here today. She makes life misery for your ma, poor soul. You sure you don' want somethin' to eat?"

"Quite sure, Horace. I'll be leaving in a few minutes. If I don't see my mother before I go, will you tell her? I'll call you tomorrow and tell you where I am."

"Now, Johnny . . ."

"Sorry, Horace. The time has come. I'll see you."

(*Continued on Page 84*)

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Her first formal

Such radiant poise . . . and so brand-new . . . you feel as if she'd put on womanhood with her dress. But in her secret heart these are the years she needs Mother and Dad most of all. Your plans for her, your dreams, can come true if you save for them. And the sound, progressive place to save is your insured Savings and Loan Association—it's managed by experienced, forward-looking people who know your community so well . . . they can make your money "roll up its sleeves" and go to work . . . so your savings really grow. Remember, too, your savings are insured up to $10,000 by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. So start now to save regularly. Then you'll have money ready for the things you want. The 18 million savings accounts in the nation's insured Savings and Loan Associations are proof indeed of America's faith in this big and sound and growing way to save.

Where you save does make a difference

THIS MESSAGE IS SPONSORED BY THE INSURED SAVINGS AND LOAN, BUILDING AND LOAN AND HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATIONS IN YOUR COMMUNITY WHICH DISPLAY THIS SIGN

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(*Continued from Page 82*) He went into his own room and shut the door, seeing nothing but the ghastly pallor of his mother's face, feeling nothing but that he'd come to the end of an era and the book was closed. He put his hand in his pocket then, took out the crumpled glossy sheet, tore the stripper off and held his lighter to the paper until she folded into black carbon and dropped into the wastebasket. Then he bent his head and touched his lips softly to Kerry's face on the cool paper, seeing it not as it looked there, but as he knew it was.

When he raised his head he folded the strip of glossy paper carefully and put it in his billfold, took out the money in the other side of it and counted it. It wasn't difficult. He had twenty-six dollars and what little change there was in his pocket. He put it back and looked around the room. There was nothing of his there that had any sale value. Everything there that he could presumably pawn was what his grandmother or his mother had given him, not his now.

You brought nothing into this world; you take nothing out of it. He didn't mean to be irreverent. It was merely a fact, in the kind of death he was dying. The taste of the bitter hemlock of his dependency on the old woman who'd put Kerry's picture in his mother's hands was the bitter taste of his mangled pride. If he hadn't been a fool, it wouldn't have happened. He could see now that they'd left his mother out of the conspiracy of silence. It was literally true that Camilla Anne had told her he'd met an old school friend—of course, at his grandmother's direction. His mother hadn't known. She'd known there was a girl, but she'd never question the kind of girl.

He closed his eyes and bent his head again. He could see his grandmother bringing the horrible picture out. It was before Christmas that Kerry was at the Coral Seas. That was how long she'd been watching and waiting.

He started to push his chair back and get up when he saw the envelope propped against the row of lawbooks at the back of the desk, "Johnny" written across it. The handwriting was his father's. Inside was a leaf torn from a pad. MEMORANDUM FROM DOCTOR BRAYTON was printed at the top. The memorandum from Doctor Brayton said:

Johnny, I hear you're causing the ladies of the family some concern. Have breakfast with me in my study if you will. I'm sure we can find a civilized way to manage, to the satisfaction of all parties. I've had a good deal of experience in these matters. P.B.

There's always been a Mrs. Ristwich of one sort or another in his life. He could hear his mother at the Fiesole again.

"I doubt if you've had any experience at all in this matter, sir." He touched his lighter to a corner of the note and dropped it onto the carbonized stripper. "The hell with you, Memorandum From Doctor Brayton."

His mother's door was locked when he went downstairs. He'd known it would be, and slipped the note he'd written her under it.

My dearest ma: She's not like that. I tried to tell you about her the Sunday I met her. I'd like to tell you, whenever you'll listen. I love you, ma. JOHNNY.

He went down the stairway through the silent hall. Just where he was going he had no idea. The Stafford and the Belvedere were the only hotels he'd ever stayed at when the house was closed in the summer. Both of them were out if he wanted a roof for more than a couple of nights running. But what he wanted most was to see Kerry. He went down the steps. If he could get over her garden fence he could wait there till she got home. He crossed the street to cut over the gardens toward Cathedral.

Behind him he heard a window go up suddenly. "Johnny! Johnny!"

He looked around and up. There was no light on in Mrs. Remstad's second-floor front, but he could see her blond head in the glow from the floodlit Monument and the lamps in the plaza.

"Wait a minute!" she called urgently.

She disappeared and he saw her hall lights come on. She came out the front door, a fur coat thrown on over some kind of flowing peignoir, her pink satin mules clacking down the steps. She looked around anxiously until she saw him across the pavement, and hurried down, stopping for a car to pass before she crossed. The headlights catching her face, its rosy make-up gone, her bright hair pulled to a hasty bun on the nape of her neck, made her look older than he'd ever thought her, and in an odd way sort of raddled.

"You're not leaving, Johnny?" She caught his arm.

"I'm leaving."

"Oh, no; that's crazy." Her grip tightened. "Come on over and sit down a minute." She went through the bushes to a bench. "What've they done to you, Johnny?"

She was so distressed, so wholeheartedly on his side, that it was easy to unburden.

"My grandmother showed my mother a picture of Kerry coming out of the Coral Seas. My mother blew her top. Naturally. It's all my fault. If I'd come clean when it all started, none of it would have happened."

"That was the place they raided," Mrs. Remstad said. "She's not a stripper. You can tell the way they walk, even when they got their clothes on. I could tell she wasn't a high-class entertainer. What is she—one of these sitters they got the heat on in the clean-up drive they making all the stink about?"

Johnny Brayton stiffened and relaxed. "That's it," he said calmly. "But she's my girl. I don't give a damn what she does."

"That's the stuff, Johnny!" said Mrs. Remstad. "But you're just like 'em. You got pride. That's your trouble. That's why you're clearing out. I offered you the dough. You could of married her and they'd of all been behind you like a fire wall, like it or hate it. But you were too proud to take my dough. Listen, Johnny. You aren't cuttin' your own throat, walkin' out. It's the girl's throat."

"I don't know how you figure that, Mrs. Remstad."

"O.K., get sore at me."

Mrs. Remstad's face was set, not rosy-soft, but the face of the daughter of the hard-bitten winters on the North Minnesota farm and the Swedish immigrant who'd hid his money under the slab in the root cellar. But her speech was nearer what she'd picked up.

"Where'd your grandmother get the picture?" she asked abruptly.

"She must have had a detective. My sister-in-law knows where Kerry lives."

"O.K. So she brings out the picture. And if she's kept her mouth shut and didn't tell your mother all this time, that means now she's come out sluggin', don't it?"

"Afraid so." His own jaw hardened.

"O.K. So she's not going to stop now. She's smart. She's got the pictures. You leave home. She feeds 'em to the papers someday. It doesn't hurt you. People just say 'Good old Johnny, who'd 'a' thought it, ha-ha.' But they don't say that about the girl. Even if you married her, you'd always be watching over your shoulder, ready to clip some guy making a pass at her, figuring that's what he had in mind even if she was Mrs. Johnny Brayton. You see, Johnny. You see what I mean."

Johnny Brayton nodded slowly. "I see." He hadn't thought of it that way.

"So you just sleep on it." Mrs. Remstad put her hand on his arm. "Put your pride in your pocket, honey. She's just gettin' you out on a limb. I betcha any dough at any odds. Come on, Johnny."

She picked up his suitcase before he knew she was doing it and was clacking across the street to his own steps when he caught up with her.

"It don't do any good to go off half cocked, Johnny. Like me. I keep figurin' why should I sit here on this fancy street, nobody speaking to me, when I should go places and do things? What the hell do I get? It's a laugh. But I guess it wears you down, living here. 'By, Johnny. Just take it easy."

Put your pride in your pocket, honey. He put it there and walked back up the steps. As he got to the door, it opened.

"Evenin', Mr. Johnny," Horace said. "You take your bag up and I'll fix you somethin' to eat in the kitchen. There's plenty of fried chicken."

The familiar formula that had greeted him coming home from school or visits as long as he could remember relieved him of any ignominy. And when he passed his mother's door, he thought, *My heaven, of course, she's shocked. How couldn't she be? But she'll listen to me. She's always listened.* When he went to sleep, feeling better, now that he'd seen it wasn't all as lost as it had seemed before, the only hurdle he really had was the Memorandum From Doctor Brayton.

It was bleakly in his mind the first thing in the morning. But with his coffee came another Memorandum From Doctor Brayton, folded on the tray.

JOHNNY: I forgot the Garden Tour. C.A. asked me to be out early. It seems my study is to be on view. May we breakfast another time? P.B.

"We may indeed, sir." Johnny glanced at the clock and reached for the phone. He dialed Kerry's unlisted number.

"Hi, Kerry. Sorry to wake you."

"Oh, Johnny, I'm so glad you did." Her voice always came wide-awake and fresh as dawn. "I've got a long and bitter day——" She broke off, laughing. "What I mean is, I've got to shop. Shoes and things."

His always-instant alarm at any change in her routine wiped out the pleasure of hearing her voice. "You're not——"

"No. No, precious." She laughed gaily. "Everything's beautiful. It's just that I'm frantically busy. I was going to call you. I won't be able to see you today or tomorrow—but next week, Johnny! I'm taking the whole week off to get a little springtime and fresh air. I'll see you every minute you can spare. Is that agreeable to you, Mr. Brayton?"

He put the phone down, the gaiety of her voice still vibrating through him. *What if I'd seen her? What if I'd told her?* In his mind's eye he could see Mrs. Remstad, a blessing in disguise, a guardian angel in clacking mules. He collected his brief case and went whistling out the door and downstairs, stopping at his mother's door. Camilla Anne was just going to his father's study.

"She's gone, dear. To Gibson Island for the day—to get the house ready. Lolly's going to use it for a honeymoon cottage. Just think, her wedding's less than a month away—invitations out. Or have you noticed, darling?"

It was a crack, but who cared, with the promised week so blithe a thing? He smiled happily at Camilla Anne and went on downstairs. It was the last time he was to smile at her, and the promised week was to be a living hell. . . .

Kerry O'Keefe put her own phone down and hurried barefoot to the kitchen to start coffee, her eyes dancing.

What if I'd told him? It was the nearest thing to a bad slip she'd made for a long time. Unless he'd think the Baltimore City Police had gone stark, raving mad, assigning a female sitter to escort the Women's League for Municipal Improvement on a House and Garden Tour.

It was a crazy deal anyway. She could still hear Dave Trumper, as grim about it as she was herself.

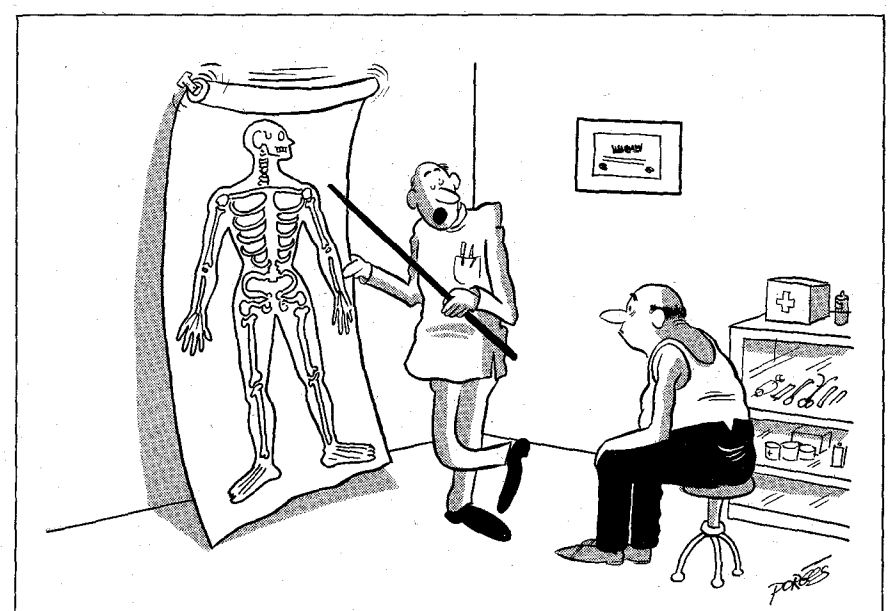
"So that's the way it is, Exhibit A," he said, heavy with disgust. "They represent twenty-five districts out of the forty-eight states. This Mrs. Parker's the head girl of the outfit. She heard the dean of your college on Careers for Women in the Modern Municipality, for Pete's sake. Our Miss O'Keefe's a policewoman in Baltimore, says the dean. So you're tapped by personal request to the commissioner himself."

"But I don't even know which houses are open, Dave."

"With these babes you don't have to know from nothing, sugar."

"And twenty-five of them." Kerry's heart sank lower.

"Plus one from Texas along for the ride. You meet 'em at nine-thirty A.M. They got their own bus. And you can't spread your (*Continued on Page 86*)



". . . . let me illustrate what we're up to!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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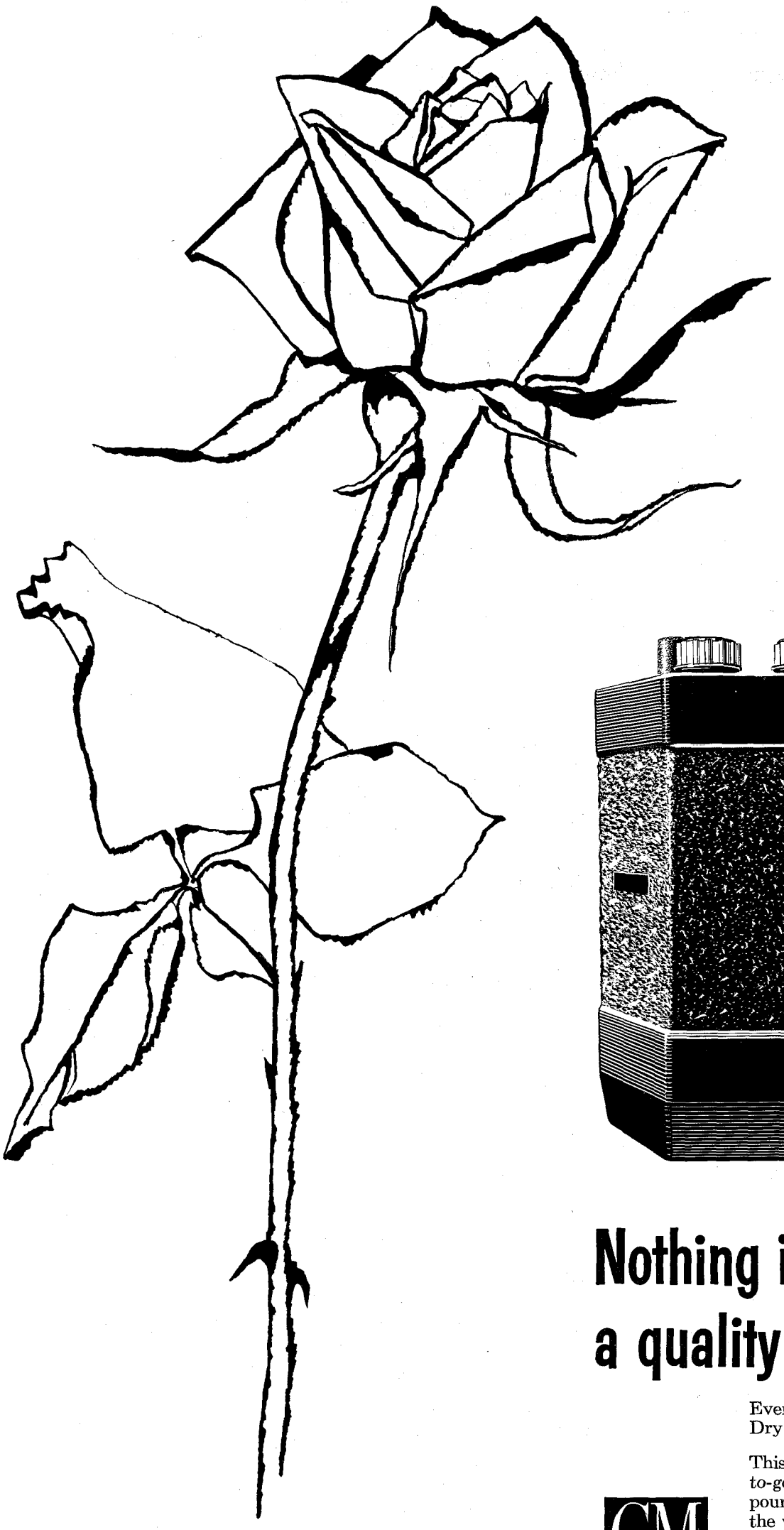

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(*Continued from Page 84*) gospel about The Lady Cops Your Daughter's Career. They been told that they're not to mention you being a lady cop. We figured a little cloak-and-dagger'd seal their lips. The security angle, that they understand."

And it hadn't been so grim as Kerry expected it to be. Mrs. Parker, the head girl, was a nice and capable woman, and all of them seemed to be walking encyclopedias of period furniture, china, glass, flowers and trees. All of them except the lady along for the ride.

There's bound to be a poison pup, Kerry thought tolerantly, giving as wide a berth as possible to this one as she gave each successive hostess a full résumé of her life and times, particularly of the fabulous collections owned by some woman named Alice Rich, boiling in oil down Texas way. Or so Kerry gathered from the farthest distance possible.

"You've been most helpful, Miss O'Keefe," Mrs. Parker said, round four o'clock, when they were on their way down St. Paul Street back to town. "I wonder if you're up to just one more? Or are you dead on your feet, poor child?"

No bat's wing fanned Kerry's smiling face, no icy premonitory shiver chilled her spine. "Oh, no. I've had a delightful day. I'd love to see another one."

"Well, I'm certainly glad," said the poison pup, with a touch of rancor in her voice. "Because I talked to Alice Ristwich last night and she said we simply had to see Doctor Brayton's house, if we didn't see a single other one."

No premonitory chill. Nothing but an instantaneous plunge into the deepest pit. Kerry sat stunned, unable to speak, hardly able to breathe. *Oh, no. What can I do?* Kerry closed her eyes. *What if his grandmother's there? Even if she doesn't recognize me.* But it wasn't that. It was the tacit, unspoken understanding she and Johnny Brayton had that as long as she was a sitter she couldn't be asked into the house. Now she was crashing in. It would have been horrible enough before his grandmother's visit. It had a special kind of ignominy now that she'd been told she was not of their birth, not of their breed.

I've got to do something. A sudden hope dawned on her as the bus turned into the narrow, crowded street on the north side of the plaza, and died as suddenly as it swerved around the west end of the gardens and two cars pulled out from in front of the brownstone mansion and the bus driver swung deftly into their place. There was little chance of her losing herself now. Still less when Mrs. Parker said, "You take the tickets, dear."

Kerry took them, her feet and hands numb as she mounted the steps to the open door.

"These ladies are from the League for Municipal Improvement meeting in Washington." She heard herself introducing them as she'd done in each house. Each time before she'd introduced Mrs. Parker as their leader, but she didn't have a chance this time. The poison pup had steamed ahead of everybody. Kerry heard her.

"My great friend, Alice Ristwich, said we must be sure to come," she was saying brightly.

Kerry heard a voice not bright but formally gracious. "My father-in-law is devoted to Mrs. Ristwich. I'm Mrs. Pierce Brayton, Jr."

Camilla Anne, that Johnny doesn't like. Kerry was still at the ticket table by the door. She slipped over to get as far in the corner as she could while the rest gathered in the double door of the front parlor. She heard Camilla Anne's voice muffled by the pounding of the blood in her own ears, and turned back to the front door to breathe the fresh, cool air.

"Can anybody get in?" A large blond woman in a green dress and mink stole had come up the steps.

"Anybody who's got a dollar." The nice girl taking tickets laughed, and so did the blond woman. As she went in, Kerry heard a sharp break for an instant in the flow of Camilla Anne Brayton's discussion of the Aubusson carpet. It went on again, but it was definitely cooler.

"It's surprising, the different kinds of people interested in the houses, isn't it?" the nice girl said to Kerry. "I'm Polly Putnam. You're from the Central Committee, aren't you?"

But before Kerry could answer, Polly Putnam's face had lighted and she got quickly to her feet. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Brayton! We've had streams of people. Lunch was divine."

Kerry caught her breath at the sight of the woman coming up the steps. *Oh, she is beautiful.* Her face was very pale, her dark eyes somehow poignantly sad, until she stopped just inside the door and smiled at Polly, and smiled at Kerry O'Keefe.

"I'm glad," she said. "You precious lambs, you both look exhausted." She was still in the doorway. "Polly, would you think I was a dog if I just slipped around the back way upstairs? I'm not up to seeing many people." She moved back out, smiling at them again. "You're angels to help out. Thank you so much, girls."

Kerry's heart sank lower. Not denying she was a helper made her even more of an impostor. The girl at the table leaned forward then. "Look, the rest of the hostesses are out in the kitchen with their shoes off, having a drink. Why don't you slip out for a slug? You look bushed."

Camilla Anne was dog-tired. She gave up and moved over to the stairs. "I'll be right here, if you have any questions." She wanted to slip off her shoes for a minute, but Mrs. Richwitch's friend was right there with her, more interested in telling her about her own and Mrs. Richwitch's antiques than she was in looking at the Braytons'. But there was always one or two on every tour. Camilla Anne fixed a glassy smile on her face, closed her ears and let her mind roam.

There's mother leaving, sneaking around back. I hope she didn't see that awful Mrs. Remstad. She's just being offensive, trailing her minks in here. But a dollar's a dollar. I wonder who that pretty girl is, Polly's talking to. She must be from the committee. Somebody I ought to know. Her face looks familiar. I've seen her somewhere. She tried to catch Kerry's eye to smile at her, but couldn't.

She turned to Mrs. Richwitch's friend, breaking in on her steady flow. "I'm so stupid today," she said. "I know that girl, but I can't think of her name. The dark-haired girl going out the door, that the committee sent around with you. It's so silly of me."

The woman looked around. "Oh, you mean Carrie O'Keefe."

Camilla Anne's eyes opened slowly wider, her hand closed on the ormolu banister. *The pictures. Grandmother's pictures.*

"She's not from any committee I know of. She's a policewoman."

Then, as Camilla Anne flashed around, staring blankly at her, the woman's hand shot to her mouth. "Oh, dear! I wasn't supposed to! We were told we weren't to breathe a word."

"Did—did you say a policewoman?"

The woman nodded quickly. "Sh-h!" she said. But because Mrs. Parker was still at a distance and young Mrs. Brayton was so distinctly astonished, she brightened at once. "You'd never in the world have thought it, would you?"

Young Mrs. Brayton's brows arched. "I certainly wouldn't." Then her face broke into a happy smile of real delight. "Never in the world. And thanks; it was really sweet of you to tell me."

She turned to the ladies straggling toward them. "Shall we go up now? I do want you to see Doctor Brayton's study."

She was bright as dawn, her feet like feathers floating up the stairs, and very cordial. Cordial even to the large blond woman coming down as they came up.

"You people are too slow for me," Mrs. Remstad said. "Chippendale looks the same as a park bench to me, I guess." But she was so good-natured about it that the ladies all laughed, Camilla Anne even more delightedly than the rest.

"Young Mrs. Brayton was perfectly enchanting when she got her second wind," Mrs. Parker said to Kerry O'Keefe, waiting alone in the bus.

It was the next night that was the night of May first.

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Johnny Brayton, late from the office, let himself in the door and paused. The house was curiously still, or the quality of its silence curious. He put his hat on the table, only home for a moment to pick up some papers to take back to the office library, and stopped again, listening. The voice he heard seemed to be his father's, speaking in a musical cadence, richly vibrant, as if reading something or reciting. It came, or seemed to come, from the Common Room, a place where his father never went. *I must be nuts,* Johnny thought. Deeply puzzled, he went quietly along to the foot of the stairs. A narrow fraction of light showed along the edge of the Common Room door. He listened again.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Something more chilling than the rain crept uneasily down his spine.

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.

He went quietly on up the stairs then. But the chill sharpened. He was more deeply perplexed when he looked in at

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Nothing changes a boy's attitude toward a girl as much as a girl.

HOMER PHILLIPS

---

the open door of his mother's room and saw her hat and furs, gloves and bag lying on the chaise longue. It was strange she'd be down there listening to him reading her love poems, feeling about him the way there was no possible doubt she did feel. But it wasn't any of his business. He went on upstairs. As he started to collect his papers he remembered suddenly the night of Pug's birthday. *I regard my present marriage as completely permanent. . . . Not soluble even in aqua regia.* And the utter hopelessness on his mother's face that brief moment at the dinner table.

He went quietly back down the stairs, his feet silent on the marble treads. *I'll act as if I'd just come in.* At the bottom he stopped, listening to the strangely thrilling, almost hypnotic voice:

. . . dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea.

There was a long pause. Then something like a torn sob broke the silence, and he heard his father's voice again: "Margaret! Margaret!"

Johnny went noiselessly across the hall and switched on the lights. "Hi! Anybody home?"

There was the sharp movement of a chair and the Common Room door was torn open. His mother came running, swaying as she ran, her face, terror-drawn, deathly pale.

"Johnny." She seemed about to faint as she reached him, clinging to him, her heart pounding. There was no sign of his father. It was almost as if a disembodied voice had done the reading.

"Hi, ma. Let's have a drink upstairs." He made his voice cheerfully casual.

Her steps were so faltering that he would have carried her, except that he was afraid his father would come out and see him. Inside her room he did pick her up, brushed her things off the chaise longue and laid her down, cold and pale, but not shaking any more, except for an occasional convulsive tremor. Her head lay back against the lace pillows, her eyes closed. He sat by her, holding her freezing hands.

"What is it, ma?"

She shook her head back and forth. "Nothing. Nothing, love."

"He—he was reading to you, wasn't he?"

"A poem he used to read to me a long time ago." Her voice was hardly audible. "Before we were married. And when I tried to leave him, after Meg was born. And again—after Lolly. I—I don't know why, but it—it hypnotizes me. It breaks my heart. It—it's like Svengali. I'm lost. It leaves me ——"

"But why should it, ma?" Johnny said gently. The poem had come back to him. He remembered the poignant picture of the forsaken father and the children calling to their mother named Margaret—and the nightmares he'd had years ago, fearing their mother named Margaret might somehow forsake them. He murmured two other lines that came into his mind, that were and weren't like his small sister, Lolly:

"For the cold, strange eyes of a little mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

"Maybe then, but not now. The merman's plenty able to take care of himself. The merchildren are all grown up."

"I know." A convulsive tremor went through her again. "But he wants me to go abroad with him. He won't give me a divorce without ——" She drew her breath in quickly, breaking off. "Oh, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Forget it, darling."

She moved her head back and forth on the pillows, brushing her hand slowly across her eyes, opening them at last.

"Johnny," she said softly, "I was cruel to you the other night. Forgive me. I should have known your grandmother by this time. If you love that girl, she can't be what the picture says she is. It was just that I couldn't stand ——" She closed her eyes again for an instant. "But never mind. Sometime we'll—talk about it. Not now, sweet. And you must bring her to see me. But go now, Johnny. You're working downtown tonight, aren't you?" She sat up, trying to smile. "You'll have to eat out. I let the servants go. Camilla Anne and the Garden Tour yesterday exhausted them."

She saw him hesitate. "Go along, dear. I'll be all right. Your father's dining out. All I want to do is go to bed and go to sleep. You go back to work. Don't worry." She smiled then. "I've got my courage back now. Good night, love."

He waited a moment, watching her, then went out, closing the door softly. But he didn't go back to the office library. He got some food out of the icebox—fried chicken and salad—and went up to his room. He was there working when Kerry called him around ten-thirty. She was half crying. He was frantic for a few moments, until he finally made out what she was saying. Or part of it. Then he was angry because it had something to do with Camilla Anne. He understood finally that in some way or other Camilla Anne had wrecked a job of Kerry's, and Kerry was on her way uptown and would meet him in the usual place across from the Peabody.

His first anger at Camilla Anne was tempered, on further thought, in spite of whatever it was that had happened. Kerry's losing her job couldn't distress him less. It was O.K. with him, even with Camilla Anne as the agent. With his mother on his side now, they could work it out, not have to wait for the year to be over. No more night spots, no more delay. He waited a little while to give her time to get uptown, got his raincoat and hat and went down the stairs, his heart buoyant. There was a light now under his father's study door. He tried his mother's door, found it locked and went on, out the front door.

He glanced up to wave a cheerful salute to Mrs. Remstad at her front window. While nothing Camilla Anne ever did was agreeable to him, sometimes, through no fault of hers, the results were fine. Just fine. He felt a little like a dog, nevertheless, which may have been why he did not see the famous horseman riding his cold pale horse up the brownstone steps, passing him, mounting the curving marble stairs to the second floor where Dr. Pierce Brayton was waiting for him, not knowing he was waiting, not suspecting that he would look up from his desk to see a familiar face he would not recognize as the face of sudden death.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Invisible Thief (Continued from Page 37)

from the others by a mile or two of forest track.

"I've had a letter from Mr. Goodland, the missionary," Ramage said. "He is worried because the savings of the people are disappearing. They don't have much money to spend, but a lot of what there was has vanished. They've taken a good deal of money from the bank, and they haven't spent it at the mission or the trade store. I don't know whether we can do anything about it." He picked up the missionary's letter and read it again.

"There's about six hundred pounds at least not accounted for, Mr. Goodland says. That's a lot for that district. Well, there's no harm in them taking money out of the bank and spending it if they want to, but I'd like to know where it is going. I want you to find out, Pangae."

"Yes, sir," said Sergeant Pangae.

"There's just a chance that some flash boy is getting money from the others on some excuse or other. If so, you can make an arrest. There may not be anything like that at all. Mr. Goodland may be making a mistake. All I want you to do is find out if they are spending money, and what on. Now the patrol officer, Mr. Curledge, tells me the withdrawals from the bank have been fairly heavy since he has been there, but they have all been in small amounts, nothing to worry about. But I do know, from the remittances I have sent him, that the spending rate in the district has gone up way above average. Anyway, get up there and find out. Take a month—six weeks if you need it—it'll take you four days to get there. But get back as soon as you can."

"Yes, sir," said Pangae. He saluted again and walked out.

In four days he was in the Naramai district, and his disguise preserved his anonymity for exactly five minutes. He was at the junction of the track just beyond Kwaragi where it forks to go to Naramai in the east and Kumbilip in the northeast, when a once-familiar voice hailed him.

"Where do you go, old enemy?" it said. "What brings you here to Kwaragi?"

Pangae stopped and considered, waiting while the man walked up to him. He was not greatly disturbed at the penetration of his disguise. Its main value in his eyes was that it put him on a par with police of an advanced category in other lands, but he did not particularly want to meet Kasimus, of Kumbilip. In the big war Kasimus was an enemy indeed. He worked for Japan—in fact, he held high noncommissioned rank in the Kempe Tai—and Pangae vividly remembered his own last assignment, which was to seek out Kasimus in the Jap camp at Yessan on the Sepik and shoot him at the first opportunity. Pangae was at that time newly returned from another important foray, a reconnaissance he made, single-handed, of the Japanese installations near the mouth of the river, a foray in which his presence had been discovered in the first day or two. Nevertheless he had stayed close in to the camp for ten days until his information was complete, and this in spite of a constant search that was made for him; and with rifle, bayonet and knife he had taken seventeen Japanese lives and the lives of three of the natives attached to the Japanese armies.

As soon as he had reported back he had been sent on to Yessan, whither he walked and, when it was safe, canoed for six weeks; arriving there to find that the camp was occupied by Allied officers and the war was over. As a matter of form, he had, nevertheless, tried to shoot Kasimus, taking careful aim from a stance in the center street of the mile-long crowded village; and he was indignant when he was disarmed. That was when they had given him the medal for his previous reconnaissance, a British Empire medal which, when it was awarded to one of the native police, was given for very conspicuous bravery indeed.

As a result of this encounter, there remained a peculiar relationship indeed between Pangae and Kasimus. They were not friends, they were no longer enemies, and each had a respect for the other.

Pangae had no particular wish to spend much of his time with Kasimus. Nevertheless any contact would be useful, he knew; and he also had a suspicion, based on prejudice, that if there happened to be any roguery rampant in the district, Kasimus was as likely as anyone else to be at the bottom of it. Therefore, when Kasimus approached, he answered the greeting in a way that put himself and his time at the other's disposal.

"I'm going walkabout, Kasimus," he said. "*Limlimbur*"—which meant: "I'm free as the air, having a holiday and doing what I feel like doing."

"Will you come to Kumbilip, then?" asked Kasimus.

"I might as well. Later I will go to Naramai."

"You are still a policeman? Do you still like the work?"

"I am still with the police. But I am getting old, and sometimes I long to go home to my village," Pangae said untruthfully.

"We all grow old," said Kasimus. They walked along the forest paths together, through the dappled light, talking as men talk, of little things of little moment.

Kumbilip was a mountain village, set out against the sky on a spur of the ridge, occupying a subsidiary height. The trees were nearly all cleared away from the ridge so that there would be no cover for an attacking enemy; though in Kumbilip there had been no fear of enemies for forty years past.

It was in the tradition of the village that the houses should perch on the height of the ridge. The gardens occupied the slopes below and the mountainsides beyond the saddle that separated the village from the greater heights. The houses—about fifty of them—were clustered close against a road that split the village in two, and in the center of this road was a flat space for dancing, and here the village celebrated. Here the old men sat at night, sharing their betel nut and their tobacco and their conversation. And here they clustered round Pangae on his arrival, talking and listening and forming their judgments.

Pangae talked a great deal, as was polite for the stranger, the news bringer, but he talked nothing of importance to himself for the first three nights. During the days he made friends, sitting about the huts, once or twice going hunting with the men, or visiting the gardens with them while they cleared the ground, or helping to kill a pig. He looked for new wealth—for an abundance of steel or cloth or ornaments—but he could see little that had not obviously been in the village for many months.

He was waiting for the right time to lead the conversation to certain topics, and on the fourth evening his chance came, for a youth named Didsira had been to Naramai and come back with news.

"There is to be a landing field for aircraft in Naramai," he said. "All the people are to work one day each week and build an airfield."

Kasimus nodded. "That was sure to come," he said. "And someday there will be a road with cars and trucks, and someday after that we will live in houses built of sawn timber."

There was a general murmur of disbelief, spurring Kasimus on.

"No, this is true," he said. "Someday the village will have cars of its own, and trucks to do the carrying. When I worked for Japan I learned to drive a car. And a big boat on the river. I tended the engines and drove the boat, and these things are simple. We all can learn."

But Pangae shook his head. "I, too, can drive a car, and I can drive a boat with an engine, and not the big engine only, but the little engine that is clamped to a dinghy and goes put-put-put," he said. "But I have been to the white man's cities. I have been to Sydney, and I have been to London, and that is a city bigger than Sydney. I have seen things bigger than Kasimus dreams about, and perhaps they will come here someday, but then living will not be simple any more."

"What things?" asked Didsira.

Pangae leaned back and considered for a little while.

And then he said, "I have seen a whole village that ran on wheels through the country, a village with houses made of iron. And each house had thirty or forty people within, and there were twenty houses tied together, and in front an engine bigger than any engine you have ever seen. And when people wanted to go from one place to another, they went into the houses and sat there, just as you sit within an aircraft, only with more room. And they ate when they were hungry and slept when they were tired, and left the village that they call a train when it came to the place they wanted to go; so they came without walking and without carrying of burdens."

There was silence for a little while, and an old man asked him, "How did you see this, Pangae? And when?"

"I went to London for the crowning of the Queen; I and the best of other policemen," Pangae said. "London is a cold place, and raining. It is no good. But it is full of such marvels, and more people live there than there are trees in the bush. Sydney is cold also, though not so cold as London. And these are only a few of the things I saw. I saw men take iron and make such an engine as pulls the train. I saw it from the beginning to the end, and they did nothing that I could not have done myself, with a little learning; just as I have learned to drive a car. Yet I could not have lived my life in their fashion.

"There was no one man who did anything that I could not do—or you, Kasimus, or Didsira, or any other man. And I saw that with machines a little man could lift a mighty engine high in the air, and turn it round and put it on its road. And this, too, I could do. It was a little thing to learn, like driving a car."

"When the cars come to Naramai, I will drive again," said Kasimus.

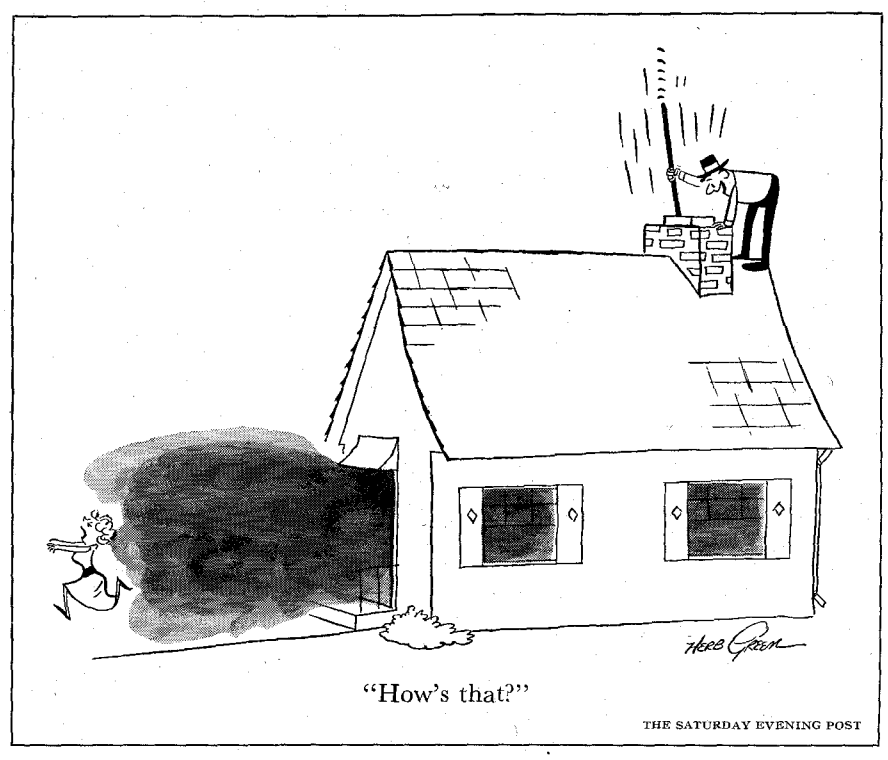
Pangae took no heed. "These were not the marvels of the city. These were marvels, but not the great marvels. I saw a bridge so long and so big that one end would set down at Naramai and the other at Kumbilip. I saw a meetinghouse four times as high as the highest of high trees. They called it a cathedral, not a church. I saw a house full of tobacco"—Pangae looked about him—"longer than this street, and higher than this street is long, and as wide again." There was open disbelief on the faces now.

"This is something to think about," said Kasimus, but Pangae shook his head.

"No," he said. "For these were the things that we thought about: the people, in numbers greater than you can imagine, and packed together like the pebbles in the stream, yet all of one kind. And all shouted with one voice when they saw the Queen. There were men of all colors, from all the world over, men of worth and men of little worth, but they were all of a kind when the Queen rode by. I was one of them, and when the Queen passed by, I did not feel the rain on my face or the cold striking at my bones. And here was power. But there were these things, too, we thought about: that there were shops in Sydney and in London selling flowers; and people all day going to shops and buying flowers, and paying more than a month's wages for a few flowers they could carry in their hands."

"Then I would sell flowers," laughed Kasimus.

"Then, if I wanted a flower to put in my hair, I would have to pay you money. Then I would not put a flower in my hair," said Pangae. "The truth is that here, in these places, so many people live so close together there is no room for flowers. And the village is so big there is no time to walk, and if a man would spend a little time with a friend, he must go to him in a car or a train; and he must pay money to do it, and for that he must work harder. There is a man to grow the flowers and a man to catch the fish, and a man to (*Continued on Page 90*)



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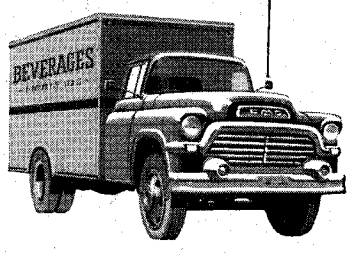

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(*Continued from Page 88*)

grow the fruit; and if you take a little fruit from his tree, the police will take you."

"Nevertheless we here are to have an airfield, and someday we will have a road," said Kasimus. "And I will have a car to drive."

It was here that Pangae saw his chance. "Then you will think you know everything," he said rudely. "But the driving of a car is the last of many things, and it would be better if you were to learn the first of them."

"What things?" asked Kasimus.

"Many things. For behind every man in a car in London is a man in a house of paper. A man who reads and writes and keeps a tally. And this is the man who has the power. For reading and writing and the making of figures are the tools of government. When the people are so many they are like the fish in the sea, the making of reports and their reading is at the root of the government's power. It is like a magic."

"Yet we governed ourselves without this reading in the old days," said Kasimus.

"Without reading, you can govern men who cannot read, but not the men who can," Pangae said. "A man with learning is like a good hunter who follows a trail and reads the signs correctly—he will catch up in the end and make his kill."

"Yet Master Curledge, who is the government at Naramai, reads and writes and spends much time at it, and we can deceive him. Only one man in four works on the paths on the days appointed, and we otherwise have learned to have our own way," Kasimus bragged.

"There are good men and there are others in the government," Pangae said. "There are good men and bad everywhere. And the white man is not better because he is white, but simply because he has learned more—and not of the driving of cars, either. In Sydney there are men who work on the roads, who dig holes and carry burdens, and I think all of them drive cars. But there are no men of our color there to do the work. Work is everywhere. And everywhere there must be a man above work, who will direct. For us, here in this our country, it must be a white man because we do not know enough. This is what I have learned: that learning is power."

"I do not see it," Kasimus demurred. "Power is wealth and motorcars and big boats. These things do not come by learning."

"Learning is different in our world. It is knowing the world—the forests and the hills. But in the world that is coming, it is knowing other people. So learning is power. I will try to show you in a little way, for I have a little learning. Give me the bankbook you hold from the government office. I will tell you your business, whether you are a man of substance. Now show me the book and see."

"I have plenty of money," Kasimus said. He got up from the circle and walked to his house and brought back the passbook from the savings bank. Pangae opened it, poring over the pages.

"You are a wealthy man, Kasimus. You have seventy pounds."

"So much?" exclaimed Kasimus. He was pleased. Two or three others left the fire and went to their huts.

"You went the week before last and put money in the bank. You put three pounds there. You see, I know your business. It is better to learn this little book than to learn a car. The book comes first and then the car, and the white man's world is both together."

"This may be true," said Kasimus. "Nevertheless I took eight pounds, not three."

Pangae examined the book again. "I cannot read very well," he admitted. "Nevertheless, for the little I can, this book tells me certain things."

Didsira was at his side, holding out his book. "Tell me how much money I have left," he said.

"There are seven pounds left in the bank. Ten days ago you took money out."

"Two pounds," said Didsira.

Pangae looked at the book again. "That may be. Two pounds," he said.

"I thought I had more pounds than seven," Didsira complained.

There was a little flurry of business while some of the villagers brought their books to Pangae and learned the state of their balances. He was not surprised to find that none of them already knew. But he called Didsira back.

"This two pounds," he said. "You are not long back from the mines and have little need of money. Were the two pounds for yourself?"

Didsira shook his head. "For the father of my father," he explained.

"But the father of your father is dead."

"Even so, he had need of it."

"Tell me," Pangae asked, "how do you speak with the father of your father?"

Kasimus cleared his throat. "It is a thing that happens to me," he interrupted. "Sometimes in the night I go and talk with the spirits. I can do it when I want. Sometimes the spirits talk with me. While I am away in the land of the spirits sometimes they come to my empty house and talk with the people."

Pangae leaned forward. "It can happen whenever you want it to?" he asked. He had been impressed that, of all the bankbooks he had seen, only that of Kasimus showed recent deposits. The remainder all showed withdrawals.

Kasimus nodded. "I talk to the spirits whenever I want."

"This I would like to see," said Pangae.

The talk fell into normal channels and withered away with the fire. But Pangae reviewed his decision to go to Naramai on the following day and instead spent a little while longer in Kumbilip. . . .

"I would like to talk with my father," he said to Kasimus the next day. "It is many years since he was eaten by the crocodiles in the Yaisima swamp. I would like to hear how things go with him."

"There will be a present for me," said Kasimus promptly. "A present of money—a pound. It puts me in danger to go to the land of the spirits."

"That's only right," agreed Pangae. He handed over a crumpled note.

"The night after tomorrow I will go to see the spirits. If your father comes in my stead, you will talk with him."

"If my father comes, there will be another present," Pangae promised.

Kasimus was pleased. "There is merit in other things than reading," he said.

The night of the séance was dark and still, and a little crowd of men, forewarned, gathered in front of the door of the hut where Kasimus lived alone. The women of the village were in their own huts; the children were long before asleep, and the gathering was silent with the heavy, alert solemnity of people who wait for a miracle.

Kasimus, by the steps of the hut, spoke softly to Pangae, "I will sit by my bed and wait for the spirits to take me. But let no one come in the hut or something evil might take them. This is for me alone. I know my way back from the land of spirits. In a little while this coconut I put at my door will fall to the ground. I will kick it as I go, but you will not see me. Then the hut will be empty, as you may see. But do not stop long inside or the spirit of your father will be angry if he does not find an empty hut."

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He went inside and pulled a plaited leaf into place so that it concealed the doorway.

The intensity of the silence grew. The people sat like carved figures. There was a rustling of movement within the hut; and then, in a little while the coconut at the doorway rolled to the ground. There was a murmured acknowledgment from the men near the hut.

Pangae climbed the steps and looked inside. It was dark there, but the embers of a dying fire threw a little light and he could see the place was empty. There were the water carriers stacked in a rack beside the door, the palm-trunk bed upraised from the floor and an army blanket thrown on it. There were pots near the fire, and a dance mask on the wall picked up the last fragments of light and glowed evilly white. The dark eye spaces above the great hooked nose seemed filled; they seemed to possess the power of sight and be fastened upon Pangae, but he touched the mask and it was loose upon the wall. He swept his hand through the space above the hut veranda—a little space where, in some huts, people slept, and, in others, stored their goods. The space was empty.

He went outside and rejoined the people squatting on the ground. They had all collected at the side, rather than at the front of the hut, and sat silent, looking expectantly at the grass-thatched wall.

After a while—it might have been ten minutes or a quarter of an hour—a voice spoke from within the house.

"Pangae," it said. "Pangae, my son. Is it my son?"

It was not, apparently, the voice of Kasimus, but it was too low, too soft, to be positively identified. It might even have been the voice of Biba, who was Pangae's father, and whose name might not now be mentioned.

"I am Pangae," the sergeant replied.

"You would like to talk with me?"

Pangae hesitated, looking round at the men of Kumbilip. They were staring, all of them, at the blank grass wall from which the voice emerged, taking no notice of him. The night was very silent.

"Only to know how you fared," said Pangae. "To tell you that all things go well with me, and to know how you fared."

The voice, so low as to be almost indistinguishable, told him of the spirit land. His father, it seemed, still had much pain of the bite of the crocodile that had ended his days; he still had the heavy legs afflicted by elephantiasis that had carried him on earth. And sometimes, by reason of the fact that he could not work very well, he was hungry. He was in a good land, but he could not make the best of it, because he could not work so well.

"I need money, my son. Can you give me a little money?" asked the voice.

"I have money," Pangae said readily. "But how do I know you are my father?"

"Is not the voice the voice of your father?"

"The voice is the voice of my father truly," Pangae said. "But I cannot give money to a voice. A voice has no hands."

"Roll up the money in a little ball and throw it into the hut. How much money can you give me, Pangae? A pound?"

"I have three pounds. But if I throw the money into the hut, how will I know it comes to you and not to Kasimus? For Kasimus owns the hut; he will find it."

The voice was silent.

"If you are my father, put out your hand for the money," said Pangae. "For this is not a thing that Kasimus would do, and it will be a surety for me."

The silence continued a little while. The squatting audience straightened, a man here and there. Here and there, a man looked fearfully over his shoulder at Pangae, who thus conjured the spirit into a visual presence. There was a rustling of the thatch, and then the fingers of a hand, moving slowly, protruded a few inches.

"Where is your hand? I do not see it," Pangae said.

The other watchers, silent as the mountain peaks, now turned to him again in amazement, but the hand, palm upward, extended farther through the thatch. Pangae looked in his shoulder bag, extracted something and came forward to the hand. Suddenly he gripped it, pulled hard and brought an arm up to the shoulder through the thatch. At that moment there was a sharp cry from the hut.

"Truly the voice was the voice of my father, but the hand is the hand of Kasimus," Pangae said. He brought the hand down by the foundation pile of the house and beckoned to Didsira. "You, man," he said. "Tie this hand to this pole while we find the rest of Kasimus."

There was a silence inside the hut. When the wrist was lashed tight to the pole, they went inside.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Parade

By Luke Neely

Among the many faces
That watch along its path
Is one discordant visage
Which plainly mirrors
wrath.

Uncheered by martial
trumpets
Or the bass drum's busy
beat,
There stands a man who
obviously
Would like to cross the
street.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

There was a false wall, leaving a space perhaps eighteen inches wide at the side of the hut. Pangae pulled away the grass and disclosed a discomfited Kasimus. The only other apparatus was a light rod leading from the hiding place to the door, so that the coconut could be toppled. As with all good money-making plans, the perfection of this one had lain in its simplicity.

After a crowding hustle of jeering villagers had inspected Kasimus, Pangae squatted down beside him.

"You know I am a policeman, Kasimus," he said. "Now I arrest you. And tomorrow you travel with me back to headquarters, and I think you will go to the calaboose."

He went outside, released the sorcerer's wrist and went to bed in the village longhouse, secure in the knowledge of a good job done.

In the morning he selected Didsira and two other villagers who had paid spirit money before, to go with him as witnesses, and they set out. But when they came to the fork of the roads, he took the one that led to Naramai.

"You will need money," he said, "but this money the government will repay. Nevertheless I am not a rich man, and we will be some days on the road; therefore take each one two pounds from the bank."

"I too?" asked Kasimus.

"You too," said Pangae. "You also eat."

He squatted down a little way from the district office. There was little point in his reporting to the patrol officer, and he had no intention of making explanations. And when the four others came back he took their money and their bankbooks and put everything in his shoulder bag. There were protests, but he quieted them.

"You are all witnesses that each took his money from the bank, and that I took it all. It is safe. Master Ramage will see you get it back. It is a police matter. Something you would not understand."

Four days later he marched them into the police barracks and made them wait while, in his house, he removed the old gray felt with its renewed wreath of pink corallita, the athletic singlet and the stained calico, bathed himself carefully, and dressed in the navy-blue uniform of the police. They waited longer while he polished his leather accouterments. When he was fully satisfied with his appearance, he marched them to the district office, leaving them on the veranda while he reported to Ramage.

"Old friends meet," commented Ramage when, after he had heard the story, he wandered out to look at the prisoner and the three witnesses lined up on the veranda. He knew Kasimus of old. "A very good job, sergeant. We've found out where the money was going, anyway. And Mr. Goodland will be satisfied."

"Sir, there is a little more to report," said Pangae.

Ramage looked at him questioningly and led the way into the office. There he produced the four bankbooks and the eight pound notes from his shirt.

"This man Kasimus is a little thief, I think," he said. "Obtaining money under false pretenses. This other one—I don't know what to call it." He opened the first bankbook. It belonged to Kasimus. "When I saw the book first time it said that Kasimus had put three pounds in the bank. But Kasimus said he had put eight. Didsira said he had taken two pounds out. His bankbook said four. Now, when we came away, each man took two pounds out of the bank, and there were three witnesses for each man to say he did it. But the bankbooks say different." He showed the entries; there were three withdrawals of four pounds recorded, and one—in the book belonging to Kasimus, which had the biggest balance—of five.

"Good Lord!" said Ramage. He sat down at the desk and examined the books. "You are sure of this, Pangae?"

Pangae nodded. "I am sure, sir."

"Curledge! That's a bit unhappy. That's a bit of a problem," Ramage said, talking to himself. "You could have arrested him yourself, Pangae," he said, but the sergeant shook his head.

"A little time does not matter," he said. "There will be another white man to take the place of Master Curledge, and it will be better if the people do not know why. The government is for people to look up to. Let another man be the government at Naramai; then he can arrest Master Curledge." . . .

"Talks like a book, that fellow," Ramage said to the cadet patrol officer in the outer room when Pangae had gone. He stood at the window and watched him march down the road. A few yards from the district office he stopped and plucked something out of the hedge—a long, heavily flowered spray of pink corallita.

"But he's the best detective in the force," Ramage added. He leaned over and wagged a finger at the youngster.

"Don't ever underestimate a native," he said. "It's poor policy. I'm sending you up to Naramai in the morning to arrest a man who does, and bring him in. Curledge."

"Just for that?" asked the cadet patrol officer, surprised.

Ramage nodded. "Just for that," he said with some finality. THE END

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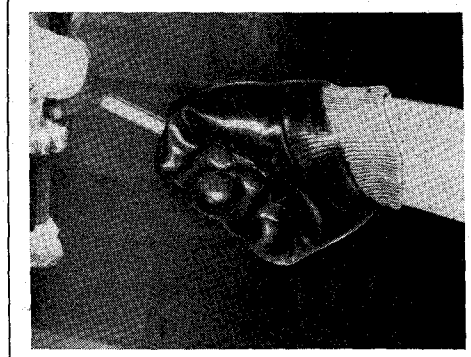

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He's Tough on Kids (Continued from Page 39)

of play per se, a subject almost nobody gives any serious thought to."

Actually, few playground architects are architects in the professional sense of the word. Designing a piece of play equipment calls for little technical know-how, but it does call for a cultivated sense of design. The importance of this sense has been emphasized by John Aimsbee Simonds, a Pittsburgh landscape architect who laid out a number of playgrounds during that city's recent campaign to beautify itself. "A playground," says Simonds, "is an important factor in helping kids change from primitive creatures to civilized people. Handing a kid a few swings and slides just won't get the job done. It takes planning. Design is as important in building a playground as it is in building an elephant trap."

Brown's sense of design has been cultivated by more than twenty-five years as a professional sculptor. Combined with his singular ideas on just what play is and is not, this has made him the *enfant terrible* among playground designers. "Play," says Brown, "is nature's way of preparing the child for the struggles and responsibilities of maturity. For some unknown reason, the human being is the only animal who finds this difficult to comprehend. Take the lion, for example. As a cub, practically every hour of its day is spent learning how to find food or toughening its muscles for the rigors of the jungle. But what do little Johnny and little Mary do? They spend their time on seesaws and swings, getting nothing more out of their play than cheap thrills. Life isn't made of cheap thrills. But that's all they'll be getting until parents stop looking upon play as nothing more than a way of getting the kids out of their hair."

Brown claims that most playground equipment is wholly unrelated to this process of getting ready for life. "Life for the thinking adult is not simply a give-and-take proposition, like bouncing back and forth on a seesaw," he explains.

According to Brown, the most beneficial result of play is learning how to get along with others. No apparatus is really functional, therefore, unless it requires co-operation among children. To have even more ingredients of the adult world, it should also be "continuously challenging" and have an "element of unpredictability."

Brown thinks he can best combine these ingredients by designing equipment that will remain in a state of flux while in use. To accomplish this, he makes his equipment out of pliable materials, such as rope and spring steel. His most popular design is known as the Jiggle Ring. About the size of a boxing ring, it has four posts connected diagonally with criss-crossing strands of Manila line. As a child climbs through this maze—or simply bounds from one rope to another—his energies will be transmitted through the network, complicating whatever maneuver another child on the Jiggle Ring may have in mind.

"The beauty of this paraphernalia," said a father watching his son cavort on the Jiggle Ring, "is that two small kids bouncing together can toss a playground bully on his duff. My youngster is a little timid. He likes things to be predictable. On these mobiles he's learning that things can't always be that way. But he's also learning that by co-operating with other kids life can be pretty much what you make it."

Another of Brown's designs is known as the Jiggle Rail. It looks like a six-legged spider. Each of these legs consists of a four-inch-wide steel band curved just high enough off the ground to be bounced upon. Since all six legs are joined in the middle, thus allowing the vibrations of one leg to be broadcast to the five others, it becomes increasingly more difficult for a child to keep his balance as other children join in the fun. Once, when an overly exuberant boy lost his balance and scraped his shin on the Jiggle Rail, Brown was reprimanded by the youngster's mother.

"Madam," replied Brown, "your boy lost his balance because he was trying to make some innocent child lose his."

Brown has a third design which he calls the Swing Ring. It doesn't look too unlike one of those wire petticoats that women used a century ago to balloon out their hoop skirts. It consists of five ropes joined to the top of a ten-foot pole. Together they support a large ring of tubular steel a foot and a half from the ground. These ropes are joined together in a ladderlike arrangement by two other circles of rope parallel to the ground. The steel ring is held out from the pole by thick bands of rubber. As a play device, the Swing Ring combines the characteristics of both the Maypole and the merry-go-round, plus several variations not found in either. A child may swing either around or back and forth—or even climb up the contraption. With co-operation from other children, all three exercises may be accomplished together. "Brown's Swing Ring is great," says one playground supervisor, "but I can't help feeling that some day all that rope is going to produce the kind of gruesome fun you'd find in a cartoon by Charles Addams. Every time I turn my back, I half expect one of these kids to decide to hang himself."

Of course, no playground designer can overlook the factor of safety. Most equipment is purchased by municipal officials, few of whom choose to incur the wrath of voters unnecessarily. The accusation that his equipment is not so safe as the more standard types, however, is something to which Brown objects with a vehemence his critics are fast learning to avoid.

"My designs are safer," Brown claims. "The stereotyped junk designed by those concrete-and-iron boys causes most playground accidents. It lulls a child into a false sense of security. When I design something, I want it to force the child to recognize the vitality of his surroundings. I want him to respect the complexity of every situation regardless of how simple his personal aims may be. I want him to realize that personal designs and social designs are interdependent."

Brown's critics are numerous, but he appears well able to defend himself. Forty-seven years old, he stands just under six feet and weighs 185 pounds, which is not much more than he weighed as a professional fighter a quarter century ago. Muscular, with a spread to his shoulders that would be the envy of a longshoreman, he walks with the rolling gait of a man who has been at sea too long. Brown's nose has been broken in several places, and he has a detached retina in his right eye which prevents it from focusing in complete unison with his left. When he gets his dander up, which is often, his lower lip protrudes pugnaciously, perhaps as much as half an inch.

In 1954 Brown was invited to present both himself and his playground notions to the National Recreation Congress, in St. Louis. Although Brown has a habit of speaking in four-letter words, he likes to write in four-syllable words, and it took him several weeks to prepare a speech. "I read it a few days before Joe delivered it," says an executive of the National Recreation Association, "and frankly I was a little skeptical about the reception it would get. I thought it awfully abstract and entirely too high-brow for that mob. But I was wrong. He backed the whole audience right against the wall. Some of them disagreed with him and some of them even thought he was crazy. But all of them listened."

During his speech, Brown exhibited scale models of his equipment. The audience's interest was particularly aroused by what Brown calls the Whale Yard, which, because it combines almost all the principles of the other designs, has been his most ambitious project to date. Its central attraction is a plastic, life-sized whale in the process of making a U turn. Children can get to its tail, which stands eight feet off the ground, by climbing a cargo net. Reaching the ground again becomes a kind of reward for this effort. They can slide spirally down the whale's spine, which is scooped. Projecting from the whale's forehead, like a spout of water, is a five-foot length of pipe to which are attached series of ropes running out and down toward the ground. These provide hand-over-hand exercise for a child who wants to reach the five-foot level of the whale's forehead. As other children get the same idea, the chances of reaching it are made slimmer and slimmer by the flexibility of the rope.

At one point in the discussion that followed Brown's explanation, a delegate objected to the holes which Brown had designed in the side of the whale for youngsters to climb into. They had "Freudian implications," the delegate said.

"The trouble with people who discuss Freud," replied Brown, his lower lip hanging out like an awning, "is that too many of them don't take the trouble to read him. Maybe you think kids climb into holes because psychologically they want to get back inside the womb. Did it ever occur to you that maybe they just don't want you to see them when they throw stones at you?"

Brown later gave a variation of his speech over a national television network. Although the speech plainly marked him as a maverick in the recreational field, many recreational leaders rallied to his rebel cause. Among them was the late Otto Mallery, then chairman of the board of the National Recreation Association, who offered Brown financial support for his enterprise. Despite the fact that he was soon swamped with orders for his equipment—sight unseen, price unknown—Brown was able to put his ideas on a business basis with little outside help. He designs his equipment today in his Princeton studio and has it manufactured by a steel works in Philadelphia and a plastics factory in Midland Park, New Jersey. He charges anywhere from $145 for the Swing Ring to $2500 for the complete Whale Yard.

Renovating playgrounds is not a new idea, and certainly not Brown's. Since the early '30's there has been an artistic movement in that direction known as play sculpture. Although Brown is a sculptor accomplished enough to have had his work exhibited in museums, he does not consider himself a "play sculptor." In satisfying their own artistic senses, Brown contends, play sculptors too often fail to satisfy (*Continued on Page 94*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The traveling salesman arrived at the farmhouse at dinnertime. Rather than let dinner get cold, mamma invited him to take pot-luck. Afterward, he got sick and asked to lie down. But papa, annoyed and affronted at the seeming reflection on mamma's cooking, ordered him out into a snowstorm. Because he caught pneumonia, the salesman later sued papa.

"They turned me out on a night not fit for a dog, knowing I was ill," the salesman said, "so they're responsible for my pneumonia."

"Just because he got a free meal, it didn't entitle him to a free bed and hospital service too," papa replied. "The law doesn't require me to be a good Samaritan to everyone who comes to my door."

If you were the judge, would you make papa pay?

• •

Papa had to pay. The court said the salesman was taken ill "while a guest, and the law, as well as humanity, required that he be not exposed in his helpless condition to the merciless elements." It added that everyone is required to use "due care in his own conduct" to avoid hurting others.

Based upon a 1907 Minnesota decision.

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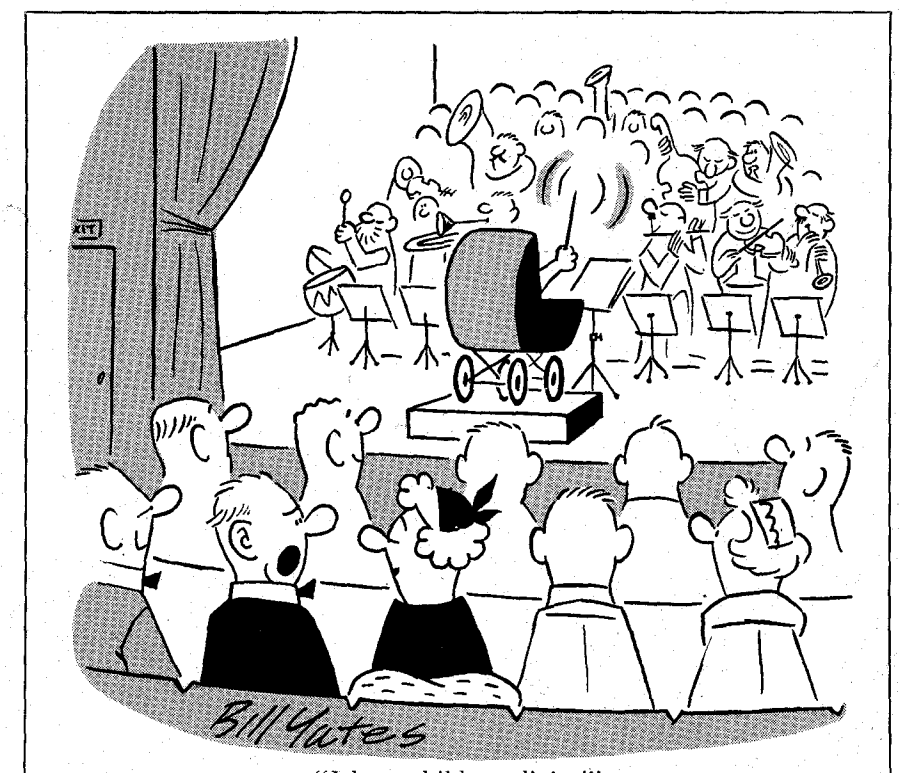
(*Continued from Page 92*) children's less sophisticated senses. "If you paint a sliding board yellow or shape it to look like an amoeba," Brown says, "to a child it's a sliding board nonetheless. Who knows what is aesthetically pleasing to a child anyway? For Christmas you give him a bright-red choo-choo, and by New Year's he's back playing with last year's Teddy bear."

Unlike most designers, Brown does not fashion his equipment to fit any particular age group. It may be used by kids of any age, and he prefers that kids of different age groups play on it together. He is encouraged, in fact, when he finds children playing on the equipment with their parents. "I want the child to recognize," explains Brown, "that he is the same as other people as well as different from them."

Brown has hopes that his equipment will prove popular with crippled children, and there is already strong reason to believe that it will be of value to children with psychological difficulties. By way of experiment, samples of all his designs were intermingled with a variety of traditional equipment on the grounds of the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, on the outskirts of Trenton. "It's no contest between Joe's equipment and traditional equipment," says Stephen Hritz, a trained recreational therapist who is director of education at the institute. "Once these kids discovered Joe's equipment, they practically ignored the old stuff.

"The reasons are quite simple," Hritz continues. "Joe's paraphernalia combines all the play situations which children enjoy most—climbing, circling and swinging. The aggressive child finds more variations of these situations than he can handle. The regressive child finds satisfaction for the situation he enjoys most—swinging—and furthermore finds the temerity to attempt the more aggressive situations, like climbing. With the possible exception of a tree, they are the most therapeutic play devices I've ever seen."



"I hate child prodigies!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Son of a South Philadelphia tailor, Joe Brown was born and raised in Gray's Ferry, a railroad district not exactly renowned for its playground facilities. As a boy, Joe's favorite form of play was fist fighting, a pastime he felt he could someday pursue professionally, particularly since his older half brother, Harry (Kid) Brown, was a contender for the lightweight championship of the world.

While in his early twenties, Joe fought nine straight fights without a defeat as a light-heavyweight. He used his winnings to put himself through Temple University. Sweet as his future looked, however, he decided to cut it short. The morning after his ninth fight, he picked up a newspaper to see what the sports writers had had to say about him. One purple account claimed Joe had "slaughtered" his opponent. Musing over this, Joe took stock of himself. His nose was spread half over his face. He was nursing a thick lip. The inside of his mouth felt as though he had been chewing light bulbs. Then and there he decided the fight game was not for him, and he never fought again professionally.

With no more ring earnings to pay his way through Temple, Joe turned to modeling, for which his physique qualified him admirably. Posing for sculptor Walker Hancock one day, Brown idly picked up some clay and began molding it into the shape of a prize fighter. Hancock was impressed with the finished figure and encouraged him to try more sculpting. Brown borrowed some tools, some clay and some studio space. He turned out three other fight figures and cast them in bronze by following directions he read in a book. The figures showed unmistakable signs of talent. All three, as a matter of fact, were accepted for exhibit by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Soon after he received his bachelor's degree from Temple, Brown got himself apprenticed to sculptor Robert Tait McKenzie. McKenzie was a taskmaster with himself and everybody connected with him. He took almost unbelievable pains with his art, becoming a doctor of medicine, for example, just to make sure he knew his anatomy thoroughly. Under McKenzie's guidance, Brown soon began to realize that his early efforts at sculpture, successful as they had been, were only minor examples of the kind of art of which he was actually capable.

One day, fishing for a word of encouragement, he proudly offered a figure for McKenzie's inspection. McKenzie glanced indifferently at it and turned back to his own sculpting. Rebuffed, Brown blurted out that, considering the fact that the figure had taken him only a few hours, it was probably better than McKenzie himself could do. McKenzie turned back to him. "Joe," he said patiently, "when you're gone, people will look at your work and say it's good or it's bad, not how long did it take." With this kind of advice, Brown soon began to emerge as a disciplined artist.

While still working for McKenzie, Joe took on a part-time job as boxing coach at Princeton, commuting from Philadelphia by train. When McKenzie died, in 1938, during Brown's eighth year as his apprentice, Joe became a full-time member of Princeton's athletic staff. The following year he married Gwyneth King, a professional painter whose work is hung in the permanent collection of the Library of Congress, among other places.

That same year, 1939, Brown was appointed resident fellow in sculpture under a new creative-arts program instituted at Princeton. He took a short leave of absence during World War II to serve as a consultant on athletics to the Secretary of War, the detached retina in his eye having disqualified him for active service. Brown was promoted to the rank of associate professor at Princeton in 1950 despite the fact that he had not even a master's degree, much less a Ph.D. When someone suggested that making this appointment might have been a little awkward for a university of Princeton's scholastic caliber, Brown disagreed. "On the contrary," he replied, "I'd say it indicated they were quite confident of themselves scholastically. It takes guts to gown an ex-prize fighter."

Brown's sculpture covers a variety of subjects: Saint Barnabas; poet Robert Frost; his late friend, folk singer Huddie Ledbetter; and almost every athletic pose imaginable. Critics like to point out the "simplicity" and "force" of it. "They strike you," one critic has said, "like a punch in the jaw."

Brown's method of teaching sculpture is just as straightforward. Using no textbooks, he presents each member of a new class with a workbench, a pile of clay and an armature, the skeleton on which the clay is molded. A female model then climbs aboard a continuously revolving pedestal and assumes a pose in the nude. Brown calculates that this will capture the attention of even the most lethargic freshman. "After that," Brown explains, "he's more or less on his own. He models what he sees, and I correct his technical mistakes. After all, the only way to be a sculptor is to sculpt."

Perhaps because of Brown's sometimes blunt ways, his playground critics have accused him of being too tough on kids. In an editorial on his equipment and the theories behind it, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch said, "Nobody will argue that all this doesn't have a remarkable, even macabre, resemblance to things that will happen to children as they grow up and are forced into the 'struggle of maturity.' But do they have to find out so soon?"

"Why not?" says Brown in rebuttal. "I'd rather see a person get his arm broken as a kid than his spirit broken as an adult."

We Made the "Impossible" Tour (Continued from Page 36)

the spot. But when I removed a front wheel to repack the bearings, I discovered the brake linings had all but disappeared, ground away by sand and salt water. I was wondering where I could get new linings when a soft Texas drawl broke the silence, "Howdy! I'm Louis Coulson."

Coulson wore faded khakis. He was about fifty years old, but his eyes had a youthful twinkle.

"You were mighty lucky to get across the Gulf of Darien," he said.

"We'll be even luckier if we get to Medellín." I showed him what thirty days of voyaging in the Caribbean had done to the brakes.

He thought a moment. "Say, I've got a friend who can fix you up. He's head of a road-commission camp near here."

"That's good news," I said. "Is there any place we can send a telegram around here? We'd like to let our family know we made it."

"Sure thing. I've got a friend in the telegraph office."

I laughed. "You seem to have lots of friends around here, Mr. Coulson."

"Yes, sir; after twenty-two years in Colombia I sure do." He chuckled. "That's the only way you can do business here."

"Mr. Coulson," Helen asked, "do you happen to have a doctor friend too?"

"As a matter of fact, I have. What's your trouble?"

"I don't know, but my mouth is sore."

Helen hadn't said anything to me about her mouth hurting, but she hadn't been eating much. When I saw the roof of her mouth, I knew why. It was covered with ulcerated sores.

The larger part of Turbo lay across a narrow arm of water. Coulson took us there in an outboard-powered dugout. Sauntering along wooden sidewalks, we passed blue and green houses drowsing in the heat.

Coulson, it turned out, lived in Medellín. He had flown to Turbo for a fishing trip, but he seemed to know everyone in town, including the doctor, who was also the local druggist.

The doctor's office was in his drugstore. A crowd followed us inside. After asking Helen a few questions, the doctor told her to open her mouth wide. Everyone in the store leaned forward to look, and uttered sympathetic moans.

"A serious vitamin deficiency," the doctor said. "Early stages of scurvy." He produced a box of pills. "Take four of these each day. In a couple of weeks you'll be all right. Since you're a friend of Don Luis, there will be no charge."

The high-potency vitamins proved very effective.

Mr. Coulson gave us directions for getting to a road-construction camp at Sunga, where we might find brake linings, and invited us to visit him in Medellín. I was beginning to see why he had so many friends.

It was thirty miles to Sunga, but the road was flat, so our lack of brakes didn't matter. We arrived that afternoon, and looked up Mr. Coulson's friend, Doctor Solís, an engineer in charge of the construction camp. Doctor Solís was a most genial person. "Yes," he said, "I think we have some jeep brake linings around here. I'll assign a couple of men to help you."

By evening the differentials were drained and refilled with lubricant, the wheel bearings were (*Continued on Page 97*)

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Editorials

It's High Time to Get Those Anti-Polio Shots!

Who would have imagined a few years ago that, once a safe and effective weapon against polio could be found, people would fail to take advantage of it? Yet this appears to be happening, and far too much of the program's partial failure, authorities say, is chargeable to public apathy.

For instance, after Dr. Jonas Salk's great discovery and the mass immunization tests, some 43,000,000 children received one shot only. Then, for some reason, they were allowed to quit. Nationwide, the tragic facts are that, as of late 1956, only 7,000,000 persons in the United States under twenty years of age, out of 60,000,000 actually under that age, had received the full course of three Salk vaccine shots.

This is all the more difficult to understand in the face of the fact that, according to the United States Public Health Service and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, effectiveness and safety of the Salk vaccine, when all three shots are given, are believed to have been firmly established. Up to last December, on a basis of all cases officially reported, no child who received the full three-shot course had died of definitely diagnosed polio. The number of paralytic polio cases reported had dropped from 10,006 in December, 1955, to 6311 in December, 1956, the Public Health Service reported recently. Yet, they disclosed, some 18,000,000 doses of Salk vaccine were lying around unused in manufacturers' warehouses, in addition to stockpiles in drugstores and physicians' offices.

In New York City, for instance, as of September 30, 1956, the lag in vaccinations reported to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis showed up worst in the age fifteen-to-nineteen group, where only 441 children had received the full series of three injections of Salk vaccine. This despite vigorous health-department efforts. The best job was being done, it appeared, in the age five-to-nine group—children in the elementary grades—but of these, 19.2 per cent, almost one out of five children, had not even received two shots. According to the foundation, a child who has received only one shot is not regarded as completely vaccinated.

It should be remembered that Doctor Salk now recommends that all adults up to fifty should be inoculated, since one fourth of all cases are hitting persons from twenty to fifty. Furthermore, according to Dr. Howard A. Rusk, writing in The New York Times, the disease tends to be more severe in older patients: "Seventy per cent of all respiratory cases in this country are twenty years of age or older."

Of course, there have been genuine reasons for some of the delay in securing this protection. The vaccine did not become generally available until last June, and thus there has not been enough time to complete the program in many communities, since it takes eight or nine months. In some communities school children were given their first shot and that was all before the end of the term. Parents apparently neglected to pick up where the schools left off. Doubtless some of the apathy may be attributed to doctors themselves, who may not have urged vaccination on their patients, and there was real concern about its safety for some time following the Cutter incident. Money is a factor in low-income groups. Then there is the inescapable fact that getting shots by the physician's needle is painful. Some authorities believe part of the slowness in getting Salk shots is based on the hope by parents that new types of immunization will come along soon, so that the needle won't be necessary. This is an especially dangerous miscalculation.

Salk vaccine is based on dead polio virus. Live-virus strains of polio vaccine are being studied, the foundation says, and these virus strains when deadened or "attenuated" might be administered in pills, capsules or food, instead of by injection. That much is true; both Dr. Albert Sabin, of Cincinnati, and Dr. Hilary Koprowski, of Lederle Laboratories, Pearl River, New York, are working on the live-virus problem. The polio foundation has supported Doctor Sabin's work financially and is friendly toward the work of Doctor Koprowski and his associates. They all want to wipe out polio. But note this: Both Doctor Sabin and Doctor Koprowski themselves, in their own reports, have stated emphatically that their live-virus vaccine will not be ready for public use for a long time, if ever.

Children who have not received their full three shots of Salk vaccine should begin the treatment without delay, as the polio season begins in a few months. School and local health officers, as well as family physicians, should get behind the campaign and make it their business to see what can be done to improve the situation by persuading their patients to protect themselves. Basically, the success of our national effort to wipe out polio is up to each individual American with capacity to think and do his part.

The Fund for the Republic's Blacklisting Report Lacked a Few Fundamental Facts

If you were to take time out to read the 599-page report by the Fund for the Republic on the subject of blacklisting in the entertainment industry, you would learn of the sufferings of many allegedly blacklisted persons, as related by themselves.

Take the case of Roderick B. Holmgren, a former radio commentator. The fund devotes a full page to his version. In part it is this:

"For the two years following the end of the war, I was 'labor's own commentator,' sponsored by the Chicago Federation of Labor on the federation's station, WCFL. . . . I was fired in September, 1947. . . . When I pressed for the reason, I was told it was because I had 'followed a CIO line.'"

Soon Holmgren got a job writing radio scripts for the Typographical Union, but he says he "quit voluntarily to go to work for the Progressive Party in the spring of 1948. . . . In effect, the loss of my job as commentator for WCFL ended my radio career, since I was unable to secure another permanent job in that field." The fund says Holmgren now makes his living "as an associate editor of the official organ of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which is often cited as a communist-dominated union."

But the fund held out on one simple fact—that on October 9, 1952, Holmgren was called before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, with the following results.

He was asked, "You are a member of the Communist Party, are you not?" Holmgren said, "I refuse to answer, on the grounds of the Fifth Amendment." "Your initials are R. H., are they not?" "That is correct."

Next question: "Did you ever belong to the North Shore Club of the Illinois Communist Party?" He refused to answer. Then: "I hand you now a photostatic copy of a 1944 Communist Party card, No. 65091, made out to R. H., 1402 Central Street, City of Evanston. . . . I ask you if you have seen that document of which that is a photostatic copy." Said Holmgren, "I refuse to answer on the grounds of the Fifth Amendment."

You can find a copy of the photostat of the card on page 270 of the Senate subcommittee's hearings, which ought to be in every sizable public library. The card gives the occupation of "R. H." in 1944 as "radio administration." At that time Roderick Holmgren was an "information specialist" for the Government's Office of War Information.

But you wouldn't know any of this if you merely read the report of the Fund for the Republic. In case after case, the report quotes actors, directors, writers, commentators and other alleged victims of blacklisting. You get their side of the story, and usually nothing else.

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Inco shows how a Nickel mine is born

New mines in Manitoba will help add over 100 million pounds to Nickel output

Ten years and ten million dollars ago, Inco-Canada launched Exploration Project Manitoba.

Purpose of the project: to discover new deposits of Inco Nickel, new sources of mineral wealth deep in the woodlands.

The exploration project having revealed sufficient ore to warrant mining, Inco-Canada will now develop its new underground mines and processing plants in Mystery-Moak Lakes area of northern Manitoba, Canada.

To get them into production calls for a new railway, townsite, power plant, schools, hospital. This $175,000,000 project is part of an Inco-Canada four-year expansion program expected to help add over 100 million pounds a year to over-all Nickel output.

Mining for Nickel, a 45-minute Inco film in full color, shows graphically and in detail how Nickel mines are discovered, developed and expanded. It is loaned without charge to technical societies, universities and industry. Write to Dept. 6f,

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3. How an exploration shaft was sunk—*(left)* This was the toughest job of all. Only a few men could work at a time. Their air-powered drills could drive only a few feet a day. After each blast, the shaft was scaled and shattered rock mucked out—long hours of work between each round of drilling.

4. How the ore is reached—*(right)* A completed shaft is like a "door" to a mine. Once production shafts are finished, crosscuts will have to be driven toward the ore deposits, then drifts driven through them. *Only after these are completed can mining of Nickel ore begin.*

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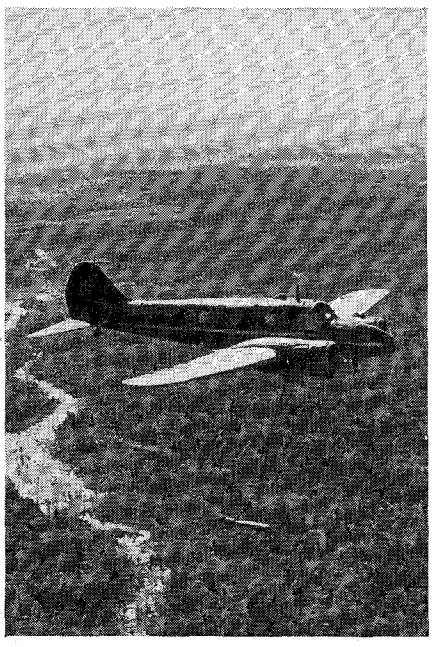
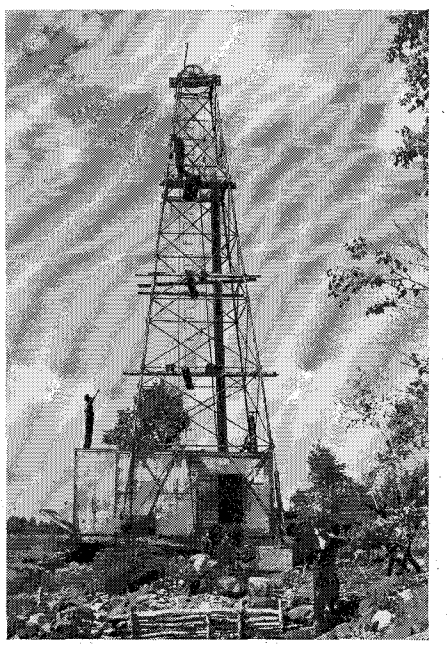
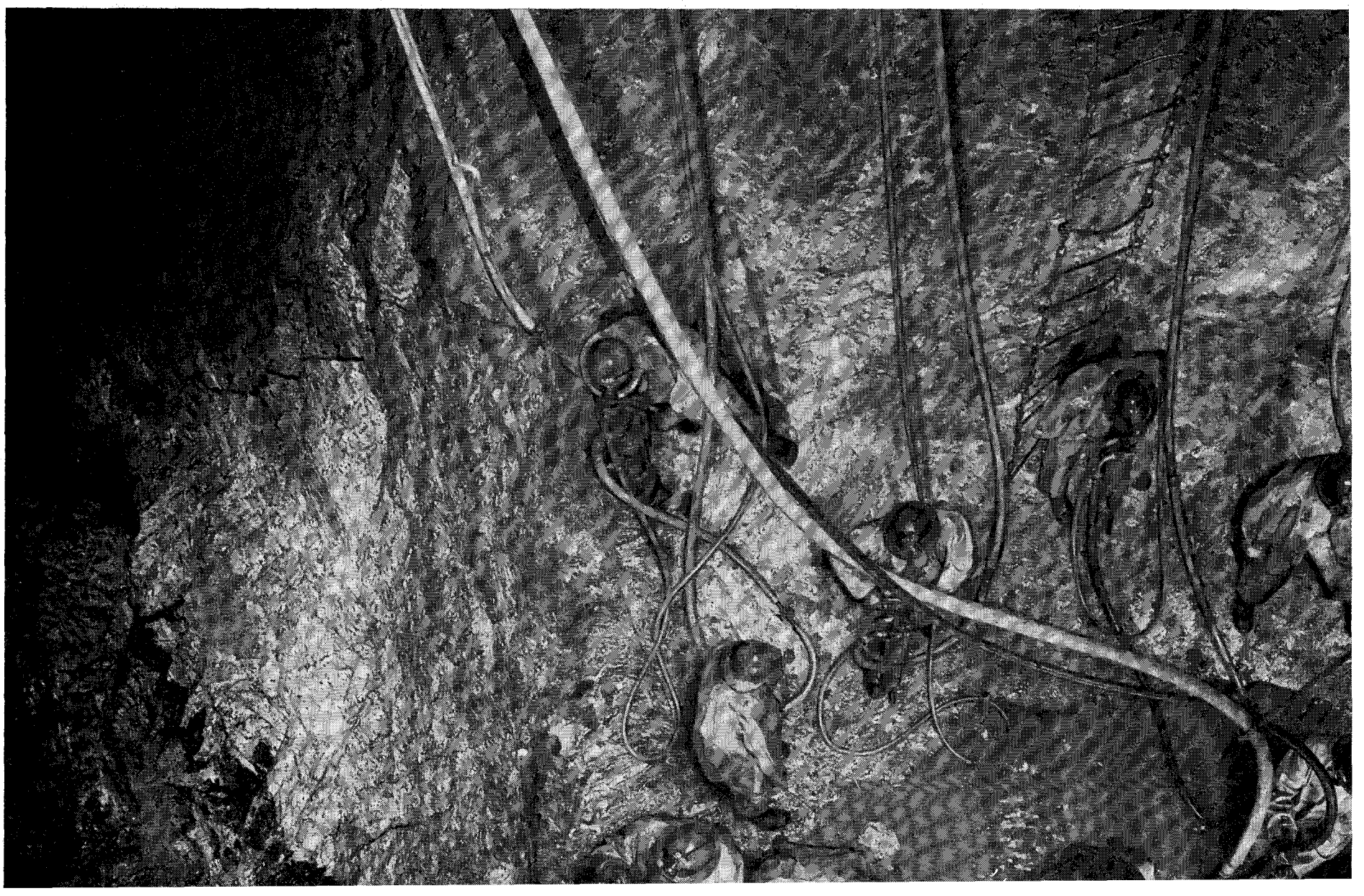
INCO NICKEL PROGRESS REPORT



1. How these mines were discovered—For years Inco-Canada used air-borne devices to scan vast areas. The *possibilities* of ore deposits in this area suggested further exploration.



2. How ore bodies were probed — Diamond drills then began bringing up samples of rock and ore from underground; another step toward exploring the size and location of ore bodies.



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YOU SAY YOU PAID $9.00 TO GET THAT ONE PRESCRIPTION FILLED? WOW!
DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT. THAT MEDICINE KEPT ME FROM MISSING WEEKS OF WORK...MAYBE SAVED MY LIFE. I FIGURE I GOT A BARGAIN!
Harry Anderson

PERHAPS it has happened to you. You've been sick, and your doctor hands you a prescription for one of the new medicines. When you get it filled and find out the cost, it may seem a mighty high price to pay.

But think what that prescription may do for you . . . get you well, get you back on the job sooner and possibly even save your life.

Actually, with the new and more potent drugs, many an illness costs less today than ever before. Twenty years ago, for example, hospital patients stayed an average of 14 days, as compared with 9 days average now.

An appendicitis operation used to mean 3 weeks in the hospital . . . now it's usually 5 days. And pneumonia patients, if they survived, had to stay 3 to 6 weeks. Now they're usually home in a week . . . if they leave home at all!

When you consider what today's more effective medical care can do for you and your family—in saving lives, speeding recoveries, preventing complications, easing worries—you appreciate what good value you're getting.

In fact, prompt and proper medical care may well prove to be the biggest bargain that will ever come your way.

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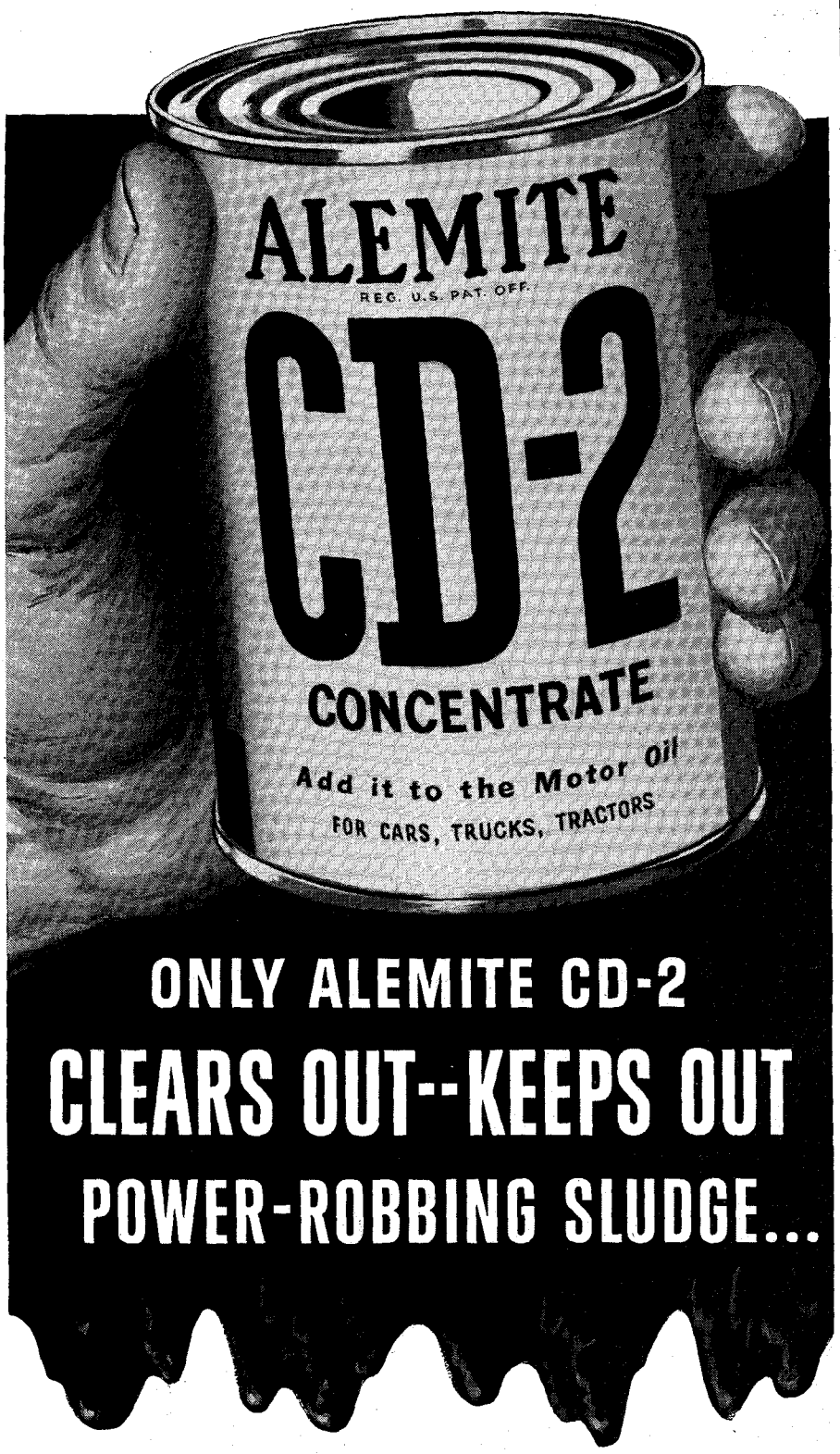

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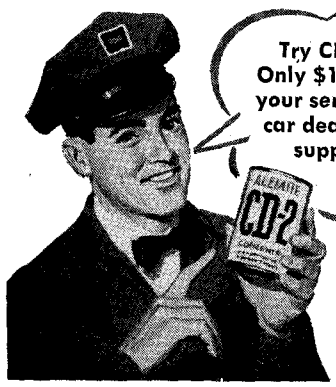

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STEWART SW WARNER

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Miss Bogart. The way the story ended has taken something out of me forever.

PERCY S. PERKINS
No. Brooksville, Me.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Marquand's final installment, while not ending as one's emotions would wish, did end correctly. . . . It has been a long time since there has been a story as good as that one.

JOHN P. BANTA
New York, N.Y.

Chow Hound

Dear Sirs:

Regarding SEPost cover by Dick Sargent, January 5: It happened to me, too, but kitty was the culprit.

I borrowed my neighbor's china punch bowl . . . to use when my church circle

met with me. I was presiding at the business meeting when, I am told, a look of horror came over my face. The members turned to see what I saw—my Persian cat in the empty punch bowl, grinning sleepily at us over its rim.

Punch was served from a pitcher that day.

MRS. R. L. GOULDING
Tallahassee, Fla.

Disney in Kansas City

Dear Sirs:

[In My Dad, Walt Disney, by Diane Disney Miller as told to Pete Martin, Nov. 17—Jan. 5] Pete Martin states that Walt worked as an artist with The Film Ad. Co. in Kansas City, Mo. during the Twenties. In reality I feel he meant our company, The United Film Serv. Co. of 2449 Charlotte St., Kansas City, Mo. . . .

Walt has old friends with United Film who still remember his work there, and today recognize his outstanding productions as a wonderful credit to the entire industry.

FRED E. MAGEL
Kansas City, Mo.

● *Walt Disney replies: "Back around 1910–15, Mr. A. V. Cauger, who was formerly a photographer, a theater exhibitor and a pioneer advertising film man, came to Kansas City and opened up The Kansas City Slide Company on Central Avenue. It was here that I went to work for him sometime during the summer of 1920.*

"Then, later on in 1920, he moved to 25th and Charlotte. With his advertising background, he started the United Film-Ad Service Company at this new location while still continuing on with the Slide Company, which also moved over to the Charlotte address. After about six months, however, he discontinued the Slide Company and directed all his efforts to the United Film-Ad Service Company."
—ED.

Fifteen Years of the Post

Dear Sirs:

Back in December, 1941, I started to save The Saturday Evening Post. I have continued to save my copies up to the present date [see photo].

There are five-cent ones, ten-cent ones and fifteen-cent ones. Altogether, there are 780 Posts, which weigh 703 lbs. . . .

I just signed the card for another two years' subscription. In my opinion it is the best book you can buy for the money.

A. R. TUCKER
Maywood, N.J.

● *Reader Tucker's stack of Posts is impressive, indeed. Can anyone else top this?—ED.*

Reader Tucker and collection.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Jacob Lofman. • 19–Margery Lewis. • 20–Margery Lewis. • 21–F.P.G., Brown Brothers, anonymous, Brown Brothers, F.P.G. • 22, 23–Joe De Mers. • 24–Globe. 25–Phil Burchman, United Press, Bob Landry (20th Century-Fox), Warner Brothers. 26–Earl Mayan. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28–European, United Press. • 29–Peter F. Petraglia, P.I.P., Black Star, P.I.P., United Press. • 30–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 31–Morgan Kane. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. • 34, 35–Bruce Bomberger. • 36–Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; John Bickel. • 37–Peter F. Petraglia, Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; John Bickel. • 38, 39–Harold Von Schmidt. • 43–Edwin Georgi. • 52–Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd.; two by John Bickel. • 87–Peter F. Petraglia. • 88–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 116–Three anonymous; Gene Lester.

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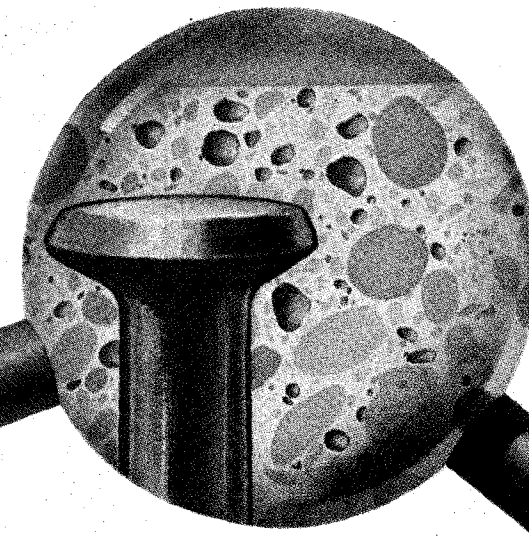
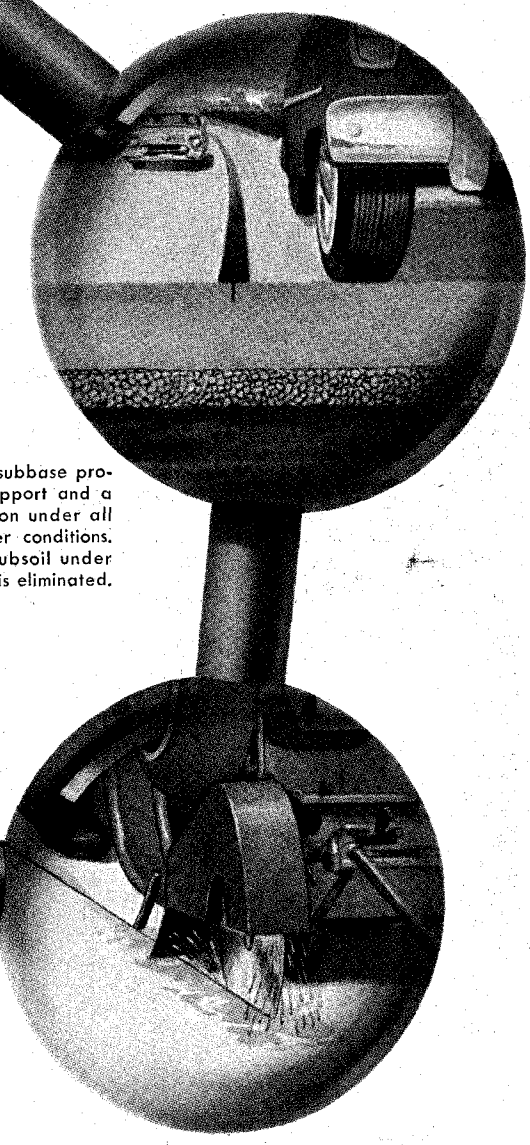
From the world's largest laboratories devoted exclusively to research on cement and concrete comes safer, more durable, more economical concrete for the highways of America.



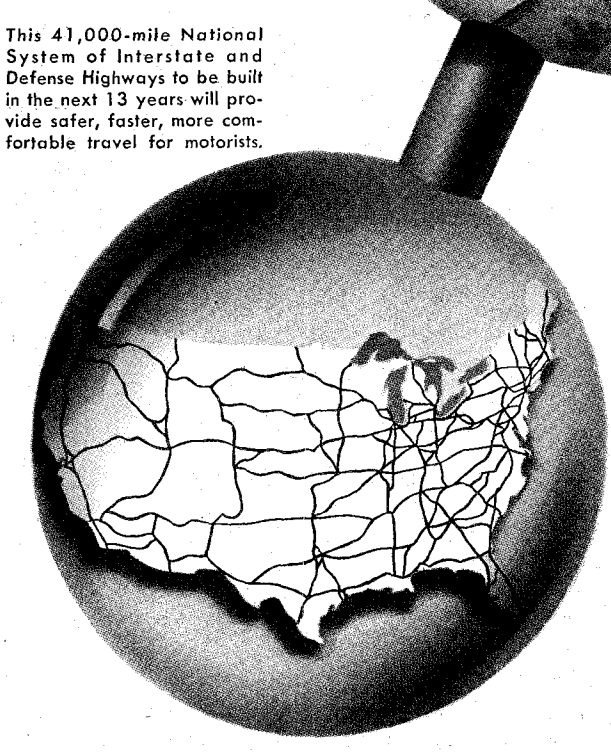
Ordinary pin shows size of the air bubbles in air-entrained concrete pavement. Freezing water expands harmlessly into these air cells and eliminates surface scaling of pavement.

The wide curves, long sight distances, easy grades, broad shoulders and divided roadways of this highway typify the many safety features of new highways now being built.



A thin granular subbase provides uniform support and a stable foundation under all kinds of weather conditions. "Pumping" of subsoil under repeated loads is eliminated.

Joints sawed into modern concrete pavement are so narrow you hardly see them. And the filler doesn't squeeze out. Result: by far the smoothest highway ride you ever enjoyed.



This 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways to be built in the next 13 years will provide safer, faster, more comfortable travel for motorists.

RESEARCH HAS ADDED LONGER LIFE AND GREATER ECONOMY TO CONCRETE HIGHWAYS

Through research the scientists and engineers of the Portland Cement Association have helped develop improved concrete highways that assure you safer, smoother-riding, longer-lasting and lower-annual-cost roads. Three outstanding developments of this research are air-entrained concrete, granular subbases and sawed joints. All three are illustrated and described above.

Every highway user will benefit by these important contributions, especially on the National System of Interstate and Defense Highways. These vital roads are already under construction in many states.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 West Grand Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete through scientific research and engineering field work

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It's a lark to park!

Saves up to [illegible] ning effort

CHEVROLET

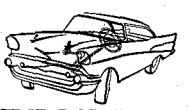
Power Steering

Sweet, smooth, sassy and a lark to park. That's Chevy for '57—*with Chevrolet Power Steering!* And you'll be happy as a lark when you discover how it turns parking problems into pleasures . . . how you can turn the wheel with just a finger!

And Chevrolet Power Steering is more than just convenience . . . it's *security* as well. You have highway hazards well in hand with 750 pounds of hydraulic pressure to block the shock of soft shoulders or blowouts, help you outmaneuver danger. And on rough, rutty roads, Chevrolet Power Steering is equally effective. You never have to fight the wheel . . . *yet you always have full "road feel"!*

For 1957, Chevrolet Power Steering is optional on all models at a *new low price* (now it costs no more than radio or heater)! Try it before you buy your next car and *feel what you've been missing!* Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Michigan.

WATCH "WIDE WIDE WORLD" SUNDAYS • NBC-TV



CHEVROLET POWER STEERING by Saginaw

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Letters

WE GLUM AMERICANS

Dear Sirs:

I have seen much of our country and many foreign countries. Your page, THE FACE OF AMERICA: ALL YOU CAN EAT [photograph by Shelly Grossman, Jan. 5] pinpoints a thing that I've seen hundreds of times—the solemnity of the American face. Go where you will and you'll find smiles; everywhere excepting the United States. We have the most to smile about, but we use that God-given privilege the least. Walk in any city and watch the faces. Solemn, worried, driven by urge and need for speed, they portray a nation of Gloomy Gusses. . . . Safe to say that those in the picture who are having "All they can eat," will be bedeviled by indigestion, ulcers and sour stomachs. The only smile in sight, on this "festive" occasion, is on the face of one of those who is *waiting*.

V. S. FITZPATRICK
Genoa, Colo.

Advice for Fathers

Dear Sirs:

Today, my 16-year-old son, who is on his way to becoming a champion swimmer (I hope) and trains by doing weight lifting, beat me for the first time in "Indian wrestling." I felt old, frustrated and a "has been"—so for solace went into the yard and started to read the Post. Fortunately, I turned to DAY OF MANHOOD by Cameron Hawley [Dec. 29]! Will you convey my thanks and that of thousands of other dads to this brilliant writer for teaching us a well-deserved lesson . . . The boy was called "Tommy" but from now on he'll be "Tom"!

TOM MEW
Miami, Fla.

Tall Men in Demand

Dear Sirs:

After reading DON'T CALL US FREAKS! by Bob Pettit, as told to Stanley Frank, Jan. 5, I would like to say this: "Three Cheers for Bob!"

Someday, maybe, if we all live long enough, people will realize that it is cruel to poke fun at other people. Until that time we "tall ones" will just have to suffer. . . .

I don't know beans about basketball, except that it's fun to watch, but you can bet your bottom dollar that if the N.B.A. boys ever got in this area we tall gals would spend our last dime to get to watch some fellas our own size.

BETTE E. GORDON
Madison, Nebraska

Dear Sirs:

Tall boys are hard to find around here. When I wear heels, which I can rarely do when I go out with a boy, I am at least 6 feet, 1 inch. If Bob Pettit thinks he feels tall, how does he suppose I feel? Like a giant. He and those other tall guys should be around here.

JOSEPHINE MICHEL
Sewell, N.J.

Should Heroines Die?

Dear Sirs:

I would like to suggest that author John P. Marquand take back and rewrite the last chapter of his serial, RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO, Nov. 24–Jan. 12.

What a sad and terrible way for poor Ruth Bogart to die.

I shall never read any story by Marquand again.

MRS. JAMES GUNDLACH
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I think it the unpardonable sin for Mr. Marquand to have let "them" eliminate

(Continued on Page 6)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

It is the duty of every girl to talk to boys on the telephone, kindle romantic sentiments, round up potential husbands, and thus help perpetuate the race by assuring that by and by she will become a homemaker. Therefore it is comforting to see Sister applying herself earnestly to homework. Of course, she should get in some bookwork, too; math, for instance, is useful in budgeting, so that two can live as cheaply as—er—possible. Well, she'll do all right, for American girls are pretty wonderful at getting good grades in both education and romance. As for that wire tapper in the hall, brothers are nice to have, especially when they grow up. Those aren't George Hughes' children, but he has some, and he strives to shorten their telephoning; nothing much has come of it, except a cover.

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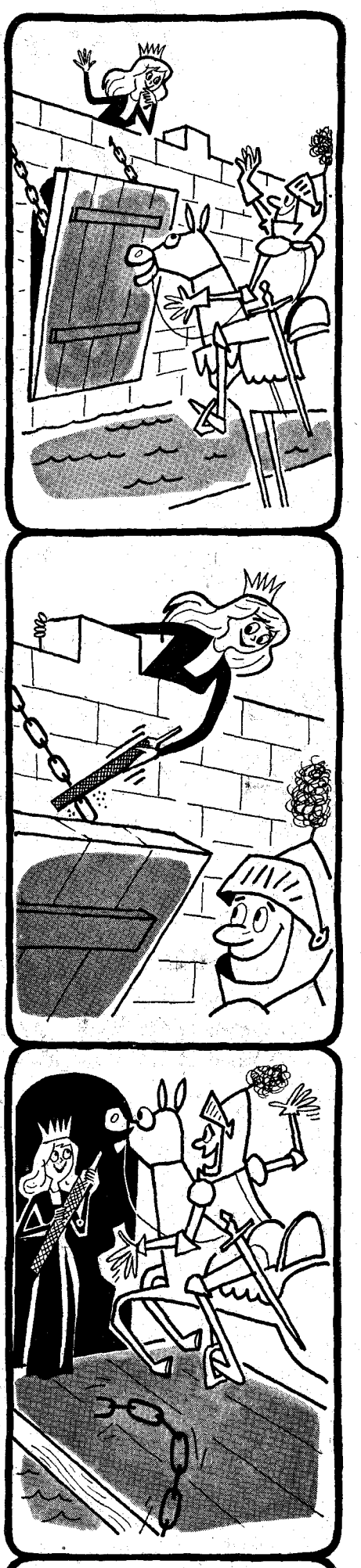

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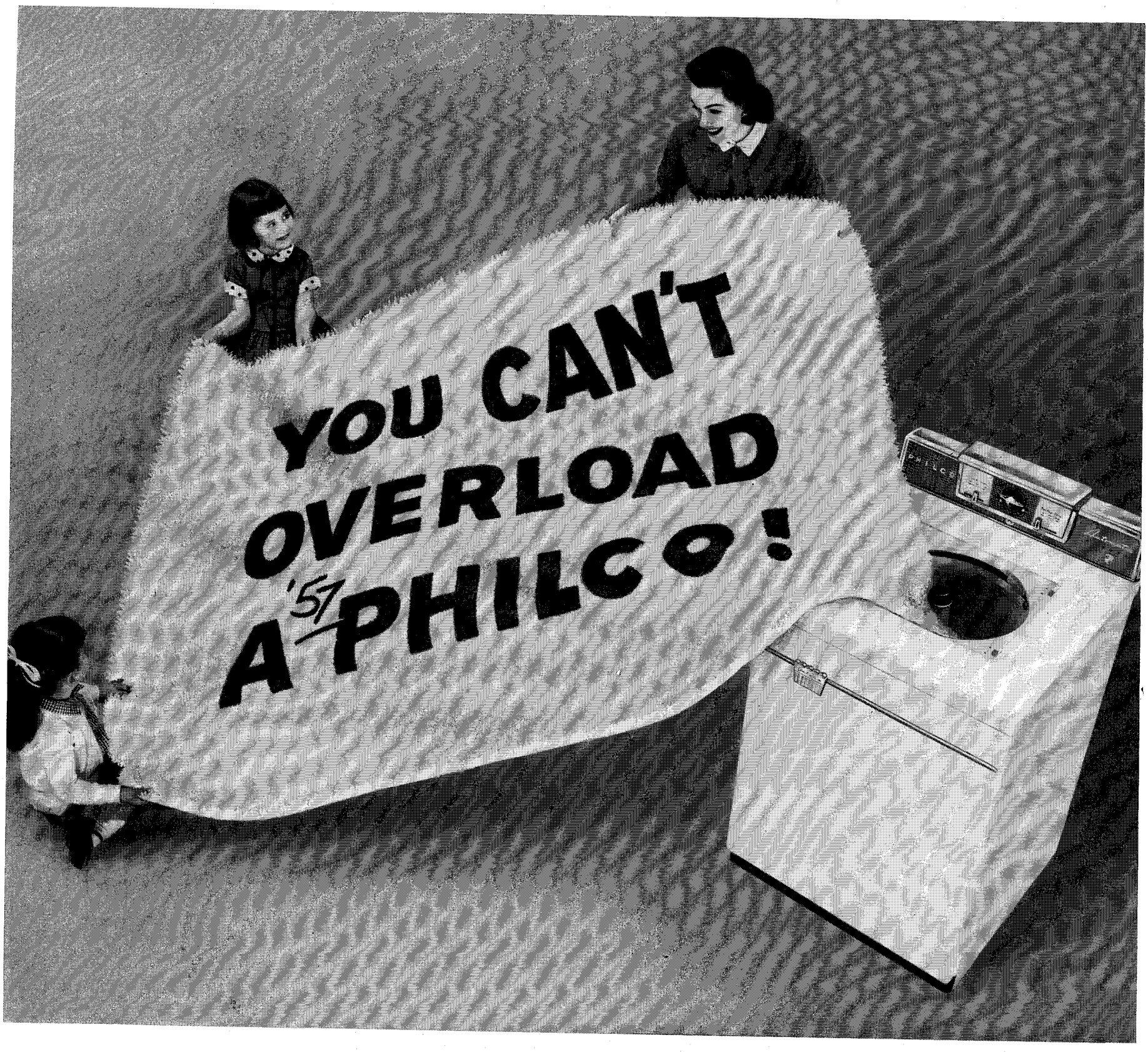

New Philco washer amazes women by easily washing a 5 x 7 shag rug

Here's the fabulous new Philco washer that does a heavy shag rug as easily as a lightweight sheet.

No matter how you arrange the load – the '57 Philco responds instantly to balance itself *automatically*. No "cutoffs" in the middle of the load – no half-washed clothes.

Wash blankets, bedspreads or deep-pile coats with none of the clanking or banging you get in other washers – and no blown fuses, either!

Revolutionary Ball Point Balance makes the difference – and only Philco has it. Before being offered for sale, this amazing advance was put to the test in rugged commercial use. In 40,000 washings not one bit of service was required!

Other exciting, exclusive features!

So many other exciting features for better washing. An aluminum agitator lasts the life of the machine. It's satin-smooth . . . will never chip or break to tear your clothes. Automatic water saver gives you just the right amount, saves up to fifteen gallons a load. And a special cycle "hand-washes" delicate fabrics more safely than other machines.

To end washday overload troubles, see the new Philco automatic washer at your dealer's now. For, when you look ahead...you'll choose Philco.

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose* PHILCO

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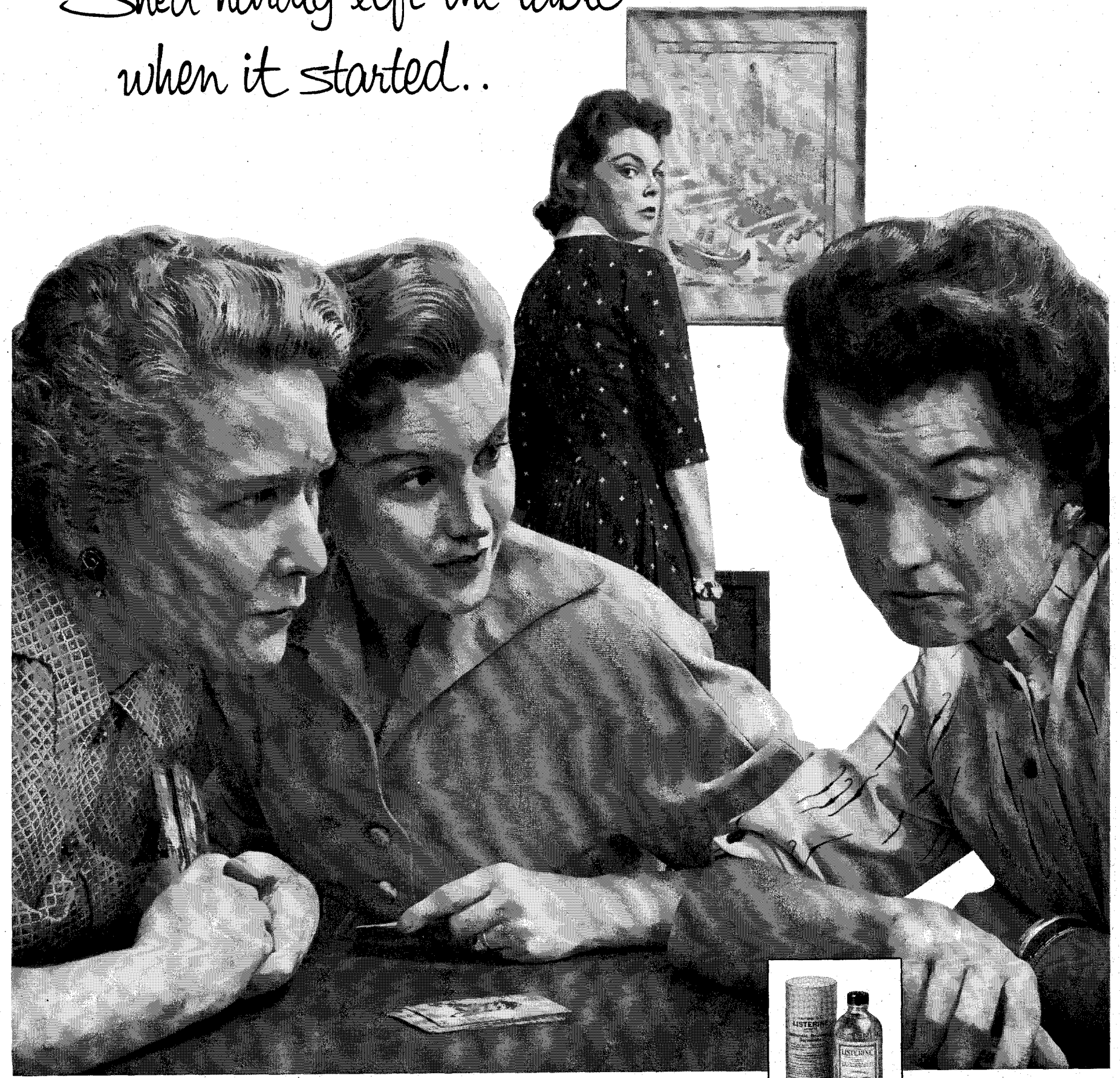
She'd hardly left the table when it started..



The ladies of the bridge club didn't mean to be catty. Nola was one of their better players and best friends. But, as Mrs. Tuttle whispered, "Nola probably has a bottle of Listerine in her bathroom cabinet . . . she's just being careless." And why should anyone risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic stops halitosis (bad breath) so quickly . . . so effectively?

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

Germs in the mouth are the most common cause of bad breath. They cause fermentation of the protein that's always present in the mouth and, the more you reduce these germs, the longer your breath stays sweeter. Listerine kills germs on contact . . . by millions.

No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does

No tooth paste can kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Every morning, every night, before every date, gargle Listerine full-strength.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste

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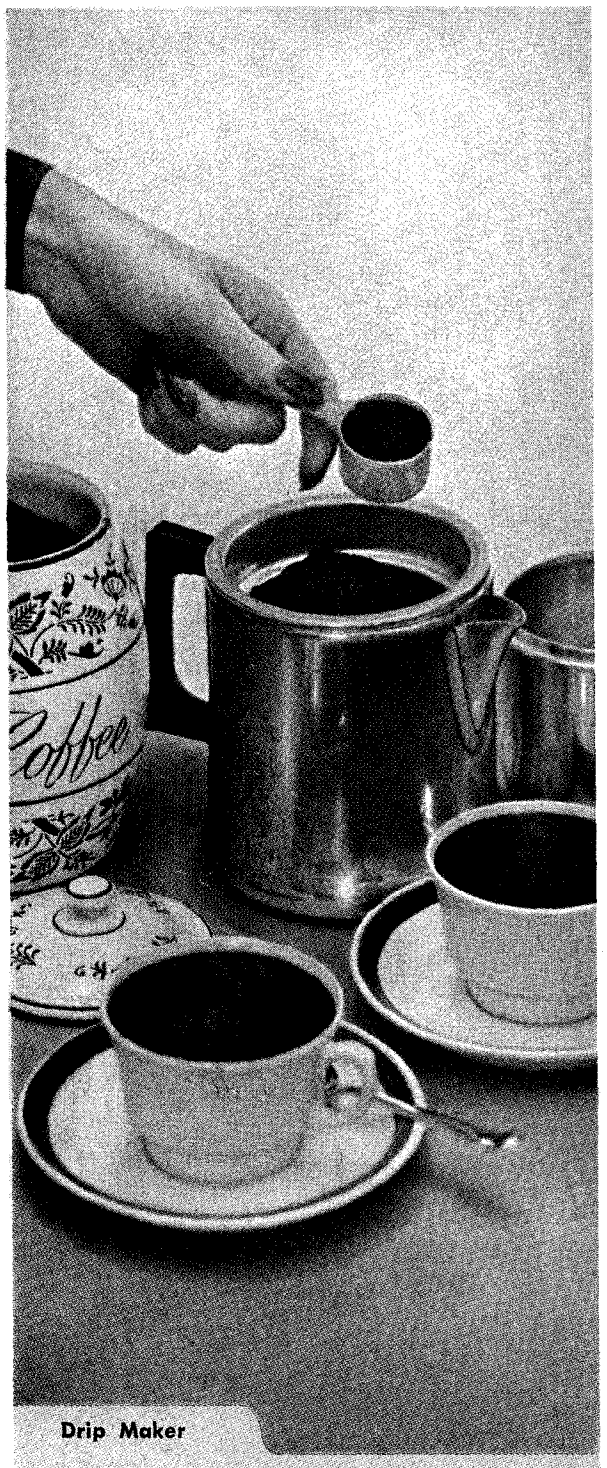
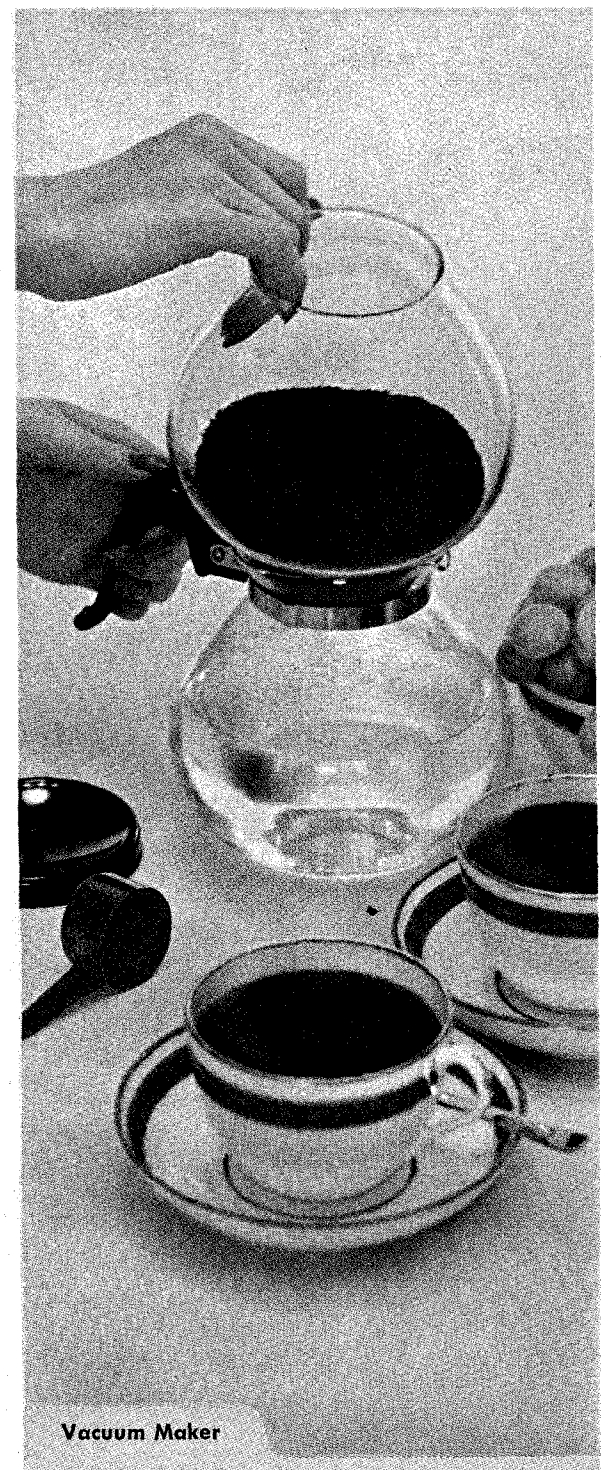
How to make a good cup of Coffee!



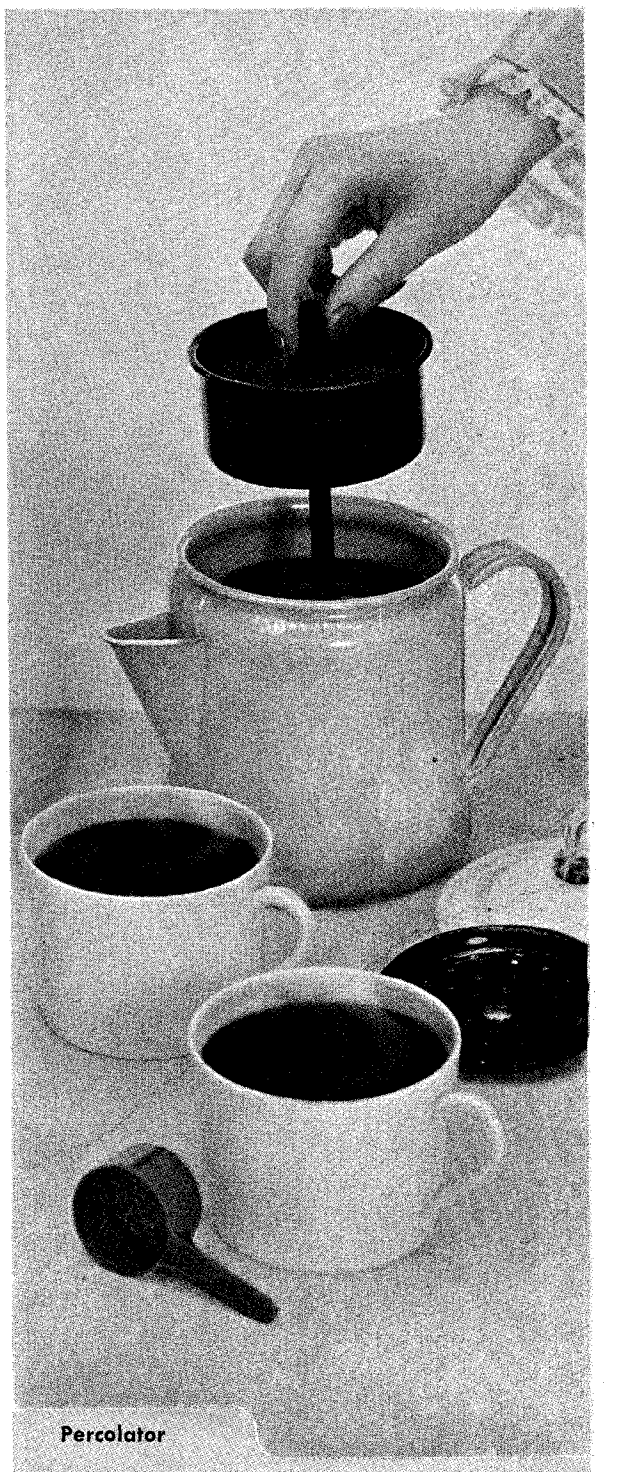
Drip Maker

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of drip pot. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup) in kettle or other pot. Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" grind coffee, per cup, into filter section. Slowly pour vigorously boiling water into upper section. After dripping, remove upper section and stir. To keep hot: place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over lowered flame. *Do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. Because coffee is at its best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.



Vacuum Maker

Rinse with very hot water. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in lower bowl 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. Use 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "drip" or "fine" grind coffee, per cup. Remove boiling water from heat. Fit upper bowl with filter over lower — twist tight. Place on reduced heat. When most of the water has risen into upper bowl, stir. In 1 to 3 minutes, depending on grind used and strength desired, remove from heat. Serve at once. (Rinse filter thoroughly and store in cold water.)



Percolator

Rinse with very hot water. Never use less than ¾ capacity of maker. For each cup of coffee, bring to boil in percolator 6 fluid oz. fresh cold water (¾ measuring cup). Put 1 Standard Measure (2 level tablespoons) of "regular" grind coffee, per cup, into basket. When water boils, lower heat, put basket into percolator, cover. Percolate *very slowly* for 6 to 8 minutes. To keep hot, place over very low heat or on an asbestos pad over the lowered flame — *do not boil.* Serve as soon as possible. And because coffee is at its delicious best only when fresh, do *not* re-heat it.

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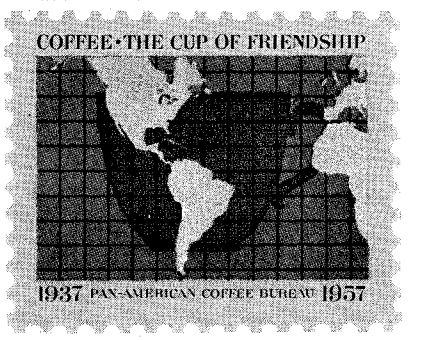

There is nothing so satisfying as a good cup of coffee

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